MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

September 2001 #220 $3

LATIN AMERICAN SPECIAL!

FEATURING: ABUSO SONORO • ANTI-TODO • FUERZA X • MAGANAZOIDS • APATIA NO • DEMENCIA • SICK TERROR • TOCATTA Y BULLA PLUS SCENE REPORTS AND SO MUCH MORE!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
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(US dollars)
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•Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #143, 146, 148, 150-153, 155-163, 165-181, 184-219 are available as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ NEW **AD** SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Abuso Sonoro photo by Kim Bae

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

- TEAR IT UP/E.T.A.-split LP
- LIFES HALT/WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-split LP
- STRONG INTENTION-What Else Can We-LP
- LÄRM/PANDEMONIUM-split LP
- V/A-Onslaught-EP
- CROW/ARTIMUS PYLE-split EP
- UPRIGHT CITIZENS-Make the Future-LP
- LIE-Full of Lie-CD
- SCHOLASTIC DETH-Shackle Me Not-EP
- V/A-Last White Christmas-CD

JEFF HEERMANN

- TV IDOLS-17, Desperate & All Messed Up-LP
- RED LIGHT STING-Rub 'Em Down-LP
- REIGNING SOUND-Break Up, Break-LP
- FLAKES-Bad Girl-45
- GASOLINE-Fake to Fame-CD
- KING BROTHERS-In the Red-LP
- CELLOPHANE SUCKERS-Too Much-LP
- CRIME KAISERS-How Does It Feel-45
- WHITE STRIPES-live
- ANDRE WILLIAMS-Bait & Switch-CD

DONNA POOLE

- TV IDOLS-17, Desperate & All Messed Up-LP
- JR EWING-Perfect Drama-10"EP
- 54 NUDE HONEYS-Drop the Gun-LP
- SMASH UP DERBY-Sounds of Self-LP
- SHUTUPS/MAURICE'S LITTLE BASTARDS-split EP
- AHIRO-One Person, One Mind-EP
- FLAKES-Bad Girl-45
- DEATHCHECK-Can Dance-EP
- MHZ-Action Figure-EP
- CROW/ARTIMUS PYLE-split-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- GOSPEL SWINGERS-Mississippi-45
- DAN MELCHOR'S BROKE REVUE-Bad-45
- KING BROTHERS-In the Red-LP
- EVAPORATORS-Honk the Horn-EP
- FLAKES-Bad Girl-45
- REAL KIDS-Senseless-CD
- SKINNIES-Out of Order-EP
- EVERYONE IS DYING HERE-film
- GENRAL FOODZ-Sick of the World-LP
- TV IDOLS-17, Desperate & All Messed Up-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- SMASH UP DERBY-Sounds of Self-LP
- REIGNING SOUND-Break Up, Break-LP
- KING KHAN & HIS SENSATIONAL SHRINES-10"
- FLAKES-Bad Girl-45
- THEE BOSSMEN-Tune Up Girl-EP
- 54 NUDE HONEYS-Drop the Gun-LP
- TV IDOLS-17, Desperate & All Messed Up-LP
- KING BROTHERS-In the Red-LP
- WHITE STRIPES-White Blood Cells-LP
- SAFETY PINS-Punkassbitch-LP

RAY LUJAN

- PERFECT DAZE-Five Year Scratch-CD
- YUM YUMS-CD/NEW TOWN ANIMALS-CD
- THE TANK-Demonstrating Potential-CD
- PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES-12"
- HUDSON FALCONS-For Those Whose-CD
- SMASH UP DERBY-Sounds of Self-LP
- KUNG FU MONKEYS-School's Out-CD
- DIRT BIKE ANNIE-Night of the Living-EP
- BLOCKO-Wager-EP/RIZZO-Phoning it-LP
- CADILLAC BLINDSIDE-Allegory-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

- BACKSTABBERS INC.-Evolution-EP
- LÄRM/PANDEMONIUM-split LP
- AN ALBATROSS-Eat Lightning-LP
- POINT OF FEW-Silence-EP
- V/A-Great Punk Hits-LP
- WHITE STRIPES-White Blood Cells-LP
- URKO/MINUTE MANIFESTO-split LP
- OUT COLD/VOORHEES-split LP
- PAGE 99-Document #8-CD
- LIE-Full of Lie-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- LIFES HALT/WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-split LP
- BLOCKO-Wager-EP
- CRAMPS-Off the Bone-LP
- FRAMMENTI-Corrono Ginocchia-EP
- JR EWING-Perfect Drama-10"EP
- PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES-12"
- RED LIGHT STING-Rub 'Em Down-12"
- SCHOLASTIC DETH-Shackle Me Not-EP
- SEEIN' RED/400 YEARS-split-EP
- UPRIGHT CITIZENS-Make the Future-LP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

- SCHOLASTIC DETH-EP/AN ALBATROSS-LP
- JR EWING-10"EP/PEOPLE'S WAR-EP
- LIFES HALT/WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-split LP
- V/A-Passing Bells-EP/DEATHCHECK-EP
- CONTRAVENE/SVART AGRESSION-split EP
- SHUTUPS/MAURICE'S LITTLE BASTARDS-split EP
- SAFETY PINS-Punkassbitch-LP/FLAKES-EP
- AHIRO-EP/CROW/ARTIMUS PYLE-split-EP
- PAGE 99-Document #8-CD/FRAMMENTI-EP
- ASSERT/SWELLBELLYS-split EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- CLAMPDOWN-45/CONWICTS-Thug Life-EP
- HUDSON FALCONS-For Those Whose-CD
- VOICES OF BELLVILLE-East Side-EP
- SUBWAY THUGS-Who the Fuck Are You?-EP
- SILVER TONGUED DEVIL/CRIME KAISERS-split EP
- FORGOTTEN-10"/THUG HOSTAGE-EP
- BLOODY SODS-4 Years of Sweat-CD
- V/A-Brewed in Sweden-CD/SKINFLICKS-CD
- CHARGE 69-Vos Lois Ne Sont Pas Nos-LP
- ASSERT/SWELLBELLYS-split EP

SPENCER RANGITSCH

- NICE VIEW/ENVY-live in Japan
- SCHOLASTIC DETH-Shackle Me Not-EP
- POINT OF FEW-Silence-EP/PG. 99-CD
- PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES-12"
- JR EWING-Perfect Drama-10"EP
- LIFES HALT/WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-split LP
- BACKSTABBERS INC.-Evolution-EP
- SIN DIOS-1991-1997 Años-2xLP
- SEEIN' RED/400 YEARS-split-EP
- RED LIGHT STING-Rub 'Em Down-LP

MIKE THORN

- SHUTUPS/MAURICE'S LITTLE BASTARDS-split EP
- SCHOLASTIC DETH-Shackle Me Not-EP
- DEATHCHECK-Can Dance-EP/CRUDE-LP
- V/A-Passing Bells-EP/CROW-LP
- CROW/ARTIMUS PYLE-split EP
- TURUN TAUTI-EP/VIIMEINEN KOLONNA-EP
- LIFE'S A RIOT-EP/FRAMMENTI-EP
- LIFES HALT/WHN?-split LP/BLOCKO-EP
- SEEIN' RED/400 YEARS-split-EP/SIN DIOS - 2xLP
- SCROTUM GRINDER-LP/CONTRAVENE-EP

MAX WARD

THE THRASH IS ON TOUR!!!

RYAN WELLS

- WHITE STRIPES-White Blood Cells-LP
- KING BROTHERS-In the Red-LP
- FIRST ALERT-On Secret Mission-12"EP
- REIGNING SOUND-Break Up, Break-LP
- V/A-Scum of the Earth-both LPs
- FLAKES-Bad Girl-45
- CRIME KAISERS-How Does it Feel-45
- SKINNIES-Out of Order-EP
- REAL KIDS-Senseless-CD
- THEE BOSSMEN-Tune Up Girl-EP

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

- THEE BOSSMEN-Tune Up Girl-EP
- TURBO AC'S/DEMONICS-split EP
- TEEN MACHINE/FUZZBUBBLE-split EP
- EVAPORATORS-Honk the Horn-EP
- REVOLVERS-Rock'n' roll Babylon-EP
- SMASH UP DERBY-Sounds of Self-LP
- SILVER TONGUED DEVIL/CRIME KAISERS-split EP
- SAFETY PINS-Punkassbitch-LP
- CRIME KAISERS-How Does it Feel-45
- FLAKES-Bad Girl-45

ZINE TOP TEN

- All This Is Mine #6
- Avow #11
- Dig It! #22
- Failure to Appear #1
- Ilegal #1
- Imagine #3
- A Million Filaments #3
- Punkanut #2
- Scam #1-4 pack
- Yesterday's Fishwrap

ZINE SHITWORKERS

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

.**#179/April '98.** Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone..

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan '00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

You Want Back Issues?

...We've Got Yer Back Issues Right Here.

buy 3, the 4th is free!

$3 dollars each from → maximumrocknroll po box 460760 san francisco, ca 94146-0760

¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

	one magazine (u.s. dollars)	two zines	three zines	four zines	five zines	subscription rates (six months)
Location	(3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)	Air	Air	Air	Air	(3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)
Canada	4.00/3.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	24.00/18.00
Mexico	4.50/5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	27.00/30.00
Western Europe	8.00/4.00 Now we can send you 5 zines for $15 — air to W. Europe	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/24.00
Japan Australia N. Zealand	9.00/4.50	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	54.00/27.00
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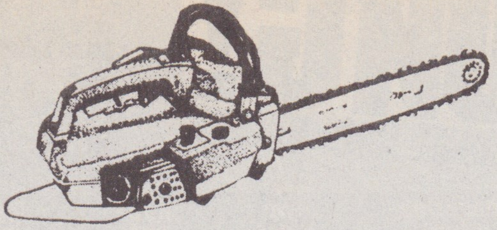

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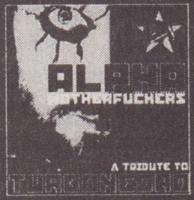
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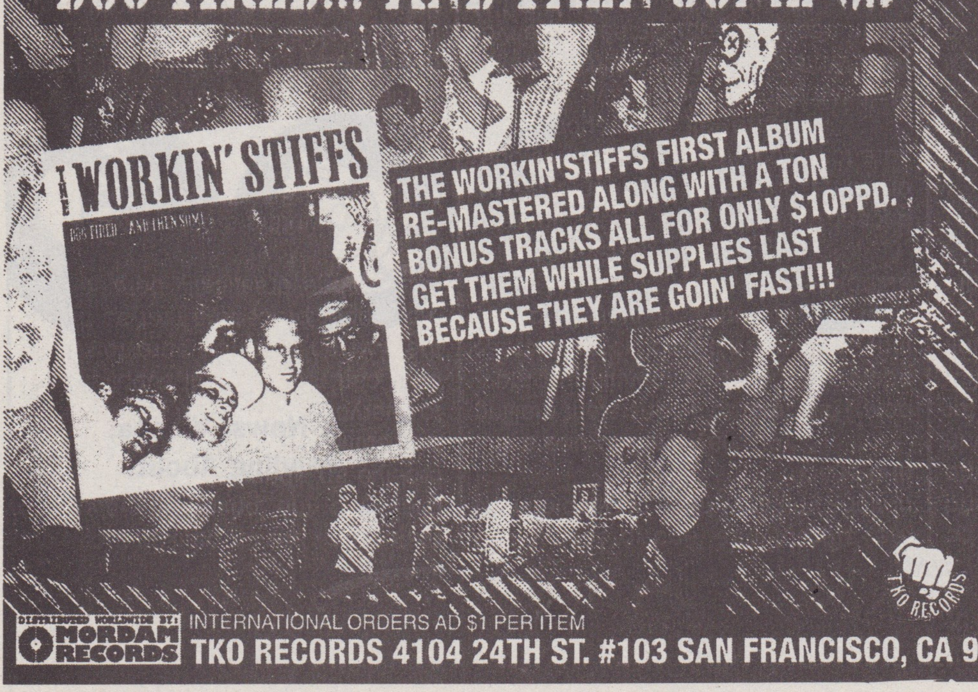
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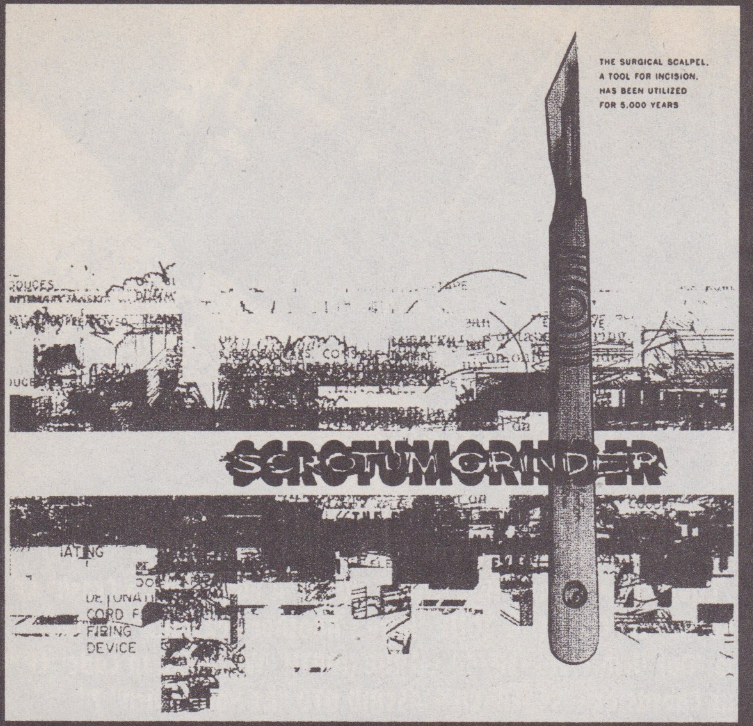
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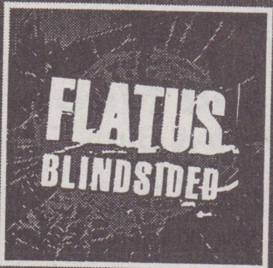
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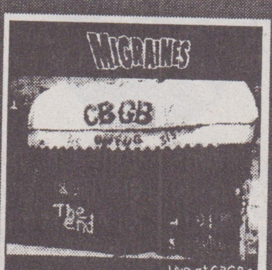
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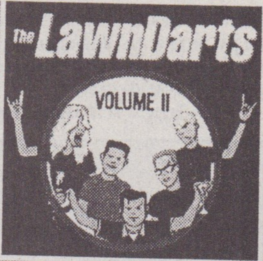
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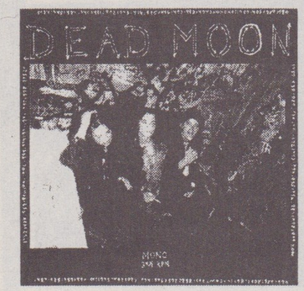

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Yes, finally a new DEAD MOON CD! After spending much of last year touring the US including a rousing show at The Vegas Shakedown, DEAD MOON went home and turned out this gem. DEAD MOON is fronted by Fred Cole, a living rock-n-roll legend (check out THE LOLLIPOP SHOPPE on the Pebbles comp from Rhino) who recorded his first song at the tender age of 15.

The Pinkos
Self Titled CD

The Pinkos, Vanessa (Bell) and Steve (Gits), are a snotty, punk duo who believe that just because the "personal is political," doesn't mean you can't take the political personally. Filled with songs about bad love, failure, disgrace and damaged democracy without the tears, sappiness, and sorrow. A touch of Violent Femmes, a little Billy Bragg, a little baader-meinhof.

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR,

Don't you think it's kind of an outrage that if the first Ramones LP came out today, *you wouldn't even review it*, yet it's OK to put Joey on the cover after he's dead? I do.

You people are ridiculous! If all the people who invented punk put out LPs today you wouldn't review any of them! (Stooges, MC5, Dolls, Saints, Ramones, Dictators, and so on!)

Ryder

Ryder,

We review reissues of all these bands all the time. So if you're saying that in the "you're review policy is too exclusionary" line of thinking, I think you need to turn a few pages to the review section and do a little reading first. If you're saying that as in you feel we should review major label releases, then maybe you need to do a little reading into the history of punk and learn about the whole network of viable independent record labels, distributors, and bands that have created an real alternative to business-as-usual rocknroll bullshit. You seem to like and know something about bands that mattered 25 plus years ago, maybe it's time you catch up on everything that has happened in the quarter century since then. Those records came out then and this is now—I personally prefer to live in the present.

Mike

MRR -

Enclosed please find some kind of evil looking centipede which fell out of my copy of MRR (#219). I realize that you fuckers hate Orange County but trying to murder us by sending poisonous insects to infect us & our children is going a bit far don't you think? Even William Burroughs would be outraged - if you hadn't gotten to him first. Thanks for the great zine, keep up the good work, stay young until you die,

David Schwarm

Dear MRR -

I am getting the chance to host a radio show at my school and I have no idea what to play. I have tons of stuff by famous punk/ ska/ hardcore/ death/ emo bans - but who wants to hear what they already have in their collection? If there are any bands who want to be heard (and I know there are) send me anything you've got on tape, CD or vinyl. My name is Pants Off. Reach me @ PO Box 135/ Spring Grove, IL 60081.

Thanx,

Pants Off

MRR,

One year and two months ago I sent Amendment Records in Portsmouth, Virginia 15 7" records that I put out on my label Meconium Records. In return I was supposed to receive 15 7"s. Like I said that was over a year ago and I still have no records. I have written, emailed, and called numerous times. When I do get a response (which is rare) it's always "I just put them in the mail," "I thought I sent those out to you months ago", etc. I know it's only 15 records but I run a very small label/distro and more importantly believe and depend on the honor system when dealing and especially trading with other labels. Initially when I sent Amendment my records and Dave Allison (Amendment owner) assured me mine were "in the mail" I added the records I was promised to my catalog assuming they would be sent promptly. I received orders for those same titles. Orders I couldn't fill. Losing money, customers, and possibly credibility in the process.

A little over a month ago I thought I'd try emailing Dave one more time. I had deleted his email address so I went on Yahoo and typed in "Amendment Records" to pull up his site and email him through that. When I did this one of the web matches that popped up was from someone who had posted a message on the Worldwide Punk message board complaining about Amendment taking too long with his order. I then went to the same message board and posted my own message inquiring if anyone had similar bad experiences with Amendment. The only person that replied was Dave Allison; calling me an idiot and once again telling me "they're in the mail." A month and a half have passed since then and I still haven't received my records.

I really hate talking shit and I debated for a long time about whether I should write this letter or not, but in the end I feel ripped off and would hate for this to happen to someone else; possibly with larger quantities of vinyl and money involved.

John Cox/ Meconium Records/ PO Box 9064/ Hickory, NC 28603

Dear MRR,

Just got home from a weekend full of stress, hard work, but great enjoyment of doing the two-day Refuse fest here in the Netherlands. It truly was a success, we had about seventeen bands in two days, about eleven movies and documentaries in a small filmhall on the attic of the building, shown on a full big screen, there was performance, a photo exhibition, a small infostand/ market, on top of that an awesome relaxed atmosphere and above all we raised about a thousand guilders for Antifascist Action. Barely still awake we found the latest *MRR* #219 on our doormat. Eager to see a review of our last publication of *Reflections Magazine* we flipped through to find a review for issue #14 written by your reviewer Mikel Delgado. Well, usually I'm not too fervent on writing a response to reviews related to *Reflections*. Cause whether it's a good or bad one, it's all the opinion of the reviewer anyway. However we do expect from our fellow zineshitworkers a fair, honest and most of all, a well thought-out review.

I wonder in what mood that review was written and I don't know how your reviewer interpreted the interviews, but she almost draws a picture of *Reflections* being this fanatic religious cultzine and that fucking ticks me off. We are in no way affiliated with any religion, nor have we ever been. Both Johan and I are interested in spiritual matters and find a lot of inspiration through philosophies like Krishna consciousness and Buddhism for instance. But saying the interviewer "creepily" wants to "justify his own... beliefs" goes a bit too far. With *Reflections Magazine* we try to stay away from the usual chit-chat in interviews and try to find out what people's drive in life is and yes, mostly that means you get to talk about non-material matters too. When quoting one sentence out of the context of the interview with Paul / Seein' Red, your reviewer again concludes the editor (Johan) "is trying to convert the reader to accept a god".. ".. asked of Paul from Seein' Red, no less!?" One: where the fuck do you read that?! I couldn't give a shit what someone's personal beliefs are unless they try to force their truths upon me or hurt and grieve others with their faith. And what's this "*no less*" remark about? Are there some things you just can't ask the "almighty" Paul from Seein' Red? For what reason? Give me a break! I thought this was hardcore, no hero worshipping!

You might think I'm coming on too strong, but damn, we put a lot of heart and soul in whatever we do, whether that's the zine or the records that we release. It's just kinda hard to see when a reviewer doesn't seem to put much thought in whatever he/ she writes. 'Cause unfortunately the review for one of our latest releases from the Control, where the reviewer says that the Control are from The Netherlands, we do have our doubts if the reviewer took the time to check things (infosheet, lyric sheet) even in the slightest way. Oh well, just want to let you readers know that The Control are from Buffalo, NY, which is clearly stated in the booklet of the 7" and MCD. They play a ton of shows and have a 10" out on Plus/Minus Records as well.

We have a lot of respect for *MRR*, especially lately where you clearly see a more diverse representation of worldwide punk/hardcore and the various genres within. Keep up doing that! We're glad to be one of the *MRR*'s distributors for the Netherlands and making the magazine available here through our mailorder. You might wanna check out the interview Brian GTA did with us recently (and featured in this or next issue) to find out we're not even so much of a straight edge record label after all... But who cares anyway...

Suzanne/ Reflections Records/
www.reflectionsrecords.com

Hey—

I cannot even tell you how happy I am to see a CD release of NOTA *Live at the Crystal Pistol*. My 18 year-old cassette was wearing out. If you missed out on these guys back in say, 1983 through 1987 or so, you missed out on an opening band for the DKs, Hüsker Dü, Black Flag, and on and on. An opening band that left those groups hesitant to get on the stage every time. I was at that show, and I never forgot a note. Prank Records put this out on CD. I can't believe it. Next time I see Jeff Klein at Arnie's, he's on my tab. They gave my rebellion a soundtrack, and I haven't changed that much.

Roy Lee / Tulsa, OK

Maximum Rocknroll -

This letter is in response to a comment Tom Hopkins made in the record reviews in #217. He says in years of being punk, he's never heard any "hard science arguments against animal testing, only *[seen]* unsettling photographs." I don't think this is so surprising. How many punks have the type of science education needed to present arguments like that? In the scientific community you can find people arguing against animal testing (though the vast majority are in favor) but very few punks know enough science to do anything but repeat what they read in a pamphlet or record sleeve. But you don't need a science background to believe that it's morally wrong to torture other species, whatever you might learn from doing so.

M. Delaney

Maximum R&R,

This letter I'm writing is in response to a letter in #219 from Kory "PDS". Fuck yeah bro! There is nothing better than a downright drunk fuck, piss poor, spit in your face kind of punk rocker, such as yourself, keep'n it real! I have to say bro that the letter you wrote is nothing less than *bad ass*! It's not too often that you find someone that is not afraid to speak what is on their mind regardless of what anyone else thinks. It's great to see the amount of individualism you possess coming from a guy who has spent a great deal of his life in this fucked up system. Most guys lose that sense of independence in the joint and become followers. I've seen it too many times before. I too have been in and out for about ten years now. There is one thing that I have learned a lot about in here—that word "respect." Like you said, go full force for what you know and believe in then you gain respect from everyone. Then again if you "fake the funk" so to speak and try to be something you aren't then you get no respect and that eventually leads to an ass kicking, or as I would say "you get *smashed*!" Fuck yeah! Well bro you know where I'm coming from. I just hope that the rest of the readers can relate and recognize a righteous motherfucker when they see one. I'm going home soon bro, and I will be sure to slam some beers back and smash on someone for you. One more thing before I close. I will be in the Orange County area looking for you to tear shit up! Thank you *MRR* for letting me respond to a true punk rocker. I hope to see more of them in future issues. Keep up the good work and remember to always "keep it real!"

Sick ass "Looney"/ Riverside, I.E.

Dear *MRR* and readers,

I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank all of you who responded to my letter in issue #215. All one of you. (Props to Oz in Miami, FL.) I understand that sometimes people don't want to write to someone in prison, but not all of us are predators. I don't know the reason for the lack of response to my plea for correspondence, but I would like to share something that was originally printed in *Spirit of Freedom: the Newsletter of the North American Earth Liberation Prisoners Support Network*. The text is as follows:

Tips for writing to prisoners: As resistance to capitalism and government escalates, the number involved with the struggle that will be abducted, kidnapped, beaten, framed, jailed, and most likely murdered by authorities will also rise. Because they are contained behind prison walls does not mean they should be forgotten or counted out-of-commission. It is imperative to support them in their isolation and their continued struggles on the inside.

Most simply stated, jail can be lonely and it helps to know others are thinking of you. It can also help their situation by authorities knowing that people are watching and aware.

It can be intimidating writing a prisoner for the first time. The following is just a guide to help those interested in supporting internees, but there no formal set of rules. Prisoners' regulations vary from state to state, and even from facility to facility, and prisoners' needs and desires are vast and differing.

* First, abandon and forget all the stereotypes and preconceived notions you may have of people in jail and prison.

* You may want to use a PO box. This creates a consistent mailing address (in case of traveling or moving) and prevents your home address from being hand delivered to the authorities.

* Some prisons will not accept mail without a return address or some sort of a last name so be sure to include them on the envelope.

* Date all correspondence. Mail tampering and delays do happen. Write your return address on the letter because sometimes the envelope is discarded before the mail is given to the inmate or the envelope is damaged from being inspected upon its receipt at the institution.

* List enclosures on the envelope. You should assume all mail is monitored so listing enclosed items may help them get through quicker, help in their being returned to you if denied or assist the prisoner in litigation for mail censorship if they choose to pursue the issue.

* Use standard paper and envelopes. As your relationship develops you can experiment with envelope art or fancy paper if you wish, but for starters, don't give authorities any reason to reject the mail. (I should also include that this applies to stickers—ask before including them.)

* Again, assume all correspondence is monitored. Do not say anything compromising your safety, or more importantly, the safety of the inmate. Guards may take retribution for what you write out on the prisoner—mentally and/or physically.

* Do not draw symbols that may improperly be construed as "gang-related." This is particularly true of anarchy symbols since more and more frequently anarchists and their sympathizers are being labeled as gang members and as a "security threat group (STG)," which can lead to greater isolation, brutality, and placement in white supremacy units where their lives would be endangered.

* Ask if they can receive stamps or envelopes and what the restrictions are for mailing those supplies into the prison. Inmates may receive an abundance of mail and/or lack sufficient funds or stamps to reply to everyone. Be patient and if the prisoner can receive mail supplies, send them when able. Be sure to find out the proper procedure first as the rule can change drastically between prisons.

If writing a complete stranger is difficult at first, don't worry. It gets easier the more you do it as the relationship develops. I would like to add some things of my own to the above guidelines. The majority of people imprisoned are very much caught up in the same small-minded willful ignorance as those on the outside, and it frequently difficult to find good conversation. Some of us seek out those in the underground community to help us exercise our minds and keep sharp. It is very easy to fall into a rut and become apathetic while incarcerated. Time stops and outside issues no longer seem important. All of a sudden the most important thing in your life is when the card game is going to happen. To help prevent this it is important to write to those of us who ask for correspondence so that we don't become more dehumanized and forget that another world outside the fences and walls exists.

On a more personal note, I like confrontational mail. I like to have my beliefs challenged. So unless you are afraid, why not pick up a pen and write a convict today. You might just make someone's day. But then, what the fuck do I know? Until next time, peace—

James Duane #214699/ Huron Valley Men's Facility / 3201 Bemis Rd./ Ypsilanti, MI 48197-0911

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In #218, the address for the Les Thanatolouges CD was incorrect. They can be reached at 155 Wellington Nord #401/ Sherbrooke, PQ/ Canada, or evedenis@videotron.ca.

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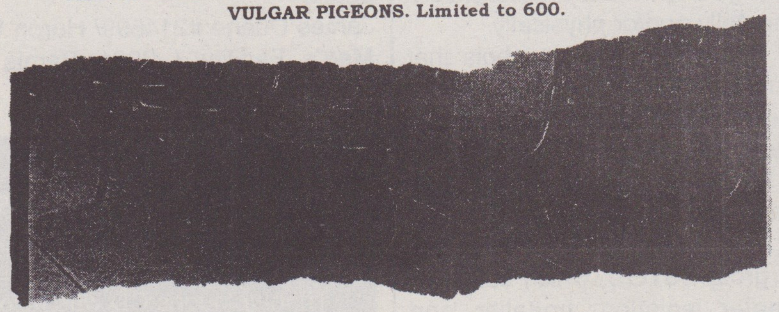

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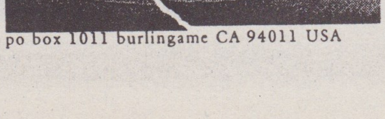

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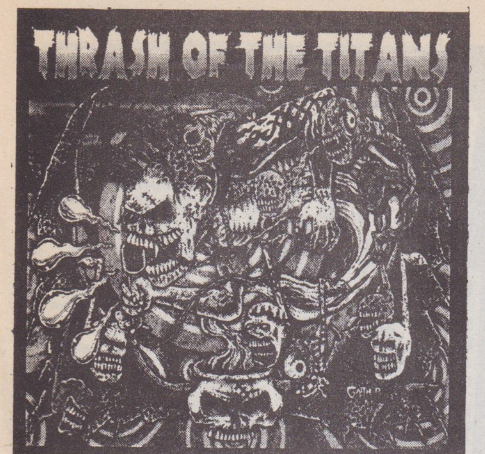

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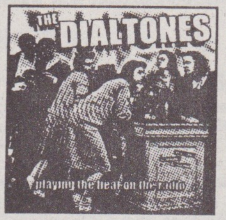

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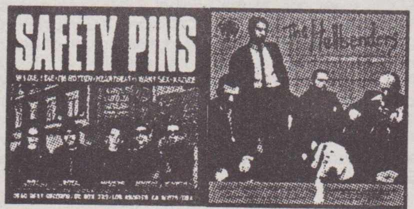

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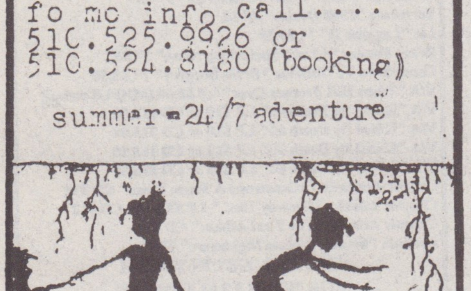

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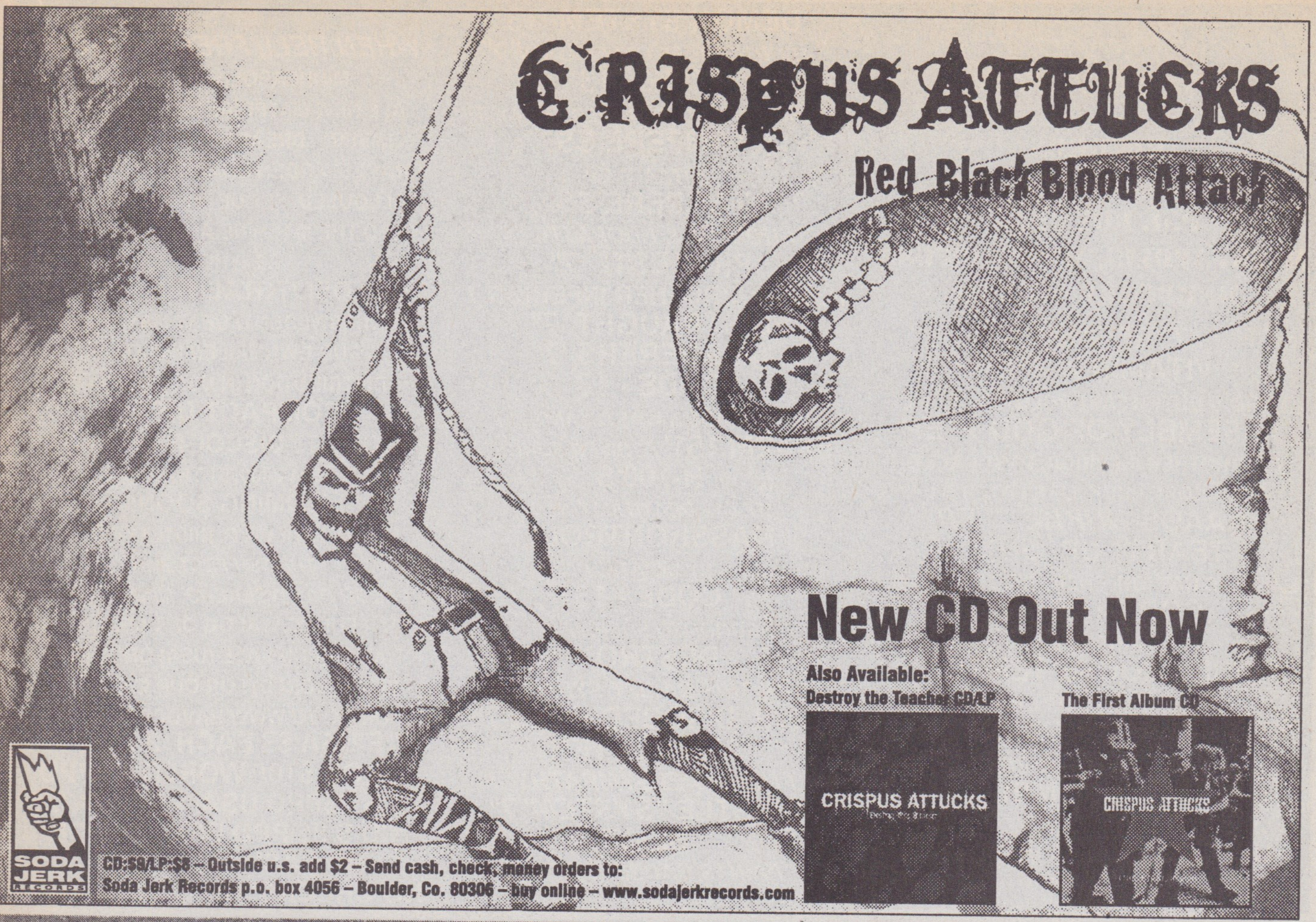
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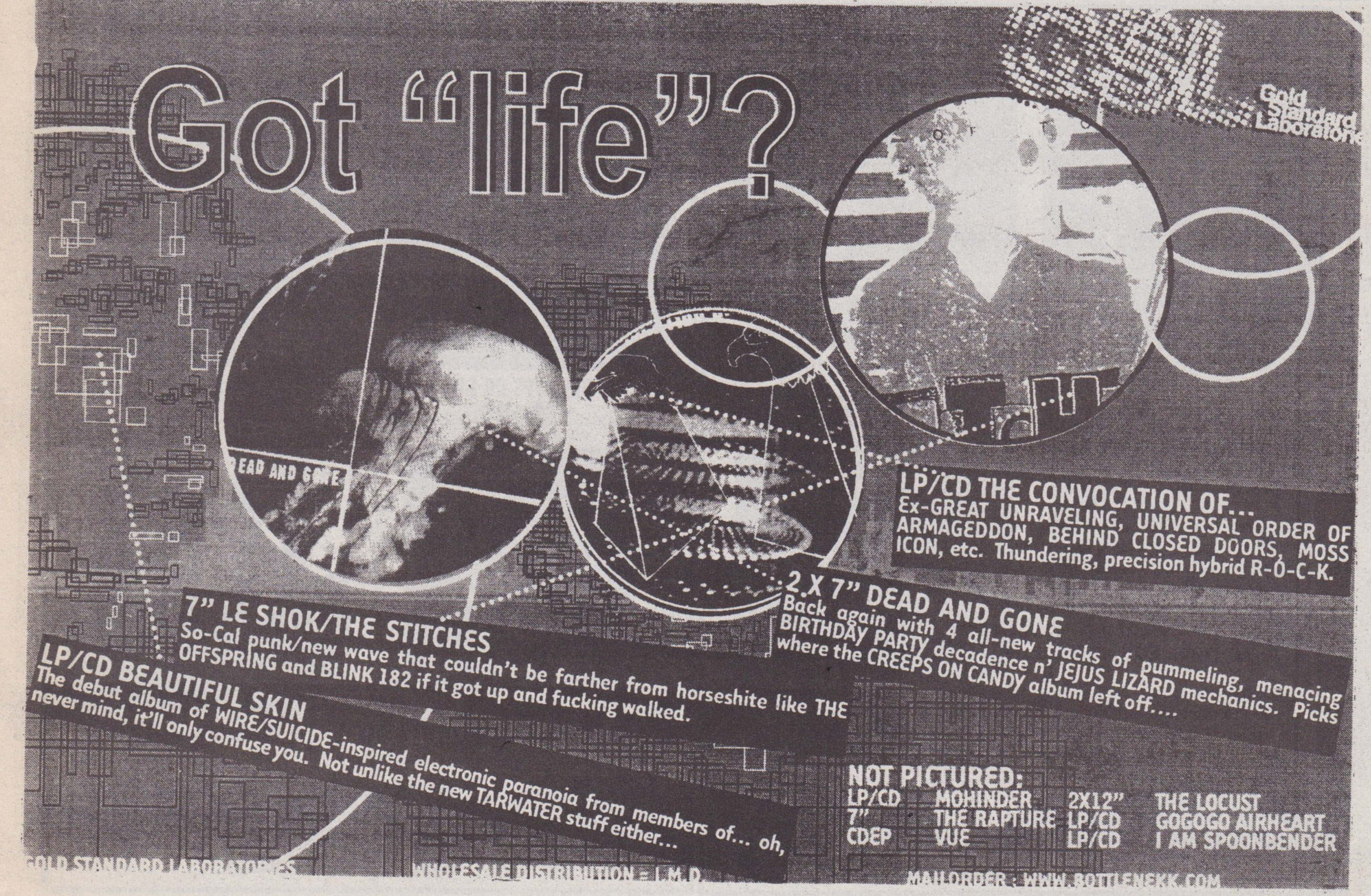
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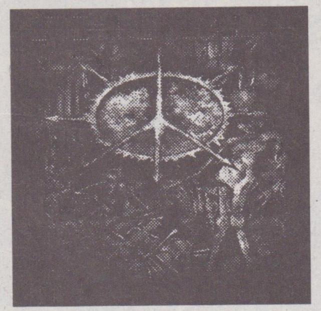

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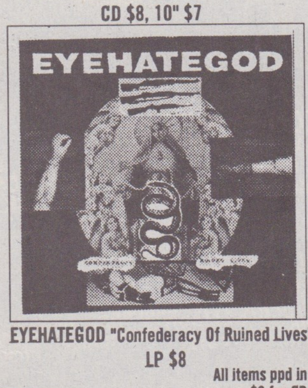

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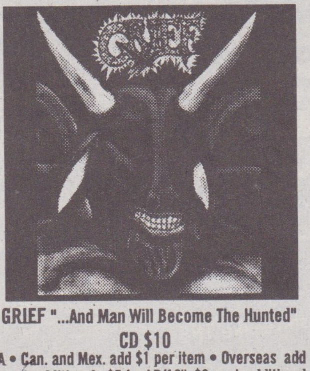

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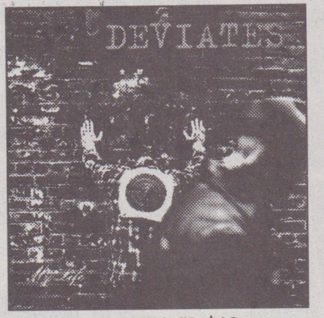

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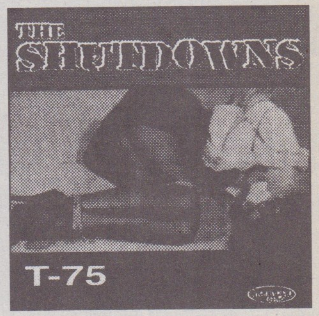

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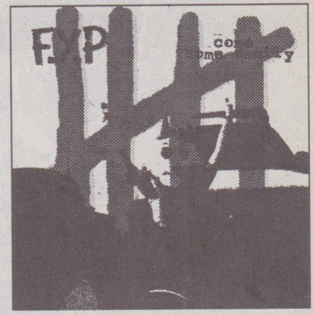

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COLUMNS

I think that I came just short of a nervous breakdown and have been contemplating what it is I want in life. Right about the time that I thought that a seven-day sleep sounded like a good thing—I realized that it was time to shift gears. To cease the pull of what needs doing, and shift into a focus of what I want to do. Thus, I have been taking each day with a more mindful approach. Mindful of what I want to do with my time; the way in which I want to pursue my passions. Matt from Crispus Attucks, recently inspired by a month long tour with his band, said, "I encourage everyone to find their passion, whatever it may be." I couldn't agree more. I don't feel like I have any problem finding my passion(s)—I just have problems finding the time to pursue them. So with a lack of time on hand and stress getting the better of me, I decided it was time to be more of the moment and to enjoy those moments to the fullest.

Too many people have died of late, and it's really freaking me out. I can so easily get swept up into this fatalistic apocalyptic sci-fi vision of the world. Add a lot of potential meaning to everything—look at the major ways the world is changing and we don't even notice; the major ways in which our lifestyles are impacted and we just absorb it. I think of all the toxic chemicals in the air and food we eat and how we just adapt—and rather than thinking it's cool that we adapt—it freaks me out cause it's scary that we accept it and don't really question it. I feel like I can really get lost in the what and why of it all. Perspective is important—and the thoughts and day dreams can be scary and fun—and often I think very telling and real. I learned long ago to not only question authority—but to question everything—and to challenge everything—all ideas and thoughts. Even if it's not in a confrontational manner. And so I feel as though I look through a tinted lens trying to find the truth and reality in a world of public relations media overdrive. I think that all truth lies somewhere in the middle of what you hear at all extremes. The extremes push you—entice you—lure you, and the opposite might infuriate you and push you also. Somehow though, it's usually pretty important to view things with a full spectrum and then find your own path.

So what all these phone calls about death, and my own potential diagnosis (negative) of disease, I got to a point of really questioning what I'm doing, where I'm at now, and comparing that to what I want to be doing and where I want to be. There have been numerous times over the years where I have found myself in places that I thought I would never be. I've looked back on the past and thought, there is no way I could have ever imagined this. And I can never hope to imagine where those paths will continue to take me. But I do know that for too long I have been led by a schedule—dragged along at a pace often against my will. And so I've decided it's time to take that into my own hands more and follow my own advice. X amount of years ago, when I was traveling extensively, numerous people would express their desire to do the same and I always said "it's possible if you want to do it—anything is possible—just go for it." And so I have to remind myself of that now. Factors of life have started to get the better of me, and my brain has been tweaked and plainly, it has sucked. But I don't want to lose out on life to that sort of routine. I want to continue to search for the magic and inspiration that is so abundant out there. I want to live each day as if it counts. That is what death reminds you of—that you might as well enjoy yourself now and make the most of it—cause who knows what tomorrow will bring. And why lose today over worrying about tomorrow? Sometimes that is pretty hard, I mean, often there is a lot to worry over. But when it consumes you—what is the point?

I found the inspiration I needed in friends who were there for me. Who volunteered help in ways I never could have asked for. Who gave me the support I didn't know I needed. For that, I can't thank them enough. Recognizing what is going on—opening yourself up to what your own body and mind is saying, is sometimes pretty hard. But if you can't listen to yourself—how can you listen to anyone else? There is not enough of that either—really listening. I mean asking someone how they are, and then actually sticking around for an answer—meeting their eyes with your own and really listening and understanding. It's all too rare in our hurry up and move fast society. So that is what I'm thinking about lately—about getting back in touch with myself. About finding balance and being receptive to life. Opening up a bit to find those moments that count and to really enjoy them. And above all—to enjoy those bonds and connections that we forge through our own self-built community—cause that is what it's all about, right?

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FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

Hope everyone found last month's "listener's guide to the hardcore revival" useful. So many records have come out since I wrote it that it's already out of date. What can you do—hardcore is blazing forward and can't be stopped. I've been warned that there will someday be a backlash and "thrash" will go out of style and I'll be holding the bag with thousands of DS 13 and Tear It Up records. So fucking what! I love this music. I'd put out the same records no matter how many people are interested. Different genres of music go in and out of style but I'll always stick to what I'm into whatever the trend.

I don't do this sort of thing much, but I'm going to talk a little bit about changes I've made with my own label. I hope it serves to illustrate some of the issues involved with running a DIY punk label today. When I started Havoc Records in 1992, I never thought it would grow as big as it has today. I figured I'd do one or two 7"s a year and that would be it. However, when Overthrow collective offered to sell me their t-shirt and tape distro in 1993, I took it over and expanded into shirts, patches, and tapes. For several years I did a few 7"s a year, mostly by new bands and some 80s re issues. I dropped the patches and built up the shirts and tape distro. From the beginning the 7"s have lost money or just broken even. I sell my stuff for real cheap just to get the music out and support the bands. The t-shirts, however, have always been profitable, and in effect subsidized the record angle. I started off doing everything by myself and gradually hired on some help. Today I've got one part time worker doing mail order and one doing the screen printing. I deal with the bands, stores and distros and the mechanics of manufacturing the records. When I started there were a number of bigger DIY labels such as Profane Existence, Tribal War and Sound Pollution that I considered to be the "big leagues." I sort of figured on Havoc as being a minor league label that would do 7"s by bands that would then go on to bigger and better things with larger labels. Those labels would have the budget and distribution muscle to really support the bands. Many of the bands I worked with in the early days such as Aus Rotten, Civil Disobedience, Bristle, Masskontroll, Brother Inferior, etc. did go on to do LPs on other labels.

As time went on I expanded my distribution and simply by nature of longevity gained some experience in making and selling punk records. When I hooked up with DS 13 I found a band whose music I was really into and would literally do anything for. So I decided to start doing LPs, at first just to help out DS 13, then because other bands who I really liked needed help, Holding On, Skitsystem and Nine Shocks Terror. So here I am with two LPs out and two in the works. This means I'm also getting deeper into the CD business. Anyone who knows me knows that I hate CDs. I think they are a cornball format soon to go the way of the 8 track. I also think it's totally bogus that CDs cost less to make than a 7", yet sell for twice the cost of an LP. My first CD was a Code 13 discography, and I have to admit CDs are really good for discography releases. I hope to do Misery and Nine Shocks Terror discography CDs in the near future.

I'm not really into CDs, though, and like a lot of other things, go along with it just because it's what everyone else is doing. I was really leery of the internet at first, but was won over by the ease of communication it offered internationally. One thing I'm still having mixed feelings over though is e-commerce. More specifically taking credit card orders over the internet. I've set up my website with a shopping cart program and all that to do online orders. I personally don't like credit cards or banks or the crazy sums they charge to let you use your own money. However, the "kids" these days expect you to take orders with credit cards—in fact they complain when you don't. Other DIY distros like Sound Idea and Blackened have been doing credit card sales for some time with good results so I followed suit.

At the same time, I realized my tape distro was becoming more of a liability than an asset. I had grandiose dreams of expanding the tape distro to include hundreds of live and demo tapes by bands from all over the world. However, the amount of shit work involved got to be insurmountable and bigger more important projects like DS 13's LP and tour loomed larger and the tape distro sat for ever on the back burner. Don't get me wrong, I'm still totally in support of tape trading. I just hate to do something half-assed and that's what my tape distro has been run like for a few years so out it goes. Another regrettable thing is that I've had to raise my prices. The post office keeps raising the rates and recently really jacked up the international rates. I've absorbed all the increases I can but sooner or later rising costs mean increased prices. All of these changes have made me feel more like a sell out, like I'm losing touch with my DIY roots or something. But I feel like I've just done what I had to in order to keep up with the times. I don't think I could continue as a 7" only label without going massively into debt. Although I'm doing bigger and bigger projects I still feel like the same punk kid who was filling orders for Profane Existence ten or more years ago. I still have a full time day job that pays my bills—in fact without it I could never pull off the expensive projects I've embarked on lately. I lucked out with some bands like DS 13, Tear It Up, and Nine Shocks Terror who are currently popular and play out a lot. But I think I would have released those records based on the music and people involved if only 200 people were interested rather than 2000.

So let me set the records straight on one thing. Havoc records is totally independent—every last record was paid for with money I made from roofing houses and laying ceramic tile. And of course reinvesting the money I've made selling records and t shirts. There are no "investors," no "financial backers," no press and distribute deals, no exclusive nothing. I own it all lock, stock, and barrel. To me that's the definition of being a DIY label. I'm in control of the label's destiny and answer only to two groups of people, the bands and the fans. I see the growth of the label as a natural progression from a simple DIY distro to a more ambitious punk label and distro still run along DIY principles. I'm sure somewhere some super DIY extremists are furiously attacking me and Havoc Records for taking credit card orders or putting out the DS 13 LP on CD. I'm certainly going back on some things I said I'd never do. It's always a balance you have to strike everyday between your ethics and reality. I continue to live and learn in the continuing adventure of being a DIY punk music enthusiast.

The recent spy plane controversy between the US and China has gotten me thinking quite a bit about how politics are oversimplified in the punk scene (and for that matter among young people as a whole). Every action of US militarism is greeted with protests on college campuses, slogans, and bumper stickers. I feel that in their rush to condemn the USA's militarism and sabre-rattling abroad, many people find themselves excusing the actions of equally, if not more despicable regimes. It's no secret that without the Russians to kick around, the US needs a major power to oppose to justify its huge military expenditures (most of which is corporate welfare writ large, not pay, benefits, or housing for soldiers who are drawn principally from the working class).

China, which is rapidly growing and making a grab at global player status would fit the bill. Except that the US buys 20% of China's exports and desperately wants to open Chinese markets to US goods. The capitalist class in the US and China are so far up each others asses at this point it's hard to take the international tensions seriously. Here is one sickening result of globalization. The needs of corporations and big business are placed above the needs of the people or even the nation state. Therefore, human rights abuses in China are overlooked in favor of cheaply made goods and more open markets to US products. Eventually the US and China will clash. Within the next 20 years the US will probably be at war with the Chinese either by proxy or the real deal over control of the Asian economy. I no longer think there is the political will in America to go to war over Taiwan. I think it would take a Chinese attack on Japan to motivate the US to really strike at China. As a result China will grow stronger for 10 or 20 years until it feels it can take on America and we might have some sort of third world war situation going on. Alternately, corporations could become so powerful that nation states are meaningless and everyone is working for one big corporation in China or the US. You really can't predict the future with any certainty.

But here is my point. Communist China is a totally fucked up place (any Chinese punk rockers who want to write in and give us their views feel free). China is a communist dictatorship. A one party state with no contested elections, no freedom of speech, no freedom of religion, no freedom to join a union or go on strike, strictly controlled access to the internet, etc. Total big brother type state control. I'd have to say China exhibits some of the worst aspects of capitalism and communism mixed together. Anyone speaking out against the system in China gets thrown in jail and used as slave labor making cheap products for the US. The Chinese government massacred student protesters at Tiannamen Square, just a few years ago. China brutally invaded and colonized Tibet and continues to oppress other ethnic minorities. China invaded Korea to back up the bogus North Korean communist regime, which it continues to support. I have a hard time seeing what American corporate interests were at stake in 1950's Korea. I give all the leftist college kids who come on strong with the Marx Lenin bullshit a choice—would you rather live in South Korea or North Korea? South Korea has its problems, I know, corruption, labor unrest, etc. but compared to starving under a militaristic communist dictatorship I'll take South Korea any day of the week. I'd like to see most student communist types singing the glory of Marx and Lenin after a few years of busting ass in a North Korean rice paddy for starvation wages.

Back to China. I know people argue that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend" and all that, but I can't see supporting the equally fucked up Chinese Communists or for that matter Saddam Hussein and his mob, just because they oppose American corporate imperialism. In fact, given the choice, I'll take western capitalism over communism any day. Not that I really like either system so much but just because it's the lesser of the bad options. I can't really go out of my way to support either side or system. In the future as US-China tensions heat up I look forward to the hypocrisy of leftist students driving their Saturns around with a "Free Tibet" sticker on one side and a "Stop US Sanctions on China" sticker on the other. I'm reminded of the Rudimentary Peni song about the Boer War, "Dutchmen." You can't really feel sorry for the Boers or the Zulus, who were all "murderers just the same with their own code of hate." Not to discourage anyone from following their conscience and protesting whatever the cause of the day is, I just think you have to look at everything from all the angles and ask yourself what you are supporting when you protest.

Which brings me to something that has bothered me for quite some time. The use of fascist symbolism in the punk scene. I see so many punk kids wearing anti fascist patches, t shirts etc., which is great—I think it's important to take stand against fascism. However, I think the typical anti-fascist patches and slogans, no matter how direct, are almost always misinterpreted by the general public. I used to wear anti-fascist patches and t-shirts but gangsters always wanted to beat me up for being a nazi. No matter how many times you explain that the swastika on your shirt is crossed out, smashed, broken, etc., and no matter how large you emblazon slogans like "Smash Nazis," "Nazi Punks Fuck Off," etc., people are always going to take it as the exact opposite meaning you intended. I can guess why. Something like 20% of the US population is illiterate. In my experience a far greater number are functionally illiterate. Most Americans never read or think, they just watch TV and do what they are told. Many of the people you see or meet on the streets every day know nothing about punk rock, very little about fascism, and have extremely poor critical thinking skills. To them a swastika is a swastika means Nazi and that's about as deep as they get thought-wise. I was on the bus once and had to talk some militant Jewish guys out of beating up a young punk kid with a "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" armband on. No matter how many times we tried to explain to them it was against fascism they wouldn't buy it. "Right there he's wearing a nazi armband!" they kept saying. They interpreted it as something like, "we're nazi punks, so fuck off." The red line through the swastika didn't even register on them. They just jumped to a conclusion based on what they wanted to believe about punk rock. Even worse is the "put trash in its place" graphic with the guy putting a swastika in a trash can. This didn't seem too hard for me to grasp but I got into a big argument with the old landlord of Extreme Noise about it. Someone had posted a flyer on the bulletin board with the "Put Trash In Its Place" graphic on it. The landlord, who was Jewish, interpreted "trash" to mean Jews and thought we were supporting fascism in our store. I tried to explain it, but he just didn't get it. His mind was made up and he made me take down the flyer. The Gegen Nazis patches (now kind of out of style) were pretty open to interpretation too. The fist smashing the swastika seems obvious enough, but to most people it's just a swastika, says Nazis, and has some other word in German. They just assume it's a pro-Nazi patch unless you school them. Go ahead and wear whatever you want, but remember this, it only really has any meaning inside the punk scene. To the general public you are some dumb kid who is probably a Nazi and listens to Marilyn Manson or something.

Which brings me to another thing about the use of fascist imagery. In Germany and a few other countries, the wearing and display of swastikas and other fascist symbols is illegal. As we saw with Skuld Records' court case, this law is enforced on the leftist anti-fascists who use fascist imagery in a negative context just as much if not more than it is used against right wingers. I have been involved with two records that used swastika imagery prominently on them. I don't think the bands were thinking much about it when they laid out the records, but both releases have several times been seized by German customs. I have to take the lyric sheets out of the Masskontroll 7"s before I send them to Germany for fear of having the recipient fined and the records confiscated. The government there uses laws meant to crack down on the fascists as a tool to fuck with the punks and anti-fascists. I would urge bands to refrain from putting swastikas on their records, even in a negative context, because it could lead to problems like Skuld had.

I don't want to come off as conservative or impose on anyone's freedom of expression. I've just always felt that involvement in punk rock should give you some sort of built in Bullshit Detector. Punk to me is about thinking for yourself, not buying every bumper sticker slogan or patch that comes down the road without really thinking about what it means.

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Thrash Fest 2! Nine Shocks Terror, DS 13, From Ashes Rise, Tear It Up, Code 13, Assembly of God, USV, Onward to Mayhem, Holding On, Spazm 151. Third Lair Skate Park, Minneapolis, Sept 2, 2001.

SCREAMS FROM THE GUTTER

Rob Coons

This past month San Francisco saw the Van's Warped Tour pass through. I have never been to anything like this show. I have always avoided large-scale festivals like the Warped Tour for various reasons. From the high door prices, to the lack of decent bands I have never been interested in attending. This time around I was offered a free pass to get in so I took full advantage of it. We got there early in the day and were greeted by 1000's of "punk" kids standing in a line that stretched around the block. I was pretty freaked out by the sheer number of people. I thought that mainstream "punk" had basically died and that many of the bands and their fans were on the downturn. But thanks to the endless barrage of images, videos and articles by MTV and Spin Magazine as well as stores like Hot Topics feeding the kids their daily supply of Anarchy it appeared to me that mainstream punk is alive and well.

Well needless to say we found our way in and worked our way back to the Incredibly Strange Wrestling group. (Which is a San Francisco based wrestling crew that is touring with the Warped Tour this year) Incredibly Strange Wrestling is a wild mix of Lucha Libre wrestling and mad cap theatrics. Most of the characters/wrestlers are over the top. They have names Matcho Sasquatcho, Culo De Muerte (Ass of Death) El Homo Loco, The Klu Klux Klown and The Sheik Of Physique. Granted a lot of times the hilarity of the characters far outweighs their wrestling skills. But I would much rather watch a bunch of insanely funny people duke it out in the ring than a bunch of WWF steroid fed monsters talk (and talk and talk and talk) about who is gonna get it next.

Between watching the Incredibly Strange Wrestling matches that were spread throughout the day I wandered aimlessly around not really making an effort to see any of the bands. The only band I made an effort to see was Kool Keith. He rapped his way through a couple of tracks, and then we bailed to find more adventurous things. At some point during the day I stumbled across a tiny little shade structure with what turned out to be my favorite band of the day playing under it. I wish I could remember their name (I think it was C.O.D.), but these four snot-nosed super young kids from Stockton were cranking out some fast angst filled punk rock that outmatched all of the tired and played out bands that were hitting the bigger stages throughout the day. It is moments like seeing that band that brings hope that some kid who has never really heard much beyond the token PENNYWISE clones will get turned on to the slew of bands that exist beyond Epitaph, Lookout and Fat Wreck Chords.

I eventually walked around most of the event taking a brief look at just about everything including a lot of the booths. It seems like a lot of the merchandise revolved around those handy little promotional CDs that every label seems to have these days. Those compilations are all about promotion and consumption. And boy did the kids consume. I guess that is what it is all about anyway. A lot of the kids I saw that day, didn't really seem to give two shits about any of the bands playing or the "extreme" sports going on. It was just a day to hang out with friends, cruise for a loved one and get sunburned. Maybe if the Van's guys could add a waterpark next year they will even sell more tickets, uh whatever. At one point my girlfriend and I was walking around backstage and two super young girls came up to us. They obviously didn't belong back there and one of them had a pen and paper in hand. She asked us which bus the band 311 was on. We told them we didn't know. As they walked away, I thought to myself that even if I did know I wouldn't tell them. The whole encounter made me kind of uncomfortable. I mean groupies have always existed, but they were just so damn young.

Toward the end of the day I ended up watching RANCID's entire set. I will admit that when RANCID's first record came out I bought it and I actually saw them at Gilman Street years ago. But it didn't take long to see through their bullshit and quickly shove them to the wayside. From the ridiculousness of the US Thugs "crew" which they were part of, to their non-stop need to remind everybody of how punk they were, it all got really old really fast.

Needless to say about halfway through their set at the Warped Tour Lars just had to bring up OPERATION IVY and then went on to basically say that Tim (Lint) and Matt from RANCID deserve your respect because they hand built Gilman Street. Man I literally felt my stomach turn. It is a sad state of affairs when somebody has to feed their ego with such ridiculous claims. Granted those guys were an integral part of Gilman's early years, but so were countless others. And I don't see those other people pathetically searching for your "respect" and "approval" of how punk they were or are. How sad it is.

There is a group of shows coming up in August called "Beyond The Pale" By the time a lot of your read this it will be happening or already over. Nevertheless I am pretty excited about it. Over the course of four nights the following bands are going to play: M. Gira (Angels of Light/Swans), Amber Asylum, Steve Von Till, Scott Kelly, Shellac (playing two nights), Neurosis (playing two nights), Zeni Geva, Oxbow, Isis, Thrones, Zoviet France, Tribes of Neurot, Tarentel and KK Null. Though I obviously want to see some bands more than others, I think most of it will totally rule and I am sure I will be talking about it in an upcoming column. I am already hearing rumors of people coming in from all over the United States for the show, so it should be cool.

And speaking of shows the FARTZ finally rolled through town about two weeks ago. They were in damn fine form playing all their "hits" as Blaine (the vocalist) went completely nuts raising the energy level in the club a few notches. There was a funny moment at the beginning of their set when he asked the crowd who was at their last show in San Francisco. Silence ensued until the singer from the OOZIES (who also played that night) grabbed the mike and said that the last time the FARTZ were here was in 1982! Damn! Throughout the set, the crowd kept getting more and more rowdy. Yet even though there was tons of liquor fueled aggression, remarkably there were no fights and a good time was had by all. So let's get on with the tunes!

UNHOLY GRAVE/IDI AMIN – Split EP – Damn UNHOLY GRAVE from Japan just keeps cranking them out. This time around they blast out three tracks of intense grindcore. It is all sick and heavy with some really intense vocals spitting out anti-war lyrics. I am not sure but if I read the insert correctly these songs are all from 1994, but have been re-recorded by the newer line-up. IDI AMIN (who are now called TH' SILVER NINJAS) clock in with seven songs of some wildly choppy and erratic punk. Stop and go tunes that really have a raw edge to them. All this and fiercely barked vocals make for a quality band and solid split EP. (Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AD Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS)

THE AUGUST PROPHECY – "Five Endeavors On Self Murder" LP – This four piece from Syracuse, NY kick down some chaotic hardcore that just bursts at the seams with some seriously massive metal riffage. Wildly technical time changes create an atmosphere that easily slides from slow and melodic to blasting mayhem. There are some quiet mellow parts that are really effective, because they add just enough breaks to make the heavier stuff all that more effective. The dark lyrics are complemented nicely by the fiercely gargled/screamed vocals. I think this is also available in a CD format from Ohev Records. But the vinyl is available from...(Alone Records, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126; www.alonerecords.com)

CLOUDBURST/ACRIMONIE – Split 10" – CLOUDBURST from France kick down one heavy song which was a thunderous mix of slow metal-edged hardcore with overtones of emo filling in the nook and crannies. A few parts during of that song actually have a touch of black metal added in. The second song is a lot more rhythmic and melodic, with a much stronger emo feel to it. The vocals are consistent and sound super hollow and screechy throughout both songs. ACRIMONIE who are also from France, blast out some totally discordant thrashy emo metal. Their two songs range from mid-tempo to fast and they are a mix raw charging riffs and blood curdling screams. The songs were solid, but just a little bit unpolished. In the end both sides were solid, but I like the CLOUDBURST songs better. (Acrimonie; hbaeyens@club-internet.fr & Cloudburst; cloudburstx@hot mail.com)

"This job runs you, this day kills you, this suit owns you, this man tells you. What do you like being bought? You like being owned? You like being told? Can't kill yourself because you're already dead"

DEADGUY – "Pins And Needles"

Thanks for reading! See you next month. Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712; xgoatcorex@hotmail.com

CrimethInc.
Workers' Collective Bullet-in

The air in Cambodia always smells of smoke, and the heat, even in the cool season, is dense and intimate. It was five days into our trip and we had come to the ninth century temple of Preah Ko, a small weedy complex of ancient towers and broken sandstone walls south of Siem Reap. There were fourteen of us on the bus: eight Americans, a German, two Thais, a Colombian, and the Cambodian driver and our tour guide. The drill here was the same as it had been at every other temple. The bus stopped near the entrance, the engine still running and doors and windows shut tight to keep the air conditioning in while our guide explained the historical and architectural significance of the ruin we were about to see. Until today, we had visited the temples to the north, passing through villages of palm-thatched cottages on stilts and vistas of sharp green rice paddies, but south of Siem Reap the countryside seemed more ragged somehow; the villages were more substantial than the ones we had seen in the northern countryside—some even with television antennas—but the houses were dirty and in need of repair, and the narrow highway that led south toward Phnom Penh was cratered with potholes and littered with torn plastic bags flattened into the mud.

Everywhere we stopped, children gathered, waiting for us patiently outside the bus in the tropical heat with their arms full of carved wooden animals and disposable cameras and folded squares of cotton cloth. At Preah Ko, however, the children didn't have even postcards to sell. Instead they had broken off hibiscus blossoms and made tiny folded rings out of grass; when we stepped off the bus they pressed close and, smiling, beckoned us to lean down so they could put flowers behind our ears and slip grass rings onto our fingers. It seemed that the children always smiled in Cambodia. Everyone smiled in Cambodia. The one-armed men and legless beggars in jury-rigged wheelchairs smiled as they held up their pitted styrofoam cups. The man making this way painfully along the street on homemade crutches, a useless amputated leg swinging below his long shirt-tail, smiled as he passed. The woman in the little open-air shop who crowded close to my elbow, saying "please Madame," smiled as she unfurled lengths of rough silk. The young boys, their teeth rotted to brown stumps, their skin and scalps exhaling the sweet odor of chronic malnutrition, smiled as they held up sheaves of bamboo flutes for sale.

As the smiling children of Preah Ko crowded against me, I held out my hands palm-upward and said, "no money." The children took my hands anyway, pulling me forward, binding my fingers with grass rings. It was true: I didn't have any cash to spare. Over the last week I had given away nearly all my money to men and women and children on the street, and spent it in the tiny shops and temple postcard stands. I had given away my sunglasses and my pens and my postage stamps. I had given away shiny American pennies, valueless but pretty. I had given away sticks of chewing gum. I wished that I had had the foresight of one of my bus companions, who kept a bag of bright balloons and hard candies in her bag to give away, but I had nothing left. Then I hit on an idea: I pulled a page out of my notebook and folded it into a little paper fortuneteller, the kind we used to call "cootie catchers," and handed it to the nearest child. She experimentally snapped the fortuneteller open and shut. She smiled. I made another and gave it away. More children came over and stood in a respectful semi-circle. I sat down on a fallen block of gray sandstone and folded another and another and another. I don't know how long I sat there folding and smiling, but when I finally looked up my bus companions were out of sight and the late afternoon sunlight was turning to long shadows. I stood up and smiled; the children smiled back. I started to walk; the children walked with me, opening and closing their white paper fortunetellers. One girl, a little taller than the rest, slipped her hand into mine. I looked down. She had a big dirty bandage on one side of her face, raw wet flesh visible around the edges. I touched her cheek and said

"Hurt?" She made a harsh wordless mew without vowels or consonants. I smoothed her hair and gently touched the bandage and again asked "Hurt?" "She can't talk, Madame," an older girl said, pointing to her own ears. "Deaf?" "Yes, Madame." I squeezed the little deaf girl's warm dry hand and she squeezed back.

We walked on, past stone windows a thousand years old, across an uneven grassy courtyard paved in heavy squares of sandstone. Overhead the clouds were full and white, lit at the edges by the long rays of the late day sun. Birds called in the dense green trees beyond the borders of the temple complex. "Please Madame," the older girl said, taking my other hand and looking up into my face. "Money for school? For books? Books for school?" I stopped and looked at her; she looked back, steady and expressionless, her eyes so dark they appeared to be all wide pupil. I reached deep into my bag and took out a crumpled dollar, one of the worn ill-smelling American dollars, soft as glove leather, that circulate endlessly through Cambodia, and slipped it into her hand. The crowd shifted, drew nearer, pressed harder. The little deaf girl looked angrily at her friend, mewing with urgency and tugging on my arm. I found another soft dollar at the bottom of my bag and gave it to her. All around me in the thick hot air the children, no longer smiling, began pushing at each other, crowding closer, saying "Madame! Madame!" with painful, ugly intensity. Someone snatched at the dollar in the older girl's hand and ripped it nearly across. "Madame!" she said, turning to me, crying. I took the dollar and smoothed it and handed it back, but apparently the rip had rendered it valueless. "No!" she said, shaking my arm and pushing the dollar back toward me. "No Madame!" Many of the children were crying now, angry, shouting at each other in their own language. One of the boys hit the deaf girl, who hit him back. "Stop it!" I said. "Stop it now!," but I was no longer even an actor in the drama. In the distance I could see my companions, and through the tumbled gate of the temple the bus, which had circled around to wait for us. "Please!" I shouted, but the children were hitting me now, pounding their little fists on my arms and back. I took out my last dollar and with panicky illogic handed it to a child who was hanging back at the edge of the crowd. A bigger boy pushed him down into the scrubby grass and took the dollar.

I had no feelings left except hopeless anger: I hated the children, hated myself, hated the whole hateful futility of human existence. If I could have bought back my complacent innocence of half an hour ago I would have conjured up a whole wheelbarrow full of dollars, but there is not enough money in the world to repair that particular rip in the universe. Questions of right and wrong, generosity and selfishness, justice and unjustness bleached into moral nothingness in the face of those children's terrible self-preserving need. All I wanted to do was get away. I stepped through the crowd, prying off the little hands, climbed into the bus and took my seat. The driver closed the door behind me but the children circled around the bus and stood below my window pounding on the side of the bus with open palms, crying and angrily shouting "Madame! Madame! Madame!" The air in the bus was cool and fresh; the tinted windows gave the light a shadowy gentleness. The bus idled, waiting for one last member of our group to return. In the window I could see the reflection of my own profile superimposed on the tiny chaotic mob outside. I have never liked my own face less. At last the bus door opened and closed with one final pneumatic hiss and we drove away leaving the angry weeping children behind us in a spray of dust and exhaust.

The history of Cambodia is inexpressibly sad. Between 1975 and 1979 the country lost a quarter of its people, two million in all, dead in a bloody monsoon of torture, murder, and starvation, ordered by the horrific, nonsensical Pol Pot regime which vowed to purify the country back to a rural, peasant-ruled Year One. A quarter century after Pol Pot, Cambodia is a country of almost unparalleled poverty and political inertia, losing its children in appalling numbers to hunger and disease. But Pol Pot did not simply occur. He was made possible by a centuries-wide web of international acts of irresponsibility and by years of instability that began with European colonization and culminated with the American bombing of Cambodia—ordered in the lifeless vocabulary of "military objectives" and "strategic missions"—in the futile last days of the futile Vietnam War. Cambodia was small, poor, and expendable, and it was expended.

What was done to Cambodia was done in the name of my comfort and security. And I, I have lived my whole life on the bus, separated from the consequences of my country's actions by tinted windows and the gentle hum of air conditioning. I can't reverse history and undo the things that were done in Cambodia or in Nicaragua or in Bhopal. I can't get off the bus. But I can do my best to insure that no more crimes are committed in my name, even if it means making myself into a criminal in the eyes of the law. I can take direct action where direct action is offered. And it begins now.

Count Your Lashes Out Loud

Queenie

Monogamy is considered a necessary basis for long lasting relationships. Most will claim that they are just "monogamous by nature." Strange, cuz by nature, monogamy is exceeding rare among mammals. But an estimated 90 percent of all bird species are monogamous. Which gives new meaning to the word "bird-brained." Statistics show that 50-65% of married men and 45-55% of married women will have an extramarital affair by the age of 40. And that only includes current marriages. The fact that divorce and remarriage are so common has complicated the reliability of any statistic that looks at monogamy in today's society. Since it seems that most people are against living monogamous lifestyles, why is everyone so adamantly against the very idea of non-monogamy? Why is it OK to have affairs or get divorced and remarry over and over again? Why is serial monogamy, having one monogamous relationship after another, somehow considered living a "moral" lifestyle, while non-monogamy is considered cheating? Hell, if we're gonna define it that way, than I'm just as monogamous as the next person. I just like to end my relationships before the sun comes up.

Non-monogamy always inspires heated discussions. Although I've heard the arguments for and against both sides, I will never be persuaded that monogamy is the better choice. For anyone. I do understand why people say they like the idea of monogamy. Monogamy gets rid of competition. And without competition, you'll always be the winner, right? Monogamy controls a couple's playground so that each person has only one toy to play with. The fear being that if you gave your partner a choice of toys, s/he may not choose you. And that is so bad that you would sacrifice your own freedom to choose in exchange for never having to feel left out. But why feel left out, why not feel liberated? Non-monogamy isn't necessarily about sex. Non-monogamy is not cheating. Non-monogamy is not lying. Non-monogamy is based on honesty, respect, and open communication. It's about independence. It's having many friends and a variety of sources of emotional support rather than completely depending on a single person to fulfill all of your needs. And it's about trust. Trust that your partner does love you and won't abandon you and trust in yourself. Trust that you will be assertive and able to articulate your needs and emotions clearly and honestly as well as accept and support the needs and emotions of your partner. Non-monogamy is not easy, but it's more than worth it.

Plus, if you don't think you could handle the thought of your lover sleeping with someone else, I guarantee you would be destroyed by your lover's fantasies of sleeping with someone else. Fantasy will always transcend reality. Fantasy is hot and sexy but almost always, completely unrealistic. Fantasy is roses and sea spray; reality is smelly and funky. Fantasy is passionate; reality is awkward. Fantasy is sexual compatibility and utter fulfillment; reality is premature ejaculation. Fantasy is the whole dog and pony show; reality is probably just the doggy part. Fantasy is romantic and happily ever after; reality is most likely a one night stand. And one night stands, although great in their own right, are not relationships.

There is only one person in my life I wanted but for one reason or another, never pursued. And to this day, I am still obsessed with thoughts of fucking him. It's been over five years since he left and moved to New York and I still fantasize about him. And the fantasies I have about him are so over the top, it's downright embarrassing. I may fuck a lot of people when I'm awake, but when I'm asleep, I fuck only him. And it gets better and better every time. In my mind, he's the best lover I've ever had. In my mind, he's the Christmas, Hanukkah, and president's weekend of lovers. He's the open seat on the N-Judah at 6 pm of lovers. He's the goddamn Siegfried and Roy of lovers. I'm sure had I fucked him, it would have been nice. It probably would have been fucking fabulous, or fabulous fucking, but nothing like I make it out to be, in my mind...

Oh well. Be true to yourself and you'll always have at least one person in your life you can trust completely. Love your friends, forget your enemies, and just ignore everyone else. Respect your playmates and as always, play hard.

PETE
MENCHETTI
TFC

I've been back from Italy for about two months now, and I'm doing my best to have a good fuckin' time here in Reno, Nevada. It is summer, best damn time of the year. Working by day, drinking by night...

One of the first things I noticed when I left Italy was just how fuckin' ugly U.S. Americans are. I actually had myself a case of reverse culture shock at the airport in Chicago – suddenly, I was surrounded by fat bastards wearing the most ridiculous clothing I'd seen in four months! "Oh, yeah," I said to myself, "people wear Tevas." (You know, those ugly fuckin' rubber sandals, which are thankfully way outta style in Italy, if not all of Europe). And some of these schifos even wear them with **socks**!! Yeah, little things like this, which most of us don't even notice, tend to shock you after an extended leave from the USA. Especially if you avoid U.S. Americans like the plague, like I did during my stay. Mostly, I just didn't want to speak English at all, with anyone, because I was there to learn Italian.

Reverse culture shock is fascinating. It's the closest you can come to seeing your world through a foreigner's eyes. And you realize how the culture you just left changed you as a person. I love what Naples, and my friends there, did to me. My personality seems a fuck of a lot stronger than before. At least, it was when I had just gotten back. I feel like I'm starting to regress a bit back into the bullshit USA lifestyle. For example, in Italy, si mangia bene, people eat well! If the food isn't good, you don't eat until you find some that is. Eating is important to Italians, and contrary to the stereotype, it's not in a stuff-your-face way. Just about everyone I met takes some serious time, at least once each day, to prepare themselves a good meal. As hard as I've fought it, I've started to shove shit food down my throat USA-style during my 5-minute break from working – then in the evening I'll grab a burrito and that's the extent of my diet. With our workaholic culture, it seems pretty normal. Blah!

In some ways it's good to be back. It feels good to be working more productively, and of course there's no place like home. **Sometimes** it's nice to go out and run into people you've known for years... (though I might prefer to be a foreigner!) And since they're so damn expensive in Italy, I immediately went **record shopping**! I still believe that any place is only what you make of it. So I've been trying to do cool things to make myself happy, like playing the drums, DJ-ing at a local bar, camping and biking a lot. I've been avoiding political shit of late – because I realized that it usually just pisses me off! I can't help but be reminded of that SUBMACHINE album title: "Now That I've Given Up Hope, I Feel Much Better." I definitely haven't 'given up hope,' I still have big dreams – but I've mellowed out a lot politically – and I **do** feel better. Part of it is that I felt powerless, because real change, at least the kind of change I want to see, seems impossible without devoting **all** of my time, money, and attention to making it happen. Someday, I'll do that, but right now I'm young and I've got other shit to do!

Yeah, listen up kids – I know I've preached a lot over the years, about how important it is to be 'involved,' and to give a fuck about more than just punk rock (and yourself) – but, uh, make sure you keep yourselves happy while you're all politically active – or you're going to burn right the fuck out. I **almost** feel like this is what happened to me. If you can't find a way to make a political project fun for yourself, then fuck it! It's not worth it – not only because you're going to bum yourself out in the end, but because most people are going to be much less likely to want to hear what you have to say if they can tell that you're unhappy.

Speaking of being unhappy, let's talk about **DIY**. When I started 702 Records in '94, I was selling at least 1000 copies of each 7-inch I put out! These days, if an independently-released album sells 1000 copies, it's a pretty great success. And unfortunately, most of the records on my label sell far fewer than 1000 these days. What the hell happened? I'm releasing good shit, if I do say so myself. I promote my releases by sending promo copies to radio stations, zines, stores, and distributors, and by running a bunch of ads, more than when I started. So, what the hell happened??

I will blame CHAIN STORES for fucking shit up a bit. The mom & pop stores that you'd find in every town have a much harder time staying alive these days. I remember when the only place to find Epitaph & Fatwreck stuff was Insurrection Sound & Image, a store owned by a local couple that went under not long after Tower came to town. I will also blame every kid & his brother who started a label and made a shitty record, effectively destroying the coolness and mystique of the 7-inch format. And of course I have to blame all the lame-o shitheads who jumped on the "punk" bandwagon with dollar signs in their eyes when it hit big in the mid-90s.

In the case of 702 Records, however, I think the biggest reason I'm not selling like I used to is because I'm too fucking burnt out to be true DIY and do everything myself. Someone wrote a letter to MRR not long ago, complaining that he's having a hard time finding labels to trade with, reasoning that "it's better to have 10 copies of 100 different records than it is to have 1000 of the same." And it's true – if you have a store, or a distro. Hell, I used to trade like a madman, and this is how I got rid of a lot of my own label's records – but one day, I got sick of lugging boxes to every fucking show I wanted to see! Yeah, sometimes, I want to jump around and get loaded and not have to fuckin' worry about having change for a twenty so some kid can buy a 7-inch. You see – it's almost the same story as with politics – you can burn yourself out on the DIY ethic. In this same letter, the dude complained about being really busy. Hell, if he's anything like I was five years ago, at twenty-two years old, building my little empire of tasks, he had no fucking life! Hey, kid, that's no way to spend your life, and especially not your youth!

The main point I'm trying to make here, is that it's cool to work hard to run a label in the way you think is cool, and to fight for what you believe in, but don't burn yourself out like I did! While you're at it, you gotta eat good food like the Italians! Drink with your friends! Make love often! Live in the moment – and be fucking happy! Otherwise, before you know it, you'll be left with no more energy to continue, and all your ideals and goals and dreams will be in the goddamn toilet. Luckily I came to my senses and realized that it was happening to me before it was too late.

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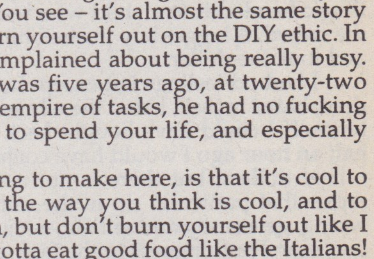
Speaking of SCARED OF CHAKA, don't think twice about picking up their new album "Crossing with Switchblades." Ignore the fact that they have records on my label, and are my dear friends – I'm telling you as a music fanatic that this is some of their best shit! It's a masterful blend of garage, punk, rock & roll, and pop, I shit you not!!

Pete Menchetti / Po Box 204 / Reno, NV 89504 USA / pete@stickerguy.com



Beware! Big Brother may be monitoring what you do online, and there is absolutely no way to tell for sure! Echelon is the name of the beast. It is an automated global interception and relay system that is run by the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Echelon has actually been around for 30 years, but it was mainly used to capture satellite traffic and tap international phone lines. In recent years, however, the government agencies responsible for this intrusion of privacy have also started tapping into internet traffic and major nodes with packet sniffers, which allow them to see the data that is transmitted (unless, of course, it has been encrypted).

The American Civil Liberties Union has put together a website to encourage discussion about Echelon and to keep people up-to-date on the latest Echelon news. You'll find information about this threat at http://www.echelonwatch.org/ .

So, how do you encrypt your e-mail so that it isn't as easy for people to read? The most popular way is probably via the Pretty Good Privacy public-key encryption technology. PGP allows you to encode your messages so that only those that have the key to read them can decode them. You can download a free version of PGP, and get a bit more information at http://www.pgp.com/products/freeware/ default.asp .

If you want to surf the web anonymously, so that nobody can get your computer's address, then Safeweb (https://www.safeweb.com/) is a good bet. It is a free service that offers encryption and masking, as well as protecting your computer from programs that try to change your configuration. You might have to change the configuration a bit to visit certain sites, but that hassle may be worth it if you want (or need) to be anonymous.

EPIC, the Electronic Privacy Information Center (http://www.epic.org/) is another great resource for privacy information. EPIC provides updates on the latest legislation working its way through Congress, as well as alerts and other resources on Cyber privacy. Check it out.

As long as I'm being political this month, I might as well continue on with more interesting politically-oriented websites. 2600 is the Hacker Quarterly, and it has been around forever. I was hoping their website would have more articles from the magazine, but at least it has hacker related news reports and audio files of OFF THE HOOK, the 2600 radio show. You'll find all of this at http://www.2600.com/ .

Next up is the online bookstore leftbooks.com, which, as you might have guessed, specializes in left-wing literature. From Peltier to Mumia, Media Analysis to Marxism, Leftbooks has pretty good selection of reading. Plus, you can get it gift wrapped! — http://www.leftbooks.com/ .

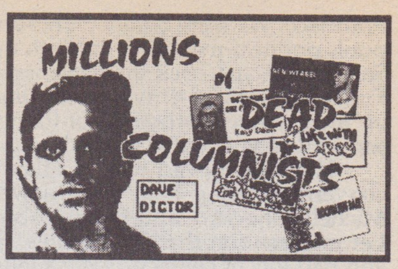
If it is online Anarchy you are looking for (and really, who isn't) then you'll want to make http://www.infoshop.org/ one of your first stops. Infoshop.org has information of interest to anarchists, activists, and anti-authoritarians on subjects ranging from the Anti-capitalist movement to Pirate radio. Heck, they even have an anti-internet section.

Another website that covers a lot of different topics of interest to the underground community is Disinformation (http://www.disinfo.com/). While most of the writers and editors of Disinformation are left-leaning, their website contains information and opinions from all sides of the political spectrum. Tons and tons of material here on every controversial subject under the sun.

Speaking of controversial subjects, Gray Areas is a print magazine who's stated purpose is to "explore subject matter which is illegal, immoral and/or controversial." This ranges from sex and prostitution to hacking and drugs. Lots of interesting articles presented in a non-judgmental manner. Fortunately, many of their articles are available for free at their website — http://www.grayarea.com/ .

And my final site for the month is that of the Coalition Against the American Correctional Association at http://stoptheACA.org/ . The Coalition argues that the goals of prisons have become those of punishment rather than rehabilitation. Of course, that's what prisons have always been, but now there are big bucks to be made because of the privatization of the prison industry.

Okay, that's all I have time for this month. Perhaps next time around I'll toss some music sites your way. Remember to e-mail me if you have a kick-ass site you'd like to see in these pages — netpunk@diehippiedie.com . I'll give my PO Box Address, though none of you ever write me — PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz CA 95062. See ya.



Rock Against Reagan

People ask me about Rock Against Reagan, so let me share what I know and share my involvement. The Rock Against Reagan tour grew out of the Rock Against Racism events that took place in the late 70s and early 80s in England with Sham 69 and many others, and later in the U.S. Specifically, we became involved first in the summer of 1982, in a single show performance with the Bad Brains, reggae bands, and world music bands in the band shell of Central Park in N.Y.C. It was a great happening, mindblowing in that multicultural sense, with thousands of people of all stripes. That next spring of 1983, through some people that got sponsored by the Yippies outta N.Y.C., we embarked on a 40 city tour that took place in the late spring of '83 at various state capitals and college campuses via local radical people, local Yippies, and college organizers.

We toured with DRI, the Dicks, and the Crucifucks, and played with lots of local and regional acts as we spun our way across the Midwest and Northeast. The Dead Kennedys joined us in Columbus, Ohio and those shows really captured the last spirits of the 60s and 70s. Of course, a large part of the Yippies' agenda was marijuana legalization. It was a high flying tour figuratively and literally.

The whole tour landed with all the above-mentioned bands in Washington, D.C. at the Lincoln Memorial. There the Dead Kennedys, O.D.F.X., M.D.C., D.R.I., the Crucifucks, and a bunch of hippie bands with names like the Killer Nixons played on July 3rd and 4th. It was the year Wayne Newton played for Ronald Reagan. The difference in the type of revelers was incredible. Of course, the Washington D.C. cops rioted on us at the affair. The 10,000 punks, hippies, and activists made for a really exciting event. It was bigger than punk, yet we were leading the way. I remember Biafra on stage with the Kennedys, pointing at the helicopters circling the Washington Memorial. He noted that the Memorial's shape made it stand out like a Klansman to remind us this country was built on slavery. It was truly profound. We had a very great tour. It was hard to believe it was over.

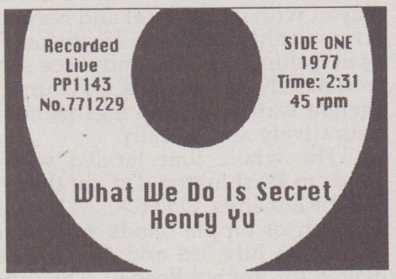
The Rock Against Reagan tour swung back around to San Francisco where we played at Dolores Park, with the Dead Kennedys again, with the Contractions, and with Whoopee Goldberg hosting the event. Ain't it something to think of Whoopee MC-ing this, years before the Academy Awards? This was a truly "back in the day" affair. Tim Yohannon was there, Ruth Schwartz was there, Jeff Bale, The Fuck-Ups, the old SF scene blended with the new. Oh yes, do not let me forget the important role Dennis Perron from the current SF Medical Marijuana scene—he was the driving force behind the SF Rock Against Reagan events, and he is still a major mover and shaker and is quite a great man. It was another really great day.

The next year there was a much more scaled-down tour that we were not a part of till San Francisco. Reagan Youth was the headlining act. When it did reach SF, it took place in front of the Democratic convention hall. A lot of political actions, demonstrations, die ins, street theater, and out and out protests had taken place that spring. Henry Kissinger had come to town six weeks before the convention, and all hell broke lose. Diane Feinstein, the mayor at the time, decided to make battle against what she referred to as the "kooks." And it was an ongoing war that lasted for months. Michelle Shocked's *Short, Sharp, Shocked* album cover, with her in a chokehold, was shot during this time period. On the stage, while Walter Mondale was being nominated, the Dead Kennedys, Michelle Shocked, the Dicks, Reagan Youth, D.R.I., and M.D.C. performed, and afterwards, Jello Biafra led about a thousand of us to sit in front of the police station. At a peaceful sit-in, the San Francisco police attacked us on horseback and motorcycles, trampling us, to break up the protest, arresting the most people to be arrested in one day ever in San Francisco. People were shocked that this could happen in San

Francisco. We were battered and bruised and I don't think the punk political movement was to ever again be this strong in San Francisco. Check the newspapers on microfilm at the San Francisco library—it was a hot time that spring and summer of '83. If you ever thought of liking Diane Feinstein the senator, well, don't. She was a total pig to us.

The tour moved on to Dallas, Texas and the Republican convention being held there. I was not there, but the DKs, Michelle Shocked, and Reagan Youth went on with the show. Let me mention that the Yippies, who owned the equipment and had lots of contacts, were a loose, varied, semi- organized crew of people. Some were very cool and others were, I felt, more unstable and kind of viewed punks as fodder for the revolution. All in all it was very cool and very exciting. A lot of people did get their heads smashed by the street actions. I saw a lot that soured me on direct confrontation, a lot of fifteen year-olds with broken jaws from the police. Still, it was incredible to see punk be out there and so strong. Bless you all involved in the Seattle, Phillie, and Quebec City events of the past two years. Be careful, you all.
mailto: mdcops@hotmail.com

RIP KBD



Due to the sad state of punk rock record collecting I will not be writing about it anymore. It's become a passionless expensive low-touch pursuit for most of us peons.

Go to eBay, search for "kbd" (or easier yet, search for whatever "thw" or "modboy1" has already bid on), program your bidsniper software to bid a few hun with 5 milliseconds to go, for whatever item has one or more asterisks next to it (denoting a "top want") on your want list, pay with a Visa card through Paypal with a few mouse clicks, send email to the seller requesting that disc be packed alongside sleeve rather than inside to ensure no seam splits in transit, and preferably with an extra slice of cardboard between the disc and sleeve to snuff out any possibilities of ringwear, and don't forget a little tape over the top so that the record doesn't rattle around in the paper sleeve and get paper scuffing. After receiving it, remove it from all the layers of packaging, curse the seller for overgrading it by at least a "+", hold it up sideways to make sure it isn't warped, look at it in 100+ watt light at a 37 degree angle. Play it once for grading purposes, call other collector friends to confirm that the click during the guitar break on the second track of the first side was just a pressing flaw (or call to gloat if they do not have the record and warn them about the pressing flaw), stick a cassette or CD or minidisc in the recorder to record it for everyday listening. Then file it away in a 4 mil clear plastic sleeve from Bags Unlimited into some acid-free archival-safe box marked "N-Q" in a temperature controlled room, preferably windowless. Ensure box still has adequate room to hold new purchase without inducing ringwear on its neighbors, and remains roomy enough to flip through the records without bending the tops of the sleeves. File alphabetically by artist name, excluding the "The" or the "A". If the artist is a band member's name, file by last name. If the band name is a person's name, like LYNYRD SKYNYRD or MATT GIMMICK, file by first name. Likewise if the band name includes a person's name as part of its name, like THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE. Enter purchase into Excel spreadsheet called "killer-record-collection.xls", by including band name, plus both song titles if there is just an A and a B side, or EP if there are more than two songs, the date purchased, condition (sleeve, then disc), price paid, and name of seller. Add miscellaneous comments (promo, autographed, green swirl vinyl, second pressing, with extra tracks). Eat macaroni and cheese to kill hunger pangs with minimal expense to adequately fund purchase. Repeat cycle until bored or jaded or getting married or having a kid or satisfying an overwhelming desire for a vintage muscle car or need to liquidate to fund lesbian paperback collection.

Yawn. Send death threats or inspiration to terasearch@yahoo.com

There's no doubt about it: Jenna and Barbara Bush are classic cases of the cliché apple falling in close proximity to the proverbial tree.

It isn't that the President's 19-year-old twin daughters did anything exceptionally wrong. Show me an American college kid who doesn't throw down a few illicit margaritas every now and then and I'll show you an uptight prig, a lame-ass Republican, a Mormon, or all of the above. But why on earth would the *daughters of the President of the United States*, who is a very famous, well-known guy, think that they could get away with underage drinking in a crowded Austin restaurant? Couldn't they invite their friends over to their place and make the Secret Service guys go on a beer run? Oh, and about that fake ID, Jenna—your granddad ran the CIA, for Christ's sake. Call the old man and he can make you anyone you want to be, any age that passes bartender scrutiny.

"Well, I think it's too much, of course," commented First Lady Laura Bush in response to her daughters' arrest. "I'm their mother. I don't think (there) should have been any coverage. But they're doing great...They're really terrific girls." Terrifically dumb, but that's genetics for you.

Thanks to Jenna and Barbara Bush's latest interaction with law enforcement, we now have a classic opportunity to reconsider whether the 21 drinking age still makes sense—if it ever did. After all, being an admitted former alcoholic underaged drunk driver didn't stop their dad from leading the free world or passing himself off as a family-values Republican. And when her daughters got busted for underaged drinking, the First Lady didn't even pretend to be annoyed. Isn't it time to admit that the drinking age is a joke?

Prohibition wasn't repealed because it was a bad idea. There are a million excellent reasons for society to ban alcohol—it causes innumerable health problems, clouds judgment and is closely related to various forms of violence. The trouble with Prohibition was that virtually everyone drank despite—and in many cases *because*—of the law. Any law that turns most citizens into criminals is so out of touch with standard social mores that it causes people lose to respect for all laws and for the government that issues them. That's why legal experiments that are widely flouted, such as the 55 mile-per-hour speed limit, ultimately get reversed.

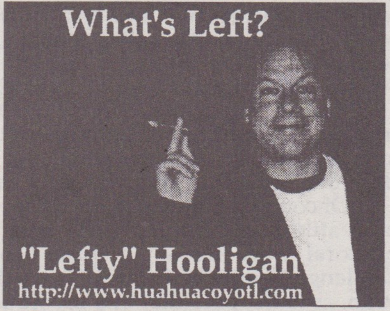
Nowadays, virtually all college kids, and many high-school kids, drink. The legal drinking age of 21 causes them untold inconvenience, but it doesn't prevent anyone with the slightest interest in consuming alcoholic beverages from obtaining them. To the contrary, the law appeals to the forbidden-fruit-driven personality of teenagers by fetishizing the mundane act of drinking a glass of beer or wine. And when it succeeds in making booze harder to obtain, it results in over-the-top binge drinking. If you really want to reduce underage drinking, make it legal. There's no better way to make drinking less interesting than that.

There's something more than a little bizarre about a legal system that allows 16-year-olds to pilot souped-up 9,200-pound SUVs around city streets, get married, have kids and work the late shift until 3 am on a school night, but establishes strict penalties for swallowing a watery beer. 18-year-olds can die for their country in the fields of some far-off country and elect the man who sends them there, but they can't drown their sorrows with an ice-cold tall boy. It's time to follow the enlightened lead of China, Portugal and Thailand and eliminate the drinking age entirely.

The move to raise drinking ages from 18 to 21 took off during the 1980s, when Americans became increasingly concerned about drunk driving. Never mind, of course, that plenty of Americans drive drunk over the age of 21—George W. Bush did, got arrested for it, and kept doing it. And you can easily kill a fellow motorist without drinking—ask his wife. But if there really were a lethal intersection between young drunks and young drivers, there were far more efficient methods to address that problem: Raising the driving age to 21, though not an option I would endorse, would certainly eliminate the problem. Increasing penalties and harsh enforcement of existing drunk-driving laws—getting nabbed for DWI even once ought to cost you your driver's permit for life.

Under-21 prohibition is a legal anomaly that hasn't worked and never will. If you give it more than a second of thought, it's pretty damned obvious: people should be allowed to drink a hell of a long time before they should be allowed to drive, vote or work for a living.

Book stuff: I'm going to be signing my new books *2024* and *Search and Destroy* around the country this summer, dates to be announced. Current cities include New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Toronto, Dayton Ohio, Phoenix and Tucson. If there's a cool bookstore are other venue appropriate for a book signing in your city, please e-mail me at tedrall@aol.com and let me know. Thanks! More info about the books and the tour are at www.rall.com.



Gothenburg, Seattle! Keep up the battle!
chant, anti-EU summit demonstrations
Gothenburg, Sweden,
June 14-16, 2001

"Read about Bush's economic depression and how to fight back." A woman thrusts a copy of *The Militant* newspaper in my face as I enter the MacArthur BART station in Oakland. Socialist Workers Party I think to myself, smile, and politely decline to purchase the paper. At the 24th Street BART station on the other side of the bay in San Francisco, another group is passing out a tabloid-style newspaper called *Justice*. They're not as vocal, and it takes me a few seconds to place their organization. Socialist Alternative. Again, I politely smile and refuse to buy their propaganda.

It's been years since I've seen such vanguardist vultures publicly hocking their newspapers. While George W. is simply awful for the economy, labor, minorities, women, gays and the environment, he's absolutely great for the Left. Which isn't necessarily a good thing.

Socialist Alternative is a Trotskyist group formerly known as the Labor Militant. In England, these folks were expelled from the Labour Party for trying to take it over. The American branch was founded in hopes of forming an international vanguard organization. They oppose both Irish and black nationalism, and they supported Ralph Nader's 2000 presidential bid. Except they criticized Nader for supporting the Green Party and wanted him to align with the Labor Party of America, of which he's actually a member. The Labor Party of America, in turn, was founded in 1995 by the more leftist labor unions in the AFL-CIO. Ever since, it's been waffling over whether to run its own candidates as a genuine third political party, having been suckered into endorsing Al Gore in 2000.

The Socialist Workers Party is the mother of all Trotskyist groups in the US. Founded in 1930 by Trotskyists expelled from the Communist Party, USA in the 1920's, it was led by James Cannon and was the American member of Trotsky's Fourth International, known as the United Secretariat. During the 1930's the SWP pursued a strategy of militant unionism and played a crucial role in Teamsters strikes in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Defending Malcolm X and black nationalism, the SWP was also prominent, if ultimately divisive in the 1960's anti-war movement through its youth arm, Young Socialist Alliance, and front organizations and coalitions like the National Mobilization Committee Against the War in Vietnam. It's probably best known however for regularly fielding presidential candidates, beginning with Farrell Dobbs. The SWP leadership began moving away from Trotskyism after the Vietnam war ended, denouncing Trotskyists as "sectarianists" and purging all remaining hardcore Trotskyists between 1980 and 1985. This has resulted in a rapid proliferation of Trotskyist grouplets, something that Trotskyism was prone to in the first place. Trotsky remains in the party's revolutionary pantheon, but the SWP claims to side with Lenin wherever he and Trotsky disagreed. The SWP ended its affiliation with the Fourth International in 1990 (replaced by Socialist Action), completing its ideological transition to Castroism. A form of Leninism associated with Fidel and Raul Castro and the Cuban Revolution, Castroism promotes the usual revolutionary nationalism masquerading as proletarian internationalism. Instead of the Leninist vanguard party leading the masses though, Castroism promotes Che Guevara's theory of "focoismo," in which small cadres carry out heroic actions in a strategy of guerrilla warfare against the status quo to inspire the masses to join the revolution. Castroism is also characterized by a strong, centralized authoritarian state that is simultaneously opposed to a Stalinist/Maoist-style totalitarian bureaucracy. For the SWP, Castro's Cuba is the perfect workers' state, and the Cuban economy is the ideal example of socialism.

If these two organizations seem archaic and their politics bilious, that's because they are. Those who regularly read my column know I consider the collapse of Leninist-style socialism in Eastern Europe and the old Soviet Union to herald a crisis, and an opportunity in socialism. We are in drastic need of rethinking socialist theory and reformulating socialist action, and we need to begin by tossing out the two bankrupt socialist orthodoxies of social democracy and Leninism, after extracting what little of value can be found in them. Then we need to seek a new political synthesis, and not some chimerical one between left and right which amounts to a Trojan horse for fascism to infiltrate the Left. Rather, we need to develop a revolutionary socialist alternative drawing from the practical experience of cooperativism and communalism on the one hand, and on the other hand from non-orthodox forms of socialism such as anarchism, left and council communism, libertarian marxism, syndicalism, situationism and autonomism, libertarian socialism, etc.

I need to emphasize that I'm not talking about achieving some absurd unity of the Left or an equally idiotic Leftist regroupment. That's like lining up or rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic respectively. This is not about repackaging the Left, but about reinventing the Left from scratch. And while George W. is inspiring a resurgence of the Left, it's mostly a resurgence of the same old shit. I mean, who really gives a fuck that, in their brand new 2001 program the Revolutionary Communist Party no longer calls homosexuality "bourgeois decadence." The RCP is still a slimy, highly secretive, highly authoritarian Leninist vanguard party that worships Stalin and Mao, two of history's greatest mass murderers.

There's also much that is hopeful on the Left these days, to be sure. The whole, quite ecumenical, international protest movement against capitalist globalization kicked off in Seattle, 1999 for one. For another, the move by the Anarchist Black Bloc at such demonstrations in north America to reconstitute itself as a revolutionary anti-capitalist bloc, encompassing many of the non-orthodox socialist tendencies I mentioned above. Third is the continued success of the Earth Liberation Front, also in north America. Yet a fourth is the protest activities in Europe this past summer. European activists have been hounding the planning meetings of international capital around the continent with a series of counter-summits. The wild-in-the-streets actions against Junior Bush and the European Union summit at Gothenburg, Sweden on June 14-16 were perhaps the most spectacular of these mass protests, which are counterpointed by a chain of border camps intended to dramatize immigration issues and protest the "deadly border regime of Fortress Europe." The border camps have been set up around the continent by anti-racist activists as international meeting places and staging areas for "diverse interventions and discussion groups" with links to the counter-summits. (You can keep tabs on the counter-summits at http://www.protest.net, and news about the border camps can be found at http://www.noborder.org.)

Whether these hopeful moments are sufficient to overcome the dead weight of the historical Left remains to be seen. An old friend once amended Mao's famous dictum: "If you don't hit it, it won't fall," with these words of wisdom: "If it doesn't fall, you didn't hit it hard enough." Something to keep in mind with respect not only to predatory global capitalism, but to the ossified Left as well.

I didn't mean to drop my Basic Marxism 101 from last column for an equally byzantine General Survey Course of the American Left at the Turn of the Century. My criticisms of the Left don't come from having swung politically from left to right like those alt.reactionaries Jeff Bale and Larry Livermore. I'm not embittered by the sense I wasted so many good years of my life doing the wrong thing. Rather, my critique of the Left comes from over 30 years involvement in leftist politics, ever since I was 16 and draft-aged cannon fodder for the Vietnam War. I still think the future belongs to revolutionary socialism, provided we see the rise of an authentically new Left. Or is that a new New Left?

As for that pretender to the presidency, George W.'s political trajectory is about where I thought it would be at this time. His policies bogged down in Congressional gridlock, domestic approval ratings plummeting, getting the blame for an economy in the doldrums, scorned by our allies and despised by the rest of the world; Junior Bush is nothing more than an affable idiot; so transparently a pawn of powerful interests in the ruling class that he does the Left an immense favor by staying in office. Of course I enjoyed the delicious irony of Junior Bush's daughters getting popped for underaged drinking and purchasing alcohol with a fake ID; crimes their father no doubt committed numerous times when he was their age. What's more, the daughters now face jail time for any subsequent infractions, thanks to Texas legislation supported and signed into law by their dad. And the astronomical effort to keep VP Cheney's bum heart ticking? Priceless. To quote Robert Scheer, Bush is "only a heartbeat away from the presidency." (7-3-01, *LA Times*)

The mass demonstrations in Washington, DC against the World Bank and International Monetary Fund are still a month away as this issue hits the magazine racks. I hope they battle on! That such demonstrations around the world against global capitalism are having an effect should not be doubted for one minute, despite negative media comments that they're too chaotic, diffuse and violent. The institutions of international capital have already convened via the Internet to avoid demonstrations in Barcelona, Spain and they're seriously considering meeting out at sea so that they can avoid these embarrassing mass protests altogether.

Those who value the political space opened up by these international protests should be concerned particularly with vanguard formations, like the ones mentioned above, who claim to be on the same side of the barricades as the rest of us. There are folks like Left Turn, a split from the Trotskyist International Socialist Organization, which claims that "Seattle was a fork in the road" and "[t]he great demonstrations in Seattle gave birth to a new left internationally—the biggest we've seen since the 1960s." Left Turn wants to strengthen "this new movement against capitalism," but if they're a typical Leninist organization, they'll also want to lead it.

And that's precisely the problem. There's perhaps thirty, forty odd Leninist vanguard formations with leadership pretensions on the American Left. (Check out http:// www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/Lobby/4192/us.html for a current listing. See also http://www.geocities.com/redencyclopedia for thumbnail descriptions of the main ones, from which I shamelessly stole.) Aside from the absurdity that all of them claim to have the "correct political line" and therefore the right to lead the rest of us thanks to their pseudo- "science of Marxism-Leninism," one of the things that makes this "new movement against capitalism" "the biggest we've seen since the 1960s" is that it's not under the leadership of any one group or party. The movement's ungainly size, lack of central organization, diverse constituencies, multifarious issues and strategic/tactical diversity, considered liabilities by media pundits, are actually its strengths. I'm reminded of Rosa Luxemburg's description of the mass strike: "Its adaptability, its efficiency, the factors of its origin are constantly changing. [...] Political and economic strikes, mass strikes and partial strikes, demonstrative strikes and fighting strikes, general strikes of individual branches of industry and general strikes in individual towns, peaceful wage struggles and street massacres, barricade fighting-all these run through one another, run side by side, cross one another, flow in and over one another-it is a ceaselessly moving, changing sea of phenomena." (*The Mass Strike, the Political Party and the Trade Unions*)

A year ago last September (*MRR* #208) I quoted Naomi Klein writing about the protests in Seattle and thereafter as an example of "the war of the swarm" that has no "central leadership or command structure; it is multiheaded, impossible to decapitate." In "The Vision Thing" (*The Nation*, 7-10-00) Klein continued: "Already, this decentralized, multiheaded swarm of a movement has succeeded in educating and radicalizing a generation of activists around the world. Before it signs on to anyone's ten-point plan, it deserves the chance to see if, out of its chaotic network of hubs and spokes, something new, something entirely its own, can emerge."

Such a nebulous movement is also extremely difficult to rapidly mobilize, sustain over the long haul and quickly maneuver for the very same reasons, and may well come to nothing against the bloody power of international capital. Yet the movement's death knell will surely sound if one or another Leninist vanguard gains control. I've seen first hand the Socialist Workers Party disrupt and destroy anti-war meetings and organizations during the 1960's attempting to secure its leadership over the anti-war movement. I unsuccessfully fought against the ultra-Maoist Revolutionary Union's takeover of the popular, broadbased Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization in the mid-1970's, decimating the VVAW/WSO in the process of founding the Revolutionary Communist Party. There's nothing that kills a dynamic, diverse, rebellious mass movement quicker than the leadership of a Leninist vanguard party.

Of course, there's also the danger that the movement born of Seattle might subside into letter writing campaigns and electoral work for some quasi-liberal Democrat hoping to challenge George W. in 2004. That's the subject for another column, as is the potential in a revolutionary anti-capitalist bloc, the significance of the Earth Liberation Front's continued activity, and the bredth of the European protest movement. Finally, in pointing out one of the "enemies within" the current anti-capitalist movement, I never intended to deny that our main enemy remains the capitalist ruling class.

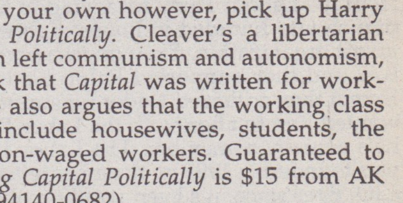
More on that next issue.

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

READING CAPITAL POLITICALLY... I remember starting James Joyce's *Ulysses* and thinking I had to buy one or another of the literary keys floating around to help me decipher Joyce's masterpiece. But after trying to slog through both the book and the key simultaneously, I tossed the key and enjoyed *Ulysses* on its own merits. The same holds true for Karl Marx's three volume tome *Capital*. If you're too intimidated to attempt such a project on your own however, pick up Harry Cleaver's *Reading Capital Politically*. Cleaver's a libertarian Marxist, which covers both left communism and autonomism, and he argues in this book that *Capital* was written for workers, not for academics. He also argues that the working class should be expanded to include housewives, students, the unemployed and other non-waged workers. Guaranteed to infuriate Leninists, *Reading Capital Politically* is $15 from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682).

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

SACTO PUNK SCENE



This tape is interesting for any number of reasons, but mainly for the fact that it captures the spirit of the punk/hardcore scene in Sacramento, California so well, and so shamelessly that it denies the viewer that safe space behind the pit. No, you are forced into the pit with Sacramento punks like

Pressure Point and the Hoods, and all of their yo-core friends from nearby scenes like Oakland. Most of the band footage on this tape, which features four separate cable access programs hosted by the singer from Pressure Point, are of oi! and hardcore bands from places other than Sacramento, but in their own way they help to show Sacto for what it really is in terms of a scene, and maybe in a way that many of it's local bands probably can't do as of yet. The best evidence of this is when Mike interviews Brandon Cruz of Dr. Know and Joey Shithead of D.O.A., and also during live performances by the Business and the Dropkick Murphy's. Sacto may have a few too many violent, knuckleheaded, macho hardcore kids- no doubt-but they also have a lot of punks who sport a fashion that is similar to the clueless yo-kids and skinheads, and it is evident on this tape that they are only out to have one hell of a good time. It's evident here during the scenes of crowd surfing (You wont find any groping and inappropriate behavior towards women on this tape, with the exception of a comment from the singer of the Business for which he is quick to apologize when he realizes the Sacto punks aren't as nitwitted as his comment. Overall the footage of bands on this tape is well done, although the sound is inconsistent, which is often the case on tapes of this manner. Some of the other bands on this tape that stood out above the rest were: The Working Stiffs, Oxymoron, Gang Green, Hoods, Templars...and Mike? No United Blood or Intrepid A.A.F., are you insane? That's okay, just send me the rest of that Buzzov-en performance, twice! The Forgotten drunkenly turn on their lead singer in one interview segment, which is something a lot of you wish you could do I'm sure. This tape is definitely worth a peek, although I'm not sure how these programs are being distributed, but either way you could write and find out what the deal is. (Mike Carlson, 316 13th Street, Sacramento, CA 95814)

NEW WORLD BORDER

Since this column is called Punk Movie Nights, I'm going to start off by diverging a little from the subject matter immediately at hand by writing a little about an Oliver Stone film of a few years back called *JFK*. I'm not going to rehash the entire film here because I assume that anyone who takes the time to read a film column would have seen a film as critically acclaimed and written about as *JFK*, but there is a moment in that film when the main character has to face up to the fact that there may have been a catalyst which triggered the events leading up to JFK's death, but unable to come to terms with the harsh reality of what was becoming too painful to ignore he blurts out, "Why?" while questioning an informant. It was inconceivable to a veteran, and a patriot that his president could have been assassinated simply because too many corporations and the federal agencies they were partnered with were put in financial jeopardy by JFK's policies concerning federal law enforcement agencies, and even more so by his planned cutbacks and downsizing of the military, i.e. pulling troops out of Vietnam, which may have taken place during JFK's second term in office if he had lived to serve it. The informant he is trying to get information out of basically states just that, which the inquisitor was already aware of, but then he adds in the details and the monetary figures and it's at that point that he paints a scenario in which even a head of state couldn't be allowed to stand in the way of capitalism. Of course *JFK* was a fictional account of a historical event, and not all of the facts or events were meant to be taken literally, but the overwhelming message of the film, for myself at least, was that corruption permeates government even at it's highest levels, and that greed fueled corruption trickles down to even the most meaningless participant in it's detached quest to generate wealth.

NEW WORLD BORDER is a documentary about the policy of the US of building more barriers/borders, both figuratively and literally, between itself and the people of Mexico, while at the same time trade agreements such as NAFTA are being implemented to open the borders to primarily American owned industry. Very briefly a number of subjects are touched upon that I should quickly mention as well. One such subject concerned agriculture and how it was affected by NAFTA, and how that relates to the issue of what's happening at the US Mexico border. One incident of note that took place when American corn was allowed to flood Mexican corn markets, which drove the prices for corn so far down that it essentially put many Mexican corn growers out of business, and forced them to migrate to the more populated border towns to find work. Once they reach the border towns, which in many cases is done by traveling great distances on foot, they can find labor in the American owned factories that line the border, and quickly you begin to see one of the very obvious cases of cause and effect that when traced back always tend to lead in the same direction. The border patrol, we learn, is the most Well funded federal law enforcement agency in the US, and when you watch the footage of racist, mostly Caucasian US nationalists rallying against "illegal immigrants" at one of the border's new military built steel fences, it's not too difficult to figure out who stands to benefit the most by helping to fuel this fire of ignorance and hatred. Another subject briefly touched upon that I found interesting was the fact that the steel fences are being built out a material used for military runways, but it's not new similar material, but the exact material purchased long ago by the military so they could build runways. In otherwords, leftover surplus material that was just taking up space on military bases around the country. The government not only figured out how to get rid of all of this excess material, but they actually got the government to help fund the project, which no doubt helped to line more than few pockets (I'm speculating obviously; this is a movie column not a thesis paper) along the way.

The most poignant moments of *NEW WORLD BORDER* come in the form of stories told by and about the people who suffer first hand as a result of the US border policy. One story is about Esequiel Hernandez Jr. an 18 year old who was shot down by a US Marine by the name of Clemente Banuelos while he was taking part in an antidrug operation. Marine officials claimed, of course, that Hernandez shot at the surveillance team Banuelos was a part of. Charges were never brought against Banuelos, even after an autopsy report suggested that Hernandez most likely could not have fired at Banuelos' team. The grand jury itself included several people who had ties to the border patrol, and in the end there was no justice for a young man who's only mistake 'was to go pasture his goats on that day.'

In another story, a young boxer who was trying to cross the border into the town of San Ysidro, so that he could buy a new pair of gloves for an upcoming match, was shot in the chest by border patrol officers after they claimed he threatened the officer with a rock(!?). Witnesses contradict these claims by the border patrol, and the specifics of whether he did or didn't does nothing to alleviate the crushing effect his loss had on his sister and mother who relied on their son and brother for so much more in their lives than you'd imagine most brothers and sons his age providing. To the young boxer, crossing the border to get a new pair of boxing gloves wasn't that big a deal. Unfortunately, in the current post-NAFTA state *NEW WORLD BORDER* seems to suggest that the days of crossing the border, even temporarily, has come to an end due to the need for US factories to maintain a labor pool that they can have easy access to, and exploit with no risk of ever interrupting their operations.

NEW WORLD BORDER shines some light on so many different areas of the immigrant rights/U.S. Mexico border issue that it would be kind of silly to suggest that this one video might be able to help anyone better understand such a complex issue. What it can do without a doubt is to open doors that may been previously closed to you, or even went unnoticed as part of your day to day existence, in spite of their obviousness. The copy sent to MRR by Jose Palafox, producer of *NEW WORLD BORDER*, came with a packet entitled *Critical Resistance to the Prison-Industrial Complex*, which contained a number of articles. Most notably was Jose's own article entitled *Opening Up Borderland Studies: A Review of U.S.-Mexico Border Militarization Discourse*. Highly recommended.*****

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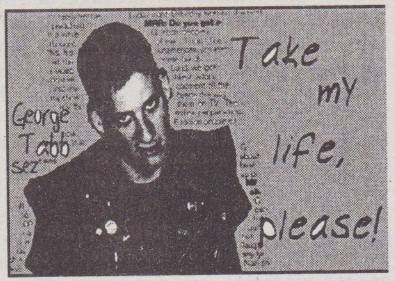
I want to apologize to any of you who came to Punk Movie Nights this month expecting reviews of those films by Bob Moricz, but there just wasn't the time or space this issue. So let's plan to meet next month, same time, same place. Oh, but I should remind you that on September 15th at Gilman in Berkeley we will be having Punk Movie Night with special guests TRAGEDY from Portland, along with several films by punks and underground filmmakers such as Martin Sorrondeguy, and of course Bob Moricz. You can read past Punk Movie Nights columns at www.wethepunx.com or ny purchasing back issues of MRR from Mike and Arwen. You can send me stuff at c/o Jay, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709.



"Play THE SONG, man," my high school pal, Scott Peterson, says to me as I gun the motor of my Datsun 510 station wagon. As I do, the orange car with the blue Batman logo on the hood begins to shake.

"George," Scott says, "if you ain't gonna play it, I'm gonna pop in a different tape. Maybe Billy Joel."

I ease off the gas and push the fast-forward button on the Archer tape deck to find THE SONG. As I do, the eject button falls off. Cheap Radio Shack piece of shit. But at least The Ramones tape of "Road To Ruin" is in the deck, with The Dead Boys' "Young, Loud, & Snotty" on the other side. If I was gonna have to listen to the same songs over and over, this was the right cassette.

As I search for THE SONG, I notice that Mike Gibson's 1967 Mustang is pulling way ahead of us as we all are making our way about thirty miles south of Tallahassee, to a sink hole that Scott promises will have naked chicks sunbathing around it.

Actually, it may have been west of Tallahassee. Or East. I don't know. Or care.

Fucking Florida.

Finally, I find THE SONG, and crank it up. The Ramones "Bad Brain" begins. "I used to be an A student/I never used to complain/I used to be a truant/But I'm still the same/Bad bad brain."

As we sing along, banging our heads on the windshield, Scott takes out a joint and lights it up.

"Dude," he says to me from behind his wire-frame glasses and seventies mustache, "we are gonna get SO laid."

I nod my head, singing along with The Ramones, knowing damn well that none of us were gonna get any pussy. The only pussy that ANY of us got lately was the one that Mike Gibson ran over with his wicked stang.

"It went like 'meow', than made this splashing sound", Mike had told me a few days earlier, while doing bong hits during my break at Publix Supermarket as a bag boy.

After taking a couple of drags of the joint, I noticed that Mike Gibson had pulled way ahead of us. And since he, or his passenger, David Williams, didn't know exactly where the sink hole was, I'd better catch up. Only Scott knew where it was for sure.

So, as Bad Bad Brain cranks out, I gun the motor again, and when I hit about ninety miles per hour or so, I catch up to the White Stang.

"Pull up next to them," Scott tells me as we make our way down the deserted highway. It's about three in the afternoon and only about a hundred and ten degrees. I do.

"Hey dudes," yells Scott to Mike and David through his passenger window to Mike's driver's window.

Mike raises his hand up and waves. Then smiles from behind his mirrored sunglasses. I turn down my Radio Shack piece of shit and hear The Dead Boys blasting from The Stang. The guy has good taste. I also see that the car is so filled with pot smoke that David is hard to see in the passenger's seat. "The sink hole is about ten miles ahead," Scott yells to the guys as my car struggles to keep up with them.

"Uh huh," says Mike, as David passes him a huge bong, and then takes a big hit.

"Try this," says Scott, as he holds his joint out the window to give to Mike. At ninety miles an hour.

Of course the thing flies away.

"Fuck," says Scott, "that was some good shit. Hawaiian Gold!"

"We must have more pot," I yell at Scott as The Wicked Stang pulls head of my Datsun 510 station wagon.

"Sorry dude," says Scott.

I tell him I'm gonna pull up next to those guys again, and for him to ask for the bong.

As I do, my car begins to get the shakes again. I clutch the steering wheel tightly, and listen as Scott yells to Mike and David.

"Dudes," says Scott, "pass the bong!"

"Okay," says David.

"Fuck that," says Mike, "first ya gotta catch us!"

With that Mike Gibson guns the motor of his Wicked Stang, and the next thing I knew they were about a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

"Catch-up," says Scott.

"Duh," I say.

I gun the motor of my Batmobile as Scott fiddles with the rewind button. Finally he finds the beginning of "Bad Brain" and we sing along once more as we try to catch up to Mike and David.

First we get to about a hundred miles per hour.

Then a hundred and five.

"I don't think she's gonna make it, Captain," I say to Scott in my best Scottish voice as the steering wheel begins to shake violently.

"Go faster," was his reply.

So I gunned it harder. Now we're going a hundred and ten and the car feels like one of those machines fat people used to to shake off those excess pounds.

"We're almost there," yells Scott. He has to yell because the wind is so loud.

Finally the Datsun 510 Wagon hits its peak at one hundred twenty, and we pull up next to Mike and David.

Mike looks down at his speedometer, then at me.

"Pretty slick, Tabb," he says, as he pulls so close to my car that suddenly the wind stops howling outside of my passenger side.

The next thing I know he passes Scott the bong. Scott lights up the bowl and takes a hit. He then tells me to take one. At a hundred and twenty miles an hour.

"Are you fucking nuts," I ask him as I clutch the steering wheel for dear life. But as I do, I notice it's not shaking anymore.

"It's not shaking anymore," I exclaim.

"You've reached Warp Speed," yells David from the other car.

"Cool," I say.

"So you gonna do a hit?" Scott asks as he holds the bong in his lap.

"Sure," I say, and tell Scott to hold the wheel as I take the bong from him, light it up, and take a puff.

"This tastes like shit!", I yell as I exhale some of the worst stank weed I've ever had.

"I harvested it this morning from my cowfield," says David.

"Give it back," says Mike as we continue down the deserted highway at a hundred and twenty.

"First ya gotta catch me," I say, then hit the gas pedal as hard as I can with my right foot.

Then we heard that "Whumping" sound.

An hour and a half later, while waiting for the tow truck in the hot Florida sun, Scott asked to hear "Bad Brain" again. And I played it for him. Again.

And again.

And again.

Take My Life, Please.

1. thirteeninchesofjoy@georgetabb.com
2. Driving at super-stupid speeds is something we should leave to the Germans. They seem good at it. And if they aren't..well..oh well.
3. My pal, John Strausbaugh, wrote a great book called "Rock Til You Drop". It's about how dinosaurs like The Rolling Stones and Areosmith no longer help the rock and

punk revolution, but make it all nostalgia. I agree. If you ain't in it to change what you see around you, go sit in your rocking chair and watch Judge Judy. And that goes TWO TIMES for that last line-up of the Sex Pistols. Pussies.

Scott Soriano
Rama Lama Fa
Fuck You

So, I'm sitting in my apartment, reading a magazine and eating a burrito, when Woodhouse knocks on the door. "Hey, what are you doin' tonight?" he asks.

"Why?" I warily reply.

He takes out his wallet and flashes two tickets. "Wanna see the Cult?"

"Really?"

"I was walkin' by the Memorial and I saw Brian McKenna [the promoter] and he gave me two free tickets."

"Sure, I'll go."

He tells me to meet him at the brew pub down the street. He wants to tie one on before we go.

I change clothes and wander over to the pub and have a half-pint of what I swear is Everclear with beer flavoring. Woodhouse has had a couple pints and is feeling loose enough to leave.

We walk the ten blocks to the Memorial Auditorium, a cool old building that has been recently restored. For about ten years, this Sacramento landmark sat vacant. Local politicians and bureaucrats ignored the public's will and let the fine, old building rot while pouring money into a convention center that looks like an airplane hanger from Mussolini's Italy and is still in the red. Through much pressure and a campaign that played on Sacramentans' memories of events held at the auditorium - everything from high school graduations to the Big Time Wrestling to rock concerts - activists were successful in forcing the city to spend the money that the public had demanded the city spend on rehabbing the place.

I was one of those people whose memories activists stirred. My first rock concert experiences were at the Memorial. The impressions are clear: Ted Nugent swinging from a rope onto the stage, landing to a BLAMM of explosions; Brian Lewis and I in a nearby parking lot, opening the one beer we successfully stole from his fridge, the cops pulling up before a drop touches our lips; Kicking the back seats of some proto-yuppies at a Pablo Cruise show that we were given tickets to. And then, older, sneaking into see Devo after "Whip It" hit, throwing up in the balcony at a Stray Cats show that we won tickets to on the radio. I even remember the feeling of civic pride I felt when I discovered that the Beach Boys recorded a live album at the Memorial. Now, years later I am going to see a rock n'roll show, my first rock concert at the Memorial since I saw the Stray Cats in 1984.

We get to the auditorium and the local radio station that is sponsoring the show has a van parked out front blaring some generic alt-rock act. On the lawn, sit little groups of dudes with their shirts off. Guys that look like they just got off their shift at AutoZone walk up the steps, hand in hand with skinny, bleached blond girl friends who compliment their tight, stonewashed jeans with red pumps.

We walk through he door and are immediately frisked. Passing sad-looking roadies selling merchandise, we make our way to the floor. We are two out of maybe three hundred people in an auditorium that holds 4,000. Our brother and sister rock n'rollers are mostly in their late-twenties to mid-thirties. A few teens are present as well as some folks in middle age.

Many of our mass are pale. Plenty have pot bellies. The attire ranges from baggy shorts to Levis, concert T's to halter tops. A fair share of the women have feathered hair or perms; a good portion of the men wear mullets or those strange hair cuts inspired by the WWF. We are in the Central Valley and we are at a rock concert.

Woodhouse and I hit the balcony as the roadies fiddle with the first band's equipment. People slowly make their way in. By the time the lights dim and the band start their set, maybe 500 people are present.

The openers are a three piece from Los Angeles. What I remember of them are this: Their bass player took his shirt off before they played a note. He played with his fingers. The drummer had a lot of drums and felt a need to use all of them as much as possible. The singing guitar player had on a set of wings. I don't think he was being funny. Most of their songs were five minutes long, had very boring solos, and sounded like a pastiche of the last ten years of alt-rock. After about two songs Woodhouse asked me if I thought the bass player came from a modeling agency. I figured he was a graduate of the GIT, the Guitar Institute of Technology. Luckily, they were limited to a thirty-minute set.

During intermission, I found Woodhouse up front, standing against the railing, stage right. On the other side of the three foot tall metal barricade, security - overwhelmingly pudgy males with shaved heads - stood. Ten feet behind them was the stage. Roadies scurried back and forth, while Radiohead blared through the PA speakers.

Suddenly the stage clears and the lights dim. With no fanfare, Monster Magnet take the stage. They look like the kind of guys who were pretty much stoned all the time in high school, dudes who'd sell you a joint half full of oregano. The guitarists and bassist have to be grads of the Malcolm Young School of Style. They wear long greasy hair, jeans, T-shirts, and leather, and have bad skin. They could have been cast in "The River's Edge."

The singer is kinda buff, the build that short guys obtain when they have a thing about being short guys. He's decked out in leathers and has a mustache you'd find on Peter Lorre. A small patch of fuzz on his chin. He resembles the cartoon wolf in old Looney Toons reels.

The drummer looks more like a video store clerk than a rock star. He's a short haired geek. But looks deceive. Hidden behind a wall of amps, he is what makes this band rock.

Monster Magnet rock? Fuck yes! A good singer, a lead guitar player obsessed with Ronnie Montrose wah-wah solos, riffs plundered from Alice Cooper, Sabbath, and the Yardbirds, and a drummer who knows AC/DC pounder Phil Rudd's secret (Keep it simple, make it swing, and play it loud), what else could they do but rock?

The clincher, though is the Stooge influence. The guitar was drenched in Ron Ashton. Wah-wahed wails puncture every song, most of them either made up of stolen riffs (Little Doll, Fun House...) or based on the Stooge concept of finding a good hook and rocking it 'til it breaks. And, thankfully, though the singer did recite some of "Cock in My Pocket," there was no Ig in the vocals.

Most of the set was great rock n'roll - catchy and danceable - and, for 45-minutes, I was either laughing or smiling. So many of today's RAWK bands -from the indie snobs to the major label wannabe's - should take a lesson or two from the Magnet.

Great rock'n roll bands are one thing that keeps the music alive. However, rock'n roll is also too dumb to die. Just the fact that it exists breeds stupidity. Ideas that should never be -the Rock Opera, giant stage props that shoot flames, rockers hucking soda pop, and the notion that anyone actually cares about a Cult reunion - become reality. It might be cynical to chuckle at the chuckleheads, but if someone's going to hand me free tickets to watch rock star ego crash & burn, I'm there. Or, to put it another way, one man's folly is another's fun.

Is a Cult reunion tour a bad idea? The answer is in the crowd: By the time the limeys hit the stage, attendance was at a thousand, and I'm being generous. Nationwide the draw isn't what the band and their handlers expected, and, that, despite decent publicity and a month's worth of MTV plugs.

And what of the crowd? Who are Cult fans? What type of person shells out $30 to see a bunch of has-beens? Even in their "prime," when Rick Rubin transformed them from the Death Cult - who morphed from Southern Death Cult - and forced them to play recycled Beastie Boy riffs in a foolish attempt to make them a late 80s AC/DC, even back then they were still a second or third tier act, at best. The guys at the Auto Mart thought they were cool, but not as rad as Tesla. Nowadays, the Cult occupy the category of "Oh, that band..." Their few remaining fans sell insurance and work police dispatch.

Woodhouse and I retain our spots, front row and stage right. During the intermission we BS about Monster Magnet and listen to the music on the PA. Whoever chose the music has good taste. We get an earful of the NY Dolls, the MC5, T-Rex, X-Ray Spex, and others.

While we chat and listen, the roadies breakdown and set up behind a huge cloth hanging of the Cult's logo. The front-drop is thin enough to see through. I notice that the drummer has a "china-boy," a cymbal that makes a sound not unlike a small gong. I also notice one of those tiny cymbals. We debate over whether the drummer will have chimes. We decide that if he has chimes than he must have a gong. We really want the drummer to have a gong.

The intermission drags -thirty minutes, forty, fifty, an hour. We start wondering how wrong this reunion tour might be going. We fantasize about band fights, prima donna rock stars demanding that the Crystal Geyser be taken away and replaced by Perrier. We hope that the singer is arguing with the guitarist about the length of last night's solo, while the drummer naps in the corner.

Woodhouse bets me a dollar that the Cult front-drop will fall to a stage explosion when the band comes on. I think it rise to the ceiling. We really could care less about anything other than the fate of the front-drop failing in Spinal Tapian splendor.

About an hour and fifteen minutes after Monster Magnet's last note, the music on the PA is cut short. The house lights dim. The stage goes dark. Some operatic chorus pours out of the PA. The music is pompous, overly important and pretty damn funny. It is kind of a very, very, very poor man's "Supernaut."

The band finally takes the stage. They are hidden behind the front-drop. Lights flash on the drummer. He has a china boy, a tiny cymbal, and....no chimes. Wait! Yes, yes, yes! He has a gong! He has a god-damn gong! Woodhouse and I look at each other, grinning like pissed pigs.

The band stands behind the front-drop as their five minute intro concludes. The lead guitar starts chugging and a bright light hits the guitarist from behind, projecting his shadow onto the front-drop. The rhythm guitar starts, lights flash and his image appears. The bass kicks in and we see the bassist's silhouette. The singing tambourine wacker struts onto the stage and the band starts into a song. The front-drop falls with no explosion and three roadies lazily stroll onto stage, pick it up and slowly walk, in front of the now-rocking band, to stage right. The Cult have arrived!

The band ends their first slog and greets the crowd. "Hello Sacramento and a blah blah blah dribble dribble lie lie." They look bored as they kick into another mid-tempo drag. The singing tambourine player starts whipping the mike around by the chord and, other than the guitarists shuffling to the fore of the stage, that is athletic The Cult gets. There is no way they can cop the cum-filled strut of Monster Magnet, but, then again, The Cult are old men, and it shows.

The guitarist, Billy Duffy, is paunchy in an elderly Billy Idol meets Gary Glitter kinda way. Matt Sorum, the drummer, looks mugged. They have a new bassist - Billy Morrison. he looks like he's got some years on him. And then there's the dude in the cowboy hat, who plays rhythm guitar. He's probably some LA studio hack dragged along because the band is not as solid as they once were. Either that of he's someone's lover. Who knows?

However beaten the rest of The Cult looks, the singing tambourine wacker, Ian Astbury, looks the worst. His head is covered by a bandanna, brought down to his eyes. Woodhouse speculates that Astbury's hairline is no more. I guess bald spot. The promo photos are inconclusive. Astbury is also has a papoose, though his is strategically hidden by a loose shirt. And as ragged as Astbury is, it's no surprise that the corpses that are the Doors, were going to tap him as Lizard King for their reunion - an idea more inane than the spectacle I am now witnessing.

The band creaks into its third song but not after Astbury blubbers some confusion about it being God's day but it belongs to "His Fallen Son" and Lucifer is the Dude, hell, I don't know. Let's just say that rock 'n roll's Kevin Costner is being scary and leave it at that. By song's end, I'm more interested in watching the Oompa-Loompas that make up security toss a crowd surfer. Woodhouse is staring at the ground.

Song four and it's time for a golden oldie. The band plays "Peace Dog" and the crowd perks up, half-heartedly responding with "Dog" to Astbury's "Peace." The crowd's apathetic reaction is no surprise. Woodhouse shouts that he wants to leave. I yell back, "Let's give them two more."

At the end of "Peace Dog, "Astbury starts whipping the mike around. BAMM. The mike slams into Billy Morrison's face. Morrison, whose mouth is bleeding, curses at Astbury, who turns away. Song five begins with Astbury sticking his tongue out at Morrison's back. Song ends and Morrison grabs a towel to wipe the blood from his mouth. Astbury walks up to him and they "make up." Astbury walks away, makes fun of Morrison again, and taunts the crowd.

"So you guys were mixin it up a while ago, what's wrong?" he pouts, oblivious to the fact that security is tossing moshers and crowd surfers.

"Do you think we suck? [If you have to ask...] Well, you're the one who paid for it," he jabs. A minute later Astbury is back with "Hello, Sacramento" and the usual rock clichés.

As the band trudges into a power ballad and wait for the drummer to hit the gong. He does and I tug on Woodhouse's, "Let's split." We make for the door.

Sure, we could have stayed and watch stage become more hostile, hoping for the band to implode, but that wasn't going to happen. The band was just a little too pro to shatter on stage, at least then and there. Maybe after Stockton, Fresno, and Bakersfield, the nerves will be raw enough to snap. On stage, in Phoenix, at the ass-end of a 110 degree day, Astbury will fling his tambourine and hit the drummer in the head. Sorum will fly over his kit and tackle Astbury. Morrison will get a couple kicks in. A few roadies run onstage to contribute a punch or two.

Or, better still, Sorum will reenact old Kinks' antics and whirl a cymbal Mick Avery-style at Astbury's noggin. The ride will slide neatly into the neck, slicing the jugular and severing the spine before cutting through the remaining skin. Astbury's crown will crash onto the stage, bounce and lay still for a second. Morrison will run from the back of the stage and punt Astbury's head into the audience, who will then bounce his bean around like a beach ball at a Phish concert.

No more comeback tours, but what a way to cap a career.

++++++++++++++++++++++

I have no problem with you sending me letters or free stuff. But forget the playlists, ads, etc. Write me at: Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814 or scotts@sl.net

My Mother
Wears
Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

Hey, baby! This month's column was written by Niall who lives in Ireland. He's got a two year-old daughter and another baby is the way. In addition to being a cool punkdaddy, he's been putting on shows in Ireland for years and is compiling a recipe book of vegan recipes submitted by the bands who have played there. Maybe you can help ... There are a few American bands he's trying to trace—HAL AL SHEDAD, TEAM DRESCH, ECONOCHRIST, LUNGFISH, GREEN DAY, NOMEANSNO, CIRCUS LUPUS, FAT DAY, DOWN BY LAW, GROTUS, BABES IN TOYLAND, NEUROSIS, GO. Contact Niall at his email address at the bottom of this column.

Also, the first year's worth of "My Mother Wears Combat Boots" columns have been edited into a little zine to be distributed at different fests, gatherings, conferences, etc. as an attempt to network with more punkparents. If you want a copy, send a buck or equivalent postage to: Jessica / PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604.

Please continue to get in touch! yardwideyarns@hotmail .com

*

Dick Lucas was right about two things when he wrote that classic, "Time Flies...but Aeroplanes Crash." Time sure does fly and sure as night follows day, there is an inevitability that one day a plane will crash (not one a day, mind you, just the chance that one might someday). On June 2, 1999 my first daughter was born. Like Jessica's, our daughter was at a FUGAZI show in the womb. Little did I realize when we were at a Happy Anger (from France) gig that Ellen was about to come screaming real loud into the world.

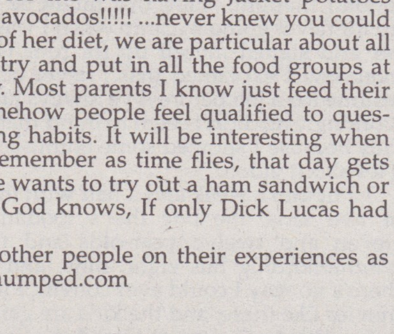
It's hard to believe that there was a world without her when I look at her dancing to "If the Kids are United," (she prefers Kevin Seconds' voice to Jimmy Pursey's), but there was, for 31 years. So much has happened in those two or so years, and yet so little has changed. Ellen smiled for the first time, spoke for the first time, walked for the first time, ran, jumped, and even pogoed for the first time (however, her favorite dance is raising her hands in the air listening to Shaggy—she must be rebelling against her parents at a young age). Yes, it has flown by.

As both her parents are vegan, it seemed perfectly natural for Ellen to have that diet. This wasn't a problem for the first year as breast milk was pretty much the sum of her food. However, it has crept up more and more recently, as birthday parties come into the equation. Ellen was invited to her first McDonalds party (and I don't mean the family down the road). Now those yellow and red colors were obviously picked for a reason and that clown has a smile on his face after tons of research showed that it works for kids. Suck 'em in and bleed 'em dry. But what were we to do about Ellen? The easy thing was to come up with an excuse for her not to be able to make it, but after extensive chats on the subject, (that's what parenthood brings—everything is now dissected into good or bad and what sort of an effect will it have on her in later life) we decided to stuff her full of food and try to stop her from eating once she was at the party other than the copious amount of vegan goodies that were smuggled in behind Ronald's security guards' backs.

After checking and rechecking and rechecking again, we were told that McDonalds chips (also known as Fries) in Europe are not precooked in beef fat (North America must need that "flavor") so if she grabbed a handful of her neighbor's, we could rest easy. After days upon days of worry, the party came and went. She grabbed a couple of chips, had no interest in food, and kept looking for the "Funny man's shoes." However, the market research people at McDonalds are "good." For days she wanted to go back—she got her party pack and kept looking at "Ronald" whilst we took out our MDC records and tried to indoctrinate her even more. After a while she forgot—a narrow escape if you will. Just wait until she discovers cream cakes.....

As for the vegan angle, Ellen eats all we eat (even broccoli) and is pretty healthy to boot. Some relatives are a bit shocked (especially at Easter) and they try to play the emotional blackmail card by saying, "Ahh, the poor child is missing out on so much." Our answer is lame enough, "At least she eats olives! I never saw an olive until I was 30." (You've got to remember, I'm Irish and eating different for me was having Jacket potatoes rather than mashed) "And avocados!!!!! ...never knew you could eat those things." Because of her diet, we are particular about all her food, remembering to try and put in all the food groups at some stage during the day. Most parents I know just feed their children anything, yet somehow people feel qualified to question us on our child's eating habits. It will be interesting when she gets a bit older (and remember as time flies, that day gets nearer all the time) and she wants to try out a ham sandwich or whatever. What'll we do? God knows, If only Dick Lucas had sung about that.......

I'd love to hear from other people on their experiences as parents. email me: niall@thumped.com



For the past six months I have worked my ass off on a book I'm guest editing. This will be a short column because, in all honesty, I'm exhausted. The book is a special issue for a progressive/radical academic journal, which will come out this September. The journal is *Social Justice: A Journal of Crime, Conflict & World Order*. The journal has been publishing for at least 27 years and has its roots among the early 1970's Marxist criminologists. Many of these Marxist criminologists taught in the Criminology Department at UC Berkeley before they were all redbaited and eventually fired. I feel extremely proud to have been a guest editor of a whole issue. The title of the issue I'm guest editing is called, "Gatekeeper's State: Immigration and Boundary Policing in an Era of Globalization" (Vol., 28, No. 3).

Besides my intro to the whole issue and a book review that I wrote, there are eight articles in the issue. The whole issue is focuses on many different issues dealing with immigration and border policing but they all somewhat deal with the militarization of the U.S.-Mexico border and the human rights implications. MRR readers are probably familiar with my articles on the subject and some of you know that my dissertation is on the militarization of the U.S.-Mexico border in the context of regional economic integration, specifically in the San Diego-Tijuana border region. I actually take my PhD oral exams this fall, which I have not had any fucking time to study for, but I'm not worried because, in a way, I have been writing and studying this for a while now. Any ways, editing this thing is a lot of work! Seriously, when I took on this project, I never thought it would take up so much of my life—I actually proposed this issue 2 years ago since *Social Justice* plans so far ahead on their issues.

I don't know if any of you will ever guest edit a book, a zine, etc. or even have the desire to but, I definitely recommend that you ask for all of the articles way in advance because people lag and you will have some people send their articles late (some do send their stuff on time). What you don't want to happen is to have everyone send their shit late and have to go through all of them at the same time. I think what killed me the most, was to change the fonts and "format" to the style of the issue. Doing this project definitely made me sympathize with the *MRR* shit workers, editors, and all those who make the *MRR* come out every single month! Shitworkers Workers of the World Unite!

So those of you that are interested in getting a copy of the issue ($12.95 each) can check in your local store or by contacting *Social Justice* directly: P.O. 406601, San Francisco, CA 94140. Email: SocialJust@aol.com.

Ps: this month's *MRR* issue is the Latin America issue… I have promised many columns on many things and yet I have not written them so I'm hesitant to do it again… (let's see, I'm still working on my review of Ken Burn's "Jazz" and plan on interviewing an old friend and band mate Justin from the Locust). So to promise another article on top of this, well let's just say that I plan on doing all these but we'll see when I get to them. I will write something soon on our boy, Vladmiro Montesinos, the CIA man who ran Peru and is now behind bars awaiting corruption charges. A very interesting story that I can't really get into right now. That's it, I'm out.

REWIND
erin yanke
po box 1113 portland, or 97207

A DOG ISN'T A TOY is a benefit tape comp., but also sort of a chain letter. Side A is great hardcore comp featuring the likes of DISKONTO, ENEMY SOIL, WARSORE, MEANWHILE, YAKOPSAE, MANEURYSM, SENOR LULUALO, GSB, UNCURBED, DAHMER, ENTRAILS MASSACRE, VERGE ON REASON, AUTORITAR BOMBSTRIKE, SPIRIT 9H8, DESPITE, INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL, FDM, LACERATION, APARAT, SENSLESS APOCALYPSE, TRES KIDS, ARGUE DAMNATION, IWUIT!, HJAARNSLAPP, KSK, NAHENDE VERNICHTUNG, PARENTAL ADVISORY, DEATHBOOT, DFC, REMAINS OF THE DAY, and INSTITUTE, one song each, in that order. Whew! But side B is blank. You are encouraged to make your own b-side, and sell the tape, giving money to the punks who have dogs, who can't afford to take care of them, or have dog medical emergency expenses. You know, I'm not much for dogs, but the comp is an interesting idea. Musically I'll generalize and say, in case you've never heard any of these bands, that the pace is fast, the vocals are a range of deep guttural from hell, and thrash spitting, and super screamy. The production value remains consistent throughout the whole thing. (c/o Yellow Dog records, P.O. Box 55 02 08, 10 372 Berlin, Germany.)

THE EXPLETIVES sound pretty good until about the 4th of the 5 song demo, where a lot of static on my copy of the tape gets in the way of the rest of the songs, but I'll give it a shot. It's a mid tempo punk band, catchy but not poppy, and simple, and the singer sounds to me a lot like Dave MDC when he's singing the slow MDC songs. This guy however doesn't have the venom of Dave, but the music doesn't have venom either, so it's a perfect match. (5 song cassette, lyric sheet. W 320 N1005 Butternut, Delafield, WI 53018.)

FLIM FLAM MAN mix equal elements of THE PIXIES and THE MURDER CITY DEVILS, you know, a little rock a roll influenced, but later Iggy Pop instead of the early stuff. Especially vocally. (15 song CD, lyric sheet, 2743 Dupont Ave. So. #3, Minneapolis MN 55408.)

GRANNY FRIGHT are the street punks, songs about wearing their boots and fighting...they've got guitar solos and steady mid tempo rhythms and the chantey and sing alongy vocals. (5 song CD, lyric sheet. Schellheimerplatz 8, 39108, Magdeburg.)

HIT BY A CAR sound like, well, are you familliar with San Francisco's BAR FEEDERS? HBAC is slower, but they're the same kind of quirky, with the same amount of straight-forward parts that you can dance to. (47. 11 song CD, lyric sheet. 2705 Byronhall Dr., Austin, TX 78745.)

THE KOOPAS are cookie cutter SCREECHING WEASEL without the pissed off edge. They have a future release on Mutant Pop which tells you more about their sound than I ever could. (10 song CD, no lyric sheet. P. O. Box 1183, Port Neches, TX 77651.)

THE LOVEJOYS are poppy in an early 60's - guy's wearing suits kind of way. Mostly slow, croony songs about girls, and the vocals even harmonize a bit. (11 song CD, lyric sheet. 1645 Greene Rd., Morristown, TN 37814.)

LUNG BUTTER wins for the best packaging this month, the CD comes in a cloth pocket, so recyclable! On the quirky scale they are on the SCHLONG side of things, but there is an emo element to it that I can't quite place with out being misleading. Emo SCHLONG? Well, there have been weirder combinations. (4 song CD, lyric sheet. 38 Hibernia St. Stratford, ON N5A 5V2, Canada.)

PEE DOUBLE YOU is the name of Paul Withrow's one man band. P.W....initials...get it? His songs range from slow dance to basic rock style, and some more hard rock stuff. Most are mid tempo. (23 song CD, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 417687, Sacramento, CA 95841.)

RU486 put out a great demo, mostly a mid tempo thrashy, occasionally faster and but still melodic. Not all in the same song, of course, but think of Boogada x3 and remember the range? The vocals are about two-thirds the sore throat variety, and the rest regular singing. A quick aside here - once I was listening to some late night a.m. radio talk show and some one called in and said "you know what RU 486 is right? ARE YOU FOR EIGHTY SIXING OUR CHILDREN!" (8 song cassette, lyric sheet. 523 W. South St. Apt K, Kalamazoo, MI 49007-4369.)

RUSSIN' ATTACK So, you know how ORCHID has like four or five different parts to their songs? Well, this band sounds like two of those parts. In general RA keep a steadier pace, and the vocals are not quite as screechy. ($6 ppd. 11 song CDE, lyric sheet. 1204 Harmon Pl. #8, Minneapolis, MN 55403.)

THE SPARROWS have a solid pre-punk New York style influence. Their sound mixes that with bar rock elements. The pace is mid tempo, and the up front vocals sound like the polished version of Blake Schwarzenbach. (5 song CD, no lyric sheet. 4723 Riveroaks Blvd., Ft. Worth TX 76114.)

THIRTY SECOND FURY sounds like the classics, I'm thinking in the MINOR THREAT vein, with a cleaner recording and way more melody on certain songs. Sometimes the vocals are chant-like, but mostly straightforward early hardcore spit-it-out style. ($7. 8 song CD, lyric sheet. 366 Kylemore Ct., San Jose, CA 95136.)

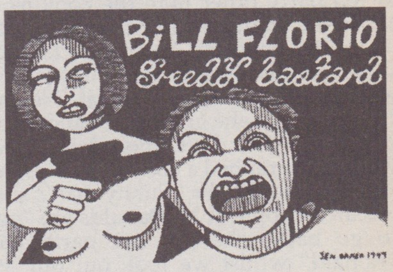
TWO MINUTE HATE sound a lot like the ADOLESCENTS but with singsongy vocals that are over the top snotty. It's simplistic but driving music, on the fast side, and on a couple a songs they throw in weird effects and keyboards. By the way, this is recorded really well. ($4ppd. 13 song CD, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 1794, Manhatttan Beach, CA 90267.)

WE SHOULD DIE sound exactly like they something distributed by Gloom or put out by Slap-A-Ham. You can hear that sound in your head, right? Duel double heartfelt (cookie monster guy plus the pissed off screeching guy) vocals with the grindy high end and the kettle drum low end.(12 song cassette, lyric sheet. 4733 N. Kerby, Portland OR 97217.)

X INTOXICATED YOUTH X play the new school ragin' hardcore, a la CHARLES BRONSON, with the break it down loping parts. I can't tell if there are three singers or two singers in a wind tunnel...cool! ($1 ppd. 7 song cassette, lyric sheet. 252 Grand Ave Apt. #1, Johnson City, NY 13790.)

X TILL I DIE X play plodding thick hardcore, and I think I hear double bass drum. with really low and gruff vocals. Sometimes they pick up the pace , and sometimes the background chorus gang yell pipes up, and occasionally the high-pitched screamer guy makes an appearance. (4 song cassette, lyric sheet in english and japanese, as well as their 13 point program to rise above the effects of alcohol. c/o Revenge Records Japan, 3-29-4 asagi so apt. #202, suginami city, ogikubo Tokyo japan, 090-9818-1410.

Much thanks go to Jacqueline, and her temp workers schedule! Now we're going swimming.



My grandmother inherited two toy poodles from my late aunt. A couple of weeks after Aunt Linda got them, she was diagnosed with intestinal cancer and subsequently never trained them properly. Poodles suck in the first place, but any dog that isn't properly disciplined as a puppy is trouble. They drop loads all over my grandmother's house and she's had all of her floors replaced in the past year to combat the odors that seeped in. It's a mess. The bigger one also gets irritable and has bitten my grandmother on several occasions. Once she even needed stitches.

So, I started a summer job as a camp instructor. I have no idea why. Someone sent me a message on a local videographer list calling for one and during one of my 4 am moments of inspiration I thought, "Hey, that might be fun." Sort of like making up for never going to camp when I was young. I called the number and signed myself up for four weeks in July. During the interview I explained that I never actually had to make up a resume for a job before. I've always just showed up and started working. She didn't seem to mind that I had no experience with kids because I showed some enthusiasm and I obviously knew a lot about video.

I'm into a week and a half with the kids. I have two groups of two kids, the one that's toodamnearlyinthemorning has eleven and twelve year-olds and the one stilltoodamnearlyinthemorning has eight, nine, and ten year-olds. It's fun—there's no way I could ever convince my friends to make stupid movies like these, and the kids are getting into it even though it gets a little boring when they don't have something to do. There are a couple of baseball hat kids in the littlekid class. You know, those baseball hat wearing kids, they start throwing shit around if you don't give them something to do, so for the first week I let them play poker in the corner. I started out with a good strategy by doing all the complicated shots first and giving five kids cameras, six or seven kids lights or reflectors, and a couple of kids wearing headphones and holding mics. I'm probably not even going to look at the crud they shot but it makes them feel like they had a hand in it.

I'm the type of person who likes to come up with unfounded opinions about things. Like, JETS TO BRAZIL, they suck. Now I've never heard JETS TO BRAZIL but there is a body of evidence (seem to be in *Punk Planet* a lot, Jim Testa seems to like them as much as Yo La Tengo) that they must suck. I'm usually pretty accurate with my unfounded opinions—if I ever get another issue of my zine out you can read the record reviews and even though I neglect to listen to most of them I am usually right on the nose with my review. Or right on the chin at least. It's like France: I've never been there, but I know I don't wanna go. I mean, the French had to come up with their own video system called Secam when the rest of the Eurotrash use PAL. Its like, "Wuh huh ho, we can't let anyone watch Benny Hill in Parie! It may force us to have some sense of humor!"

I've always had these opinions on kids and teachers and parents and things like this. So, I'm thinking, well let's see if it's all just a myth and my unfounded opinions will change. Well, it didn't happen so lemme give you the scoop.

Teachers are whiny pseudo-intellectuals who really just want to sit on their ass and gossip about everyone on their breaks. They're very good at pretending they care about kids, yet if they have a problem they will pass off all blame onto parents and the school system and the fact that teachers should really get paid more than cops and garbagemen even though they get half of the year off. Mind you, the teachers at this camp are the best teachers the locals schools have to offer. But, they're still teachers and they like to whine constantly like they're at the Chinese restaurant and they want to send the food back because they know the Chinese waiters will always take their abuse.

Ritalin is a horrible thing. I'm not even talking about the whole discipline thing. Instead of teaching your kids to listen and respond to authority you're teaching them that if they say they're sick they can get away with anything. You can take a pill and solve all your problems, do better in school, make more friends. This is a good lesson in life, isn't it? I dunno, when I was a little kid I was always in fear of adults. I was always in fear of getting in trouble, or getting yelled at. My parents never punished me because they never had to. Any misbehavior would send me into some sort of guilt trip and it seemed like as long as I could avoid this I was allowed to have fun. I don't know who taught my mom how to raise me but she did it right.

So about a week in we're making a video about how Barney's taking over the world by making kids eat Spaghetti–O's. The little kids are really noisy all the time, but since they like me they quiet down when it's time to shoot. Well almost. I kept hearing some rustling in the back of the room. I'm like, "Hey someone's still moving!" I spot the kid, a little skinny kid with glasses, "You! Sit down!" He kind kneels on the floor still spazzing. "No, sit… Sit down… On your ass!" Finally I tell him to just sit outside. I don't understand not only is the kid not able to control himself but he's not even embarrassed when I make fun of him in front of everyone with everyone else's attention on him. Later I'm like, "Did you miss your meds today?" and he owned up to not taking his Ritalin. Another kid, who's one of the main characters in the story, can't recite two lines of dialogue after twenty takes… Same deal. These are smart kids too, they need a whole bunch of referrals and grade-point averages to even get into this camp. So I think I can understand why teachers whine so much…

So I asked my best friend and my sister who happen to be teachers about all this and they both agreed with me, even about the teachers being big complainers issue. Teachers aren't really the problem, and everyone knows this since teachers are always whining about it. Parents are expected to raise their kids and work nowadays. My mom didn't go back to work till I was eleven or twelve and could take care of myself around the house. My dad actually got angry that she wanted to work, well until he realized he could have a few hundred bucks a month spending money. So parents are too busy to raise their kids right, you can blame it on TV or Oprah Winfrey or whatever you want but, their kids are shitting all over the house and "pishing" on the floors as my grandma would say. They're biting them in the hand and then collecting the insurance when their parents die young and paying off their twelve credit cards that they used while not having a job and living at home until they were forty. And guess what, I figured out a solution to the decay of modern American society. Of course it would never work, but I still think it's a good idea.

When parents neglect their kids child welfare comes and takes the kids away from them. The kids don't have necessary things like food, water, proper clothing or hygiene, or they are abused. Some government truck comes and takes the kids away. Of course what happens next is all messed up but I'm talking about some future world where bureaucracy works. There are interventions that happen when a child is being neglected or abused. What about a child who is not being brought up right? Ritalin is not an intervention. It's just a cop-out for lazy parents and teachers.

Ok, now your first grader is failing at school, a red flag goes up. Instead of having the school psychologist tell you to put your kid on meds, the parents should be given counseling on how to discipline their kids. They are given a warning and a time frame where the child must start improving or fines will be placed on them. Always hit them in the pocket first. Of course if their kids miss too many days of school they are also charged. Lets put them on a ticket basis until grade four. Then failing the kid breathalyzer gets a little more serious. If the child is not working up to their potential (now a dumb kid isn't going to get as much pressure as a smart kid who just can't behave or concentrate) they are shipped off to a different kind of school. This special school is a lot like regular school except it has uniforms and it has an 8 hour day. The time is split up with more free time where kids can get extra help as well as learn to be scared shit of adults. They also go to this school all year round. If the parents haven't woken up at this point, and the kid's thirteen and still a little dufus, they go full on shipped away to specialty schools, if the kids smart they are taught special skills which they can use in place of being a good worker. If they're dumb they go to military school.

Anyhow write me some hate mail you whiners. greedybastard@mindspring.com.

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

I know. I left you hanging. In bed with a blond Estonian, my back pressed up.... ah well, we'll get back to that but a better story is now playing itself internationally. It's a spy story, with a touch of maniac serial killer.

But first, consider **THE SHIT.** You can sit and pop out golf balls. Pffit! Pfffit! Pfffit! You feel better, but it ain't **THE SHIT.** It's just what you do. You gotta do. You long for that big, thick one. That kielbasa-width one-piece. The one you can feel drop from your throat. A single, long, fat brown one. One that slowly slips, without effort, slinking it's way through impossible lengths from a mysterious inner sanctum to that aperture of release. A never-ending smooth slide. One you think back on an hour later, re-feeling the emptying glory. That's **THE SHIT.**

I've just arrived in Vilnius, Lithuania. On the bus. From Latvia. I stayed with a straight-edger there. No meat, booze, or milk. I need a change.

Right now, it's cold and wet. Thunder. Lightning. Rain smashing like needles. Ready to engrave the name of my crime into my back.

I walk from the bus station to Tomas's place. My knapsack hangs heavily on my back. A ton of dead weight, especially in the rain. Luckily, it's not far. "A brown door, top bell," he said. I ring the bell. No answer. I try again. No answer.

There's a bar across the street. I'll have a drink, wait for him to get back. I can kill an hour reading and answering email on my laptop.

The bar is dank. A nondescript place a few steps down from street-level. I walk in, dripping rain. Suddenly, I'm pulled back. Yanked from the rear. It's my wire mesh, caught on the door. I back up, struggle to free myself, then try again.

The new wooden bar is directly in front of me. To my right sit a few cheaply made tables and benches. The place smells of proletariat.

The bartender, about 35, is a skinny guy with short brown hair and a salt & pepper mustache. I expect him to be laughing good-naturedly at my entrance struggles. He isn't. In fact, he's wearing his hostile face, looking like a yuppie who was asked for spare change.

"Could I have a dark beer?" I ask.

He looks at me, shrugs and turns to a chubby young man

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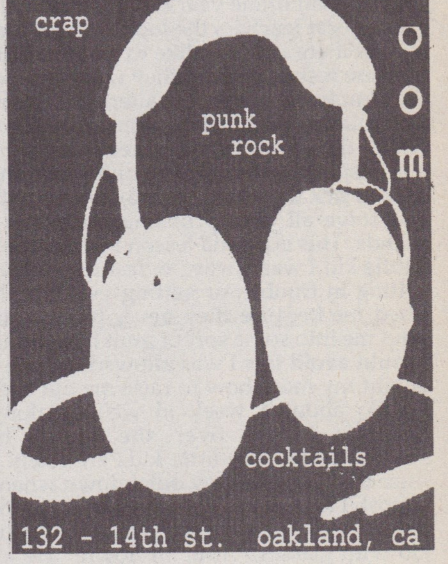

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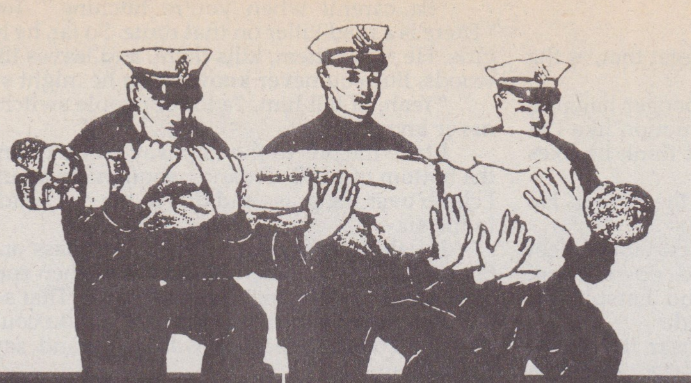

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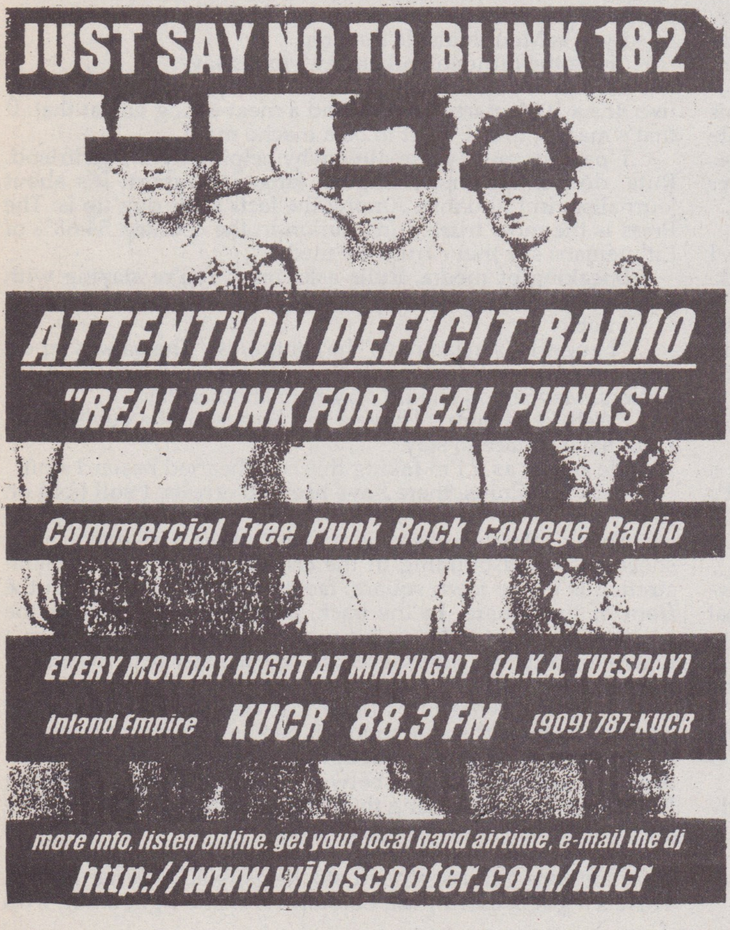
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in a cheap suit. He refills the guy's glass.

I clear my throat.

"Allus." I say, which is *beer* in Latvian. I forget that, at the moment, I'm in Lithuania.

The bartender stares at me like I've got a booger hanging from my nose. I point to the tap and make a motion like I'm drawing beer from it. He shrugs again. I don't think he likes me very much.

I flash a 100Lt note. Money I changed at the border. He nods, and fills a pint glass with dark brown ale.

I take the beer to one of the rough wooden tables. I set down my pack, pull out my computer and open it up. Suddenly the music gets louder. Deafeningly loud. Earsplitting loud. Breaking subway loud. Supersonic jet loud.

I can't hear myself fart. I can, however, hear the drunk chubby man who I briefly saw before. He sits at a table with two women. One is attractive, in a white-trash-with-showing-bra-strap kind of way. The other is as fat as he is, with more gaps in her teeth than in all the US shopping malls combined.

He's singing along to the music. It's got that pleading accordion flavor of a nostalgic local hit. It's probably a song about the good ole times when those nice Germans kept out the commies and Jews.

Now he's up and dancing. He and the other fat one. Right next to me. Twirling in an obscene orgy of spastic polka. Banging into tables. Chairs. The bar. Me, ignoring it all. They dance the night away, until they slam into my little table.

The guy turns toward me, glares. Says something in Lithuanian. I smile, shrug, pay my bill and get out of there. Out into the rain.

Soaking, I wait for Tomas. When he finally shows up, I see he's about my height, with long dark hair and a Fidel Castro beard. He tells me he's the bass player for Dr. Green, a skapunk band that has toured Europe. He's politically active in lefty stuff. And a vegetarian.

"Uh-oh," I think, "not another one!"

Then, I see the case of empty beer bottles. Whew!

Along with Tomas are his two roommates. One is a friendly computer guy, culinarily educated and drummer for Dr. Green. His name is stuck in my other computer, now with Sony for repair. (NOTE: DON'T get a Sony VIAO. They've got great features, none of which work.) Anyway, he's a trained chef, and can make a feast from a twenty-five cent ramen pack.

The third roommate is Igor. A tall lanky Russian, his English is the worst of the lot, and his desire to communicate the greatest. His gangly frame hides his extreme friendliness, as does his massive black eye. I figure he got hit by a soccer ball.

"What does the other guy look like?" I kid him.

"Oh, I hit him real good," he says. "I defend girls in bar. I make this guy to leave. He very drunk. Then he come back. Come from behind. He hit me. I hit him."

"I was joking," I tell him. "I didn't think you *really* got hit."

"Oh yes," he says, "it was terrible. It is almost one month and I can only eat soup. It happened in that bar right across the street. There was drunk guy dancing..."

Oh yeah, Igor is a Catholic. His dream is to become a monk, in a Brooklyn monastery.

That night we're all off to THE GREEN CLUB. This is a punk bar-performance-space-cabal run by Tomas and pals. It's in a giant squat. White faux-Greek architecture, a huge hook hangs in front looking like a musical note. Inside, there are three floors, two stages: a punk palace ready for shows.

We go into the basement. The Greeners have built a plywood bar with a lounge (two old couches) and a rehearsal space (a small carpeted area with some amps and a drumkit). Tomas hands me a beer.

There're no rehearsal tonight. It's subversive night. The posters are fresh off the press. There's gonna be a big NATO meeting in Vilnius next week. There's also gonna be a big demonstration against it. Tonight is postering night: **SAY NO TO NATO.**

I can't help with the postering. I've got to get an early night's sleep. I'm hitching to Kaunas the next day. Kaunas is the number two city in Lithuania.

"It's a more macho city than Vilnius," says Jonas, my contact there.

"Be careful when you're hitching," Tomas warns me. "There is a mad killer on that route. So far, he has only attacked girls. He rapes them, kills them, and leaves their bodies in the woods. But you never know when he might switch to boys."

"Yeah," I tell him, "a lot of people switch these days. You never know."

I take the bus to the highway entrance and get out. I'm at the bottom of a hill. Crossing about halfway up is the highway. I climb over the grass and dirt to the road and stick my thumb in the air.

Local cars whiz by. A few busses pass on the road below, but so far, I'm the only one hitching. Then comes a pretty girl, red hair, skirt covering not much. Shit! That's the competition. Oy vey. Would *you* stop for me when you could pick that up!

She comes directly towards me and says something in Lithuanian.

"I don't speak Lithuanian," I say in English.

"Es que vous parlez Francais?" she says in better French than I can write.

"Oui, je parle un peu." I answer.

Then she's off, blabbering French. I'll translate here. (Italic means the original is in French.)

"I'm afraid of being raped and murdered. (l'viol et meutre) *You know about the serial killer?"* she asks. *"He's a terrible man. You maybe heard? Would you mind being a hitchhiking partner for me?* (un associé d'auto-stop)"

Naturally, I refuse her offer, wanting to maintain the integrity of solo hitchhiking. Yeah right.

She walks a dozen paces further up the hill. My gaze follows her thigh as she sticks it out from its skimpy covering. It's not her thumb that stops the next car. The door opens. The girl puts one foot in the car and turns to me, waving *come on!* She gets in the back seat. I get in the front. The driver, a chubby guy with a thick mustache, is not happy to see me. But off we go.

In Kaunas, I meet up with Jonas, Ruta and Rytis, along with other members of his metalpunk band MOUNTAINSIDE. Jonas has emailed me in New York.

"You'll be the most exciting thing to happen around here," he wrote. "At least since Donny The Punk asked some homophobe to piss in his mouth."

Rytis is Mountainside's singer.

"He's the Lithuanian Lemmy." Jonas says.

I'll stay a day in town, I think. They get me drunk. I stay two. It's a 100% party town— and a meat-eating one at that. If that's macho, then I want to be a macho man!

I 'pay' for my royal treatment by helping Rytis's girlfriend, Ruta, do her university English language report. It's about journalism in Lithuania. Among the facts she's dug up is: The Press is the most trusted institution in the country. 54-68% of Lithuanians say they "trust the media."

Speaking of media, Rytis asks me, "You're staying with Tomas Ve, right?"

I nod.

"I guess he's in jail now," he continues. "The papers report that the police are looking for people who put up anti-Nato posters. Maybe you should stay here another day."

"Well," I tell him, "I have a key. So even if the guy's in jail, I still have a place to stay."

He smiles as if I'm faking this cold-hearted bastard stuff.

Back in Vilnius, there have been no arrests. I still hold on to the key.

Today's the demonstration. I walk to the parliament, a big shoebox-shaped building in the center of town. The demonstration is in the town square, facing that building. It's in the front of the square. In the back, is an open-air cafe for the tourists. The plan is for an hour or two square protest, then a march toward "the cultural center," the actual site of the NATO meeting.

There are two groups of people assembling in the town square. On the left stand about 25 people in quaint native costumes: hats, wide skirts with aprons, buckled shoes. The average age lies somewhere between gray and dead. Waving Lithuanian flags, they sing the national anthem, replacing "we love Lithuania" with "we love NATO."

On the right, are a bunch of punks. Pierced up the wazoo, there are torn t-shirts, ripped stockings, black leather jackets. There's a girl dressed pure London 1977. She's got a dog with her. The dog wears a tight t-shirt with NO NATO written on it in black marker.

NO NATO is also written on a plump guy holding the huge banner that leads the parade. I don't mean written on his shirt. I mean written on him. On his belly. Across his chest. Like a baseball fan might have a letter of his favorite team.

An Abalienation audience is less punky-looking than this crowd of sixty or more. Then, there's Tomas, hair tied back, wearing a suit and tie.

The demonstration has no permit. If it were New York, the cops would be in there with clubs... probably guns. New York cops like guns. But here, the cops are great. They stroll casually, calmly urging demonstrators and tourists out of the streets and onto the sidewalks.

One guy, short, with a thick gray-flecked mustache, seems to be in charge. He walks to the demonstrators. Asks them politely not to step in the street. Sets his men... and women... between the two groups in the square. And that's it. No sneers. No hostility. No arrests.

Once, the girl with the dog takes a NO NATO sign over to the costumed pro-Nato demonstrators. She waves it in their faces. Shouts at them. An older man, about 70, tears away from that group. Dressed in a brown business suit, a look of pure anger engraves itself on his face.

He rips the sign from the girl's hands and smashes it against the sidewalk. Then he steps on it, grinding it into the cement of the square.

The cops run over to calm things down, stationing themselves between the man and the girl and her dog. They gently press both sides back to their corners. There is no violence.

"You have to understand those other guys," I say to Tomas. "They've been through rough times under the communists."

"I guess you're right," he says. "Most of them were probably in Siberia."

Still the taunting goes on, and it pisses me off. I agree with the anti-Natoers. Nato *has* moved from being a protective agreement to being a tool of international control. Take Yugoslavia. Please! NATO membership does require expensive arms purchases and militarization. Okay, I know all that. But those guys have been in Siberia! At least you can understand them, even if trading a Russian master for an American one is not the best idea.

Maybe we should lighten things up.

The Lithuanians pronounce NATO as an American would say "Not-toe." I suggest they start singing, "Nato Nato man. I don't want to be a Nato man." They don't get it.

Reporters roam through the crowd. Pads and pencils out, they speak with Tomas or anyone else who looks like they can string a sentence together. But they photograph the weirdest. The most pierced. The girl and her dog. For some reason, they also like taking pictures of me. I guess it's the flames on the side of my jacket, or maybe the mafia-style fedora.

At sundown, the demonstration moves from the town square to the art gallery. I go back to Tomas's house where Igor takes me out for a meal and beer.

On the TV in the restaurant, we hear an interview with a NATO minister. He's talking about the demonstrations.

"We expect demonstrations," he says. "This is a democracy. People have a right to their thoughts. It's the job of NATO to protect that democracy."

The next day, *Lietuvos Aidas*, a national newspaper, reports on the demonstration. The headlines: *RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE PAY ANTI-NATO DEMONSTRATORS IN DRUGS.*

There is a photo of the demonstration. Front and center is the girl and her dog. The story tells how "punks, anarchists and satanists" were organized locally by an agent for the GRU, the new Russian secret police. A mysterious liaison paid the organizer in cash and delivered drugs to be distributed to the demonstrators. I think it's hilarious. The demonstration organizers are not amused.

"How can they just lie like that?" asks Tomas.

"It's a democracy." I tell him.

But, like a great beer shit, the turd does not end there. It continues on its colonic way, ever southward.

The next day, I sit in a large open cafe, right on the main tourist street. I'm having a rolled chicken sandwich, savoring the forbidden meat on my plate, as well as that on the chest of my waitress who wears a t-shirt so tight you can trace the textured pattern of her bra.

I'm reading a book called *The Nudist Colony* that has nothing to do with a nudist colony. Being at a latitude equal to someplace in Alaska, I wear my flame coat and hat in the outdoor cafe. That's a mistake.

Creeping into the periphery of my vision is a large man, and very professional-looking woman. The man wears a gray suit as tight over his bulk as my waitress's t-shirt was over her more attractive features. Because of his bulk, the man's arms do not rest naturally at his sides, but bulge monkey-like, elbows pointing out. His head is shaped like a microwave oven.

The woman looks like the DA in the OJ Simpson case. Perfectly neat gray business suit. Pocketbook slung over one shoulder. They march over to my table and sit down. The woman, directly across from me. The hulk, between me and the exit.

"Do you speak English?" asks the woman. Her English is as thick as a potato turd with a Lithuanian accent.

"Yes." I answer.

"You know there is a NATO meeting here in Vilnius." She's not asking a question, but reporting information.

I nod.

"Excuse me, but we are from NATO security," she continues.

The man with the microwave head reaches into his inside jacket pocket. Just where he'd keep a gun. He withdraws his hand. No gun. Instead he shows me a small laminated plastic card.

NATO SECURITY it says on top. Underneath it is a lot of Lithuanian, including what I assume is his name and position in the agency.

"Excuse us," says the woman, "but we must ask you to identify yourself."

I pull my passport, very slowly, from my hidden traveler's pouch. The woman takes it, opens what looks like a datebook, copies my name and passport number and then hands the passport back to me.

"Thank you," she says, "enjoy the rest of your stay in Lithuania."

Then the two of them get up and walk out of the cafe.

I start to shake. Tremble. My fork falls from my hand when I try to eat. How did they find me? Must have been the photos. This jacket, the fedora, a dead giveaway. What's going to happen? Will the FBI be next?

Nothing serious happens during the rest of my stay in Lithuania. I don't expect it to. The real test is leaving. That means customs, immigration, passports. The night before I leave, I don't sleep.

Early Friday morning, I climb on the bus from Vilnius through Latvia to Tallinn, Estonia. From there it'll be a boat back to Finland, and a plane back to New York.

As the bus drives off, I sink into the seat. Completely exhausted I fall into a fitful sleep. Banging my head against the window, I wake up. Again I fall asleep. This time I'm awakened by Britney Spears! No, she's not on her knees, her tongue thrust into my beershat sphincter. Instead, it's *Whoops, I Did It Again* coming from some Lithuanian's cell phone. Evidently, you can download MP3 tunes and use 'em to be even MORE annoying than the regular beep.

Up, I look out the window and see that we're approaching the Latvian border. Uh-oh, here it comes. The bus stops. We all get out while machines spray the vehicle with anti-mad-hoof-and-cow detergent. Then we reenter, handing our passports to the customs agent. In a few minutes, the passports come back. Easy as a Britney Spears rimjob. In a way, I'm relieved. In a way, I'm disappointed. The shit is over? Out? Done with? That's it?

There's still the Latvian border with Estonia. In three or four more hours the bus reaches it. Again we get out. Again they spray the bus. Again they collect our passports and return them... except mine.

"Is Mister Mykel Board here?" says the customs officer, a pretty woman not much older than Britney.

"That's me," I answer raising my hand.

"Can you come with me?" she says. "There is a problem with your passport."

I leave my fellow passengers as they re-enter the bus. I follow the guard into a large room. In the room, there's an open lobby area and a glass booth that looks like where you'd buy subway tokens.

Sitting in the booth are two customs guards. One of them has my passport. He speaks in Estonian to the woman. She translates.

"Your passport isn't good," she says. "Your picture has been changed."

The customs guy shows me the passport through the window. My photo, while not flattering, doesn't look bad enough to reject the whole thing. The customs guard behind the glass says something again.

"Look," says the female, "it's loose."

The male guard bends the picture, behind tape and sealed into the passport. It does, however, rise slightly from the page.

"Do you have some other identification?" says the woman.

I take out a driver's license and hand it through a small window in the glass. The man takes the license and holds it under a strong light, examining it as if he were verifying a gold nugget. He calls over the other guard in the booth, pointing to something on the license. He speaks to the woman.

"It isn't good," she says to me. "It is no longer valid."

The man behind the glass points to the valid *from* date. January 31, 1999.

"See," she says, "it has expired."

I point to the line that says *valid for 5 years from this date.* "It's good until 2004," I say. "See?"

She translates, but the man behind the glass isn't satisfied.

He takes a blank piece of paper from behind the counter.

"Sign this paper," says the woman. "We can check your signature with the passport."

I sign the paper and hand it back through the window in the glass.

The man compares it to the signature in the passport. He holds the two together and looks under the bright light. A faint smile crosses his face as he nods and hands me back my passport.

"Thank you," says the woman. "You may go now."

I return to the bus. Conversation stops as I enter. I cringe from the intensity of the stares directed at me. I retake my seat. The driver starts the bus and we're off. I'm relieved... for a minute.

Then I realize. I've just signed the bottom of a blank sheet of paper. I've signed my name to... to... to what? They could put anything over my signature and there it would be. A full confession. Drugs, kiddie sex, murder, public fornication, anything. Who'd believe that I just signed an empty piece of paper. Who would be that stupid? The turd continues to drip.

Back in New York, I get an email message from Tomas. He writes that *Lietuvos Aidas* reported that he, personally, helped organize the group of "anarchists, satanists, and punks" to protest the NATO meeting in Vilnius. More than that, Tomas was paid by Russian foreign agents. He also received drugs as payment for participation in the demonstration. The next day, Tomas's employer fired him. Democracy. Yeah, right.

I send him my sympathies. He writes back that he got a decent severance package so he could just play punkrock for awhile. I write back wishing him well and saying not to worry because it'll all blow over in a few weeks.

Wrong. That article was the first in a series in the Lithuanian paper. It was a series so severe, that *another* Baltic paper wrote about it.

Tomas sends me the article, written in the English-Language *Baltic Times.* It's about the coverage of the demonstration in Lietuvos Aidas. The complete text will be available on my website, I hope. But the key part is here:

The Lietuvos Aidas series, written by Giedre Gardauskaite from May 28 to June 2, claimed to have sources inside the Lithuanian intelligence community. According to Gardauskaite's informant, the "underground socialist youth organization" behind the protest, referred to elsewhere in the newspaper to as "Satanists, homeless people and drug addicts planning to desecrate Jewish cemeteries," were paid by Moscow in currency and drugs.

The author then went on in her May 30 piece to say, "While an underground organization led by Tomas Verbaitis and the Socialist Party is clearly trying to show its lack of affiliation, information (from intelligence agencies) shows they are suckers from the same octopus."

A photograph accompanying the June 1 Lietuvos Aidas piece shows Mykel Board of the U.S. magazine Maximum Rock & Roll in Vilnius with the caption: "The man with the hat is suspected of distributing marijuana to NATO protesters."

The accompanying article claims protesters were paid in marijuana to take up anti-NATO positions. The Lietuvos Aidas reporter also claimed "KGB officers" revealed that the anti-NATO gathering in Vilnius was organized by the GRU (Gosudarstvennoje Razvedovatel-noje Upravleniye), a branch of the Russian intelligence network.

The GRU also instructed its young recruits in Lithuania to desecrate Jewish cemeteries....

Holy ramen! I'm even *more* famous. A drug-dealing spy. A desecrator of Jewish cemeteries. A satanist. And, my favorite: a sucker from the same octopus.

Ah, the shit goes on.

ENDNOTES:

[*Visitors to my website: www.mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>*Contest Entry dept:* The American Dialect Society recently gave its 'most original' award to the word "Prebuttal," a political candidates's preemptive rebuttal of an opponent's statement. There was a tie for most euphemistic: "urban camping," homelessness and "food insecure," mass starvation.

I propose 'pseudopharmico-espionage' for the next one. The meaning should be obvious.

—> *Don't you love being a kid (or an employee)? dept:* I got the following spam recently. Scary, huh?

Do You Know Who Your kids are Chatting with on the Internet While You're Sleeping? What Your Spouse is Doing on the Computer While You're Away? What Your Employee is Doing on the Computer While Getting Paid? NOW YOU CAN!

Introducing. . .

The Most Powerful PC Surveillance Available!

This software will record EVERYTHING anyone does on the Internet It SECRETLY takes hundreds of snapshots every hour, very much like a surveillance camera.

This software will allow you to be able to SEE what your kids and employees have been doing online and offline. You'll be amazed at what you can find out with this software!

Also, ideal for businesses concerned about how much time their employees spend on the Internet, or how much time employees spend on non-productive tasks, such as game playing or surfing inappropriate web sites.

Please call us at (407) 650-2855.

I'm sure it's against the law to set your computer to call that number thousands of times. Or to set up an intercept to record calls made to that number and then play them back. Illegal, oh yes. So I'd never suggest such a thing.

—> *Speaking of illegal dept:* That nasty paper reporting the far-fetched lies about drugs and Russian spies has a website: www.aidas.lt. It's in Lithuanian, so it won't help much. It might be illegal, however, if I were to suggest you email the creeps at centr@aidas.lt. It would be funny if you told them you read that they were experts in Russian espionage. Now, you're considering becoming a Russian spy and ask them for advice on how to do it. Of course, It's probably illegal to actually advocate that you do that, so I won't.

—> If your band wants to play in Lithuania, contact Tomas for booking information. You can email him at: ve@hardcore.lt or check out the website at: http://www.hardcore.lt/ Tomas says he can usually guarantee about $200 a show, a place to sleep, beer, and an exotic ramen dinner. He cannot, however, guarantee a picture in the paper as a Russian spy.

—> You can contact the supercool folks from Mountainside at: mountainside@xxx.lt. You can listen to their stuff at www.mountainside.mp3.lt. And me? I'm waiting for your videos and any other little presents you'd like to give me. (Thanks for the Superman underpants Kesha!) Contact me at: POB 137, Prince St. Station, New York NY 10012.

"No Control"

Fuck yes! Bricks Music and Records from Japan has two punk rock/skinhead jewels for you kids! First up is CLAMPDOWN from Shiga, Japan, with their "Down in the Cell" 45.

These skinheads start out with "Such a Life" a rocking street/Oi! number about young people willing to do any kind of work no matter how nasty, but there aren't any jobs available. Great song!! On side two the first CLAMPDOWN song is called "Down in the Cell" about an unjust legal system. Read the lyrics, (sung in English) to "Down in the Cell": "Violence, what does it mean to you?/ Self-defence, it means violence too?/ If you say it's all things that hurt someone/Y'better know what you tell is hurting everyone/Down in the cell/What have I done?/Down in the cell/Where's justice gone?/ Down in the cell/And the days too long/Don't judge me, before you judge yourself/'It was self-defence', don't put me in the cell/Hear what I say, before you put it down to me/Just leave me alone, why don't you set me free/Nothing learnt and nothing gained/No matter what people say/I'm just doing what I want/An' I'm payin the price for what I've done/I'm doing my best, but sometimes it goes wrong". This is really good skinhead music! Skins and punks should pursue this 7" 45 RPM.

Next up on the Bricks label is THE THUG HOSTAGE with a spirited 1980s streetpunk approach to their music. The new EP is called *It's Proof of My Existence*. Side A starts out with "Low Blow Boy", which has a pure punk rock pedigree. The second song on side A brings to mind melodic punk with some grit, not unlike England's MENACE. Side B of the THUG HOSTAGE release features the song "What's Your Purpose", which continues the melodic punk theme started on the A side and exhibits qualities that might have been derived from the BUZZCOCKS or the UNDERTONES. Contact Brick Records and Music through: 1-13-14 Zeze Ohtsu Shiga, 520-0815 JAPAN. Email: bricks@x.age.ne.jp.

Yes! San Francisco's street rock heroes, THE REDUCERS SF, are back with a full length on TKO Records! Glen, Mike, and company have thirteen rocking selections for you skins and punks. The rock n' roll starts out strong with "Pop Star" and then slams into "No Control" - the hit off the TKO single by the same name. This song is a slice of first class Oi! and has held up well under repeated listenings. The next tune is "The Mill" about gossip, rumors and lies, and the harm they do. Next up, you have a marvelous REDUCERS SF anthem "Not Fooled" about the machinations of the evil media moguls. Song number five is "Another Day Older" and this shit is great melodic Oi! with pertinent lyrics about slugging it out everyday in the paycheck to paycheck working person's existence. Next up is "Empty Bottles" about the close friends and the multiple beers of a street band. This song provides the album title: *Crappy Clubs and Smelly Pubs* . "Another Day Older" and "Empty Bottles" have a great COCK SPARRER feel to them. Perhaps that is because Mr. Steve Burgess, songwriter and bass player from the world famous COCK SPARRER produces this album and sings some harmonies. The next tune on the platter is "Our Noise" about pride in our scene. "Gone for Good" sings about a friend who made some bad choices and now there's no turning back. The REDUCERS SF plow through "Wide Eyed Kids" and then smash right into two of their most popular songs "Never Find Me" and "We Are the People". In "Never Find Me" the REDUCERS SF sing: "They hold you down/ In this stinking fucked up town/ They hide the facts.../There's no way out for us drunken screwed up louts - that's alright because it's my city." "We Are the People" is always a crowd pleaser at a REDUCERS SF show - the lyrics for the song go like this: "Don't tell me what to say/ You've wasted too much of my time/ No matter anyway/ Nobody's listening/ Don't you tell me what to do/ Don't you know that I can see through you/ No matter what they say, they're never listening/ Well, you've finally found out/ Just what we're all about/ What do you want from me/ Some trumped up case of tragedy/ It happens everyday, it's all they want to see/ And what do you want to know/ About my life that thrills you so/ Just go away and let me be/ Well, I'm gonna tell you/ All you need to know about me/ Yes we are the people/ Yes we are the people/ And I think you'll find/ That we can be meaningful".

The grand finale on this new REDUCERS SF opus is sheer street poetry on the level of Mr. Bill Owens of THOSE UNKNOWN! Read the lyrics to "Screwed Again": When did it all come down to this decision/ Why'd ya take it out on me/ Is it because I wrecked the car/ Or I drank the gas money/ And I try too hard/ And always fuck it up/My thoughts are always wrong/ My manners all too rough/ Well, it's the story of my life/ (I'll never get it)/ If there's trouble to be found/ (I'm landin it)/ But I carry on to fight it out/ Another day/ When everything I do ends up fucked-up anyway/ My mind's too slow/ My hand's too dumb to play guitar/ I trip on my two feet/ There's nothing there to break my fall/ My mind's mystery/ My memory's a lie/ My words come out obscenities/ My smokes don't light/ Screwed again and it seems about right/ When did it all go down the tubes/ When fate dealt out this token hand to me/ Is it cause I curse the morning sun or hex my family/ And I try my hand/ But my luck gets in the way/ I drink to help me think/ But I lose it anyway/ It's the story of my life/ (I'll never get it right)/ If there's trouble to be found/ (I'm landing it)/ My first impressions leave a lot to be desired/ My mannerisms take their toll/ And make me out a liar".

This sophomore LP by the REDUCERS SF reinforces the notion that these guys are a local treasure that the whole world will soon embrace. Be sure to catch the REDUCERS SF on their upcoming , European tour. Purchase this LP from: TKO Records, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114; www.tkorecords.com.

Fucking CHARGE 69, hailing from France, is absolutely punk as fuck! CHARGE 69 formed eight years ago out of the ashes of three other bands: MOLODOI, PKRK, and SKAFERLATINE. Their first EP *Patchwork* was released all over the world by four different labels and was lapped up eagerly by over four thousand punks. CHARGE 69 keep putting out great LP after great LP! Knock-Out Records has put out the newest CHARGE 69 LP- the third in the trilogy of great French street punk and Oi! records. The music is melodic punk with excellent sing-a-long parts sung in French. The new LP is entitled *Vos Lois Ne Sont Pas Vos Regles* , and has fifteen fresh studio punk bullets! This CHARGE 69 LP follows on the heels of the top drawer punk rock *Region Sacraifiee* LP and the debut *Apparence Jugee* LP. The new version of the *Region Sacraifiee* LP includes three live songs plus one song from the punk movie "Underground Boot Factory". Every one of these great Knock-Out releases belongs in your streetpunk collection. CHARGE 69 are, along with OXYMORON, one of the champions keeping the punk banner from 1983 flying. The unbridled enthusiasm and the hard-edged punk rock that CHARGE 69 provide are a welcome listen!

Gordy and Craig and THE FORGOTTEN from Northern California have a new eight song 10" EP available on Knock-Out for you Chaos punks. This fucker has some tough punk songs for you naive young punks and skins to heed. Look at these wise lyrics from THE FORGOTTEN in the lead-off song "Conflict": Over so called Holy Land so many have to bleed/ But they won't blame God or each other/ They'll blame American greed/ After all who sold them the guns/ As tongue in cheek we encourage peace/ They're gonna place the blame on the fools/ Who supplied them the weapons to do their deed/ Stand back, we're not the world's keeper/ Everyone's out of control/ Why worry about the rest of the world/ We got shit of our own/ They got enough anger for each other to share some with the states/ It manifests itself as bombs upon our planes/ They said it loud enough but if we can't seem to get the message/ They'll use our weapons against us till we fucking listen".

Next THE FORGOTTEN collide with the song "Ask No Questions", which asks "I Live with My Choices, Why Can't You". The third song in is "Low Wage" where Craig gets to show off his chugging guitar intro and Gordy's voice is in fine form. Johnny and Dave supply very good bass and drum foundation for the project. The last song on side one is "Vomiting Hate" - a fast punk song that needs no explanation. Side two of the *Ask No Questions 10"* starts off with a crusher called "Young Punx" with it's shouted refrain "Young punks/ They go to heaven/ All of you can go to hell". Fucking real good! Craig's guitar playing kicks ass on this song! Next up you have "Smash It Open" about "too many voices talking in my head". The third number on side two is "Go Away", about a drunk who is a pest at the bar. Again, Craig has the rhythm guitar chugging along at a great clip! The final song on the 10" is "In My Sleep", about the suffocating experience of seeing horrors in your dreams. This is a really good punk slab by Campbell, California's favorite son's THE FORGOTTEN.

Also available for you this month on Knockout is the punk band LOUSY's LP *Best Wishes* . The band follows up their *Bullet on the Rocks* EP last month with a gruff and ready punk rock LP fleshed out with strong tunes like "Better Days", "Generation of Soldiers", "Last Orders Please", "Bullet on the Rocks", "R'n R' Fashion Show", "Stay Lousy" and "R.A.M.O.N.E.S.". There's some damn catchy punk rock here with superior drumming. The gruff gravel singing enjoys a favorable comparison to LOIKAMIE. Contact Knockout Records, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, Germany, mosh@knockout.de, www.knock-out.de.

The CONWICTS have a punk-as-fuck debut record out now for you punk rockers. On the *Thug Life* EP, these neer-do-wells from Maryland pepper you middle America white collar drones with some extremely poisonous barbs. These young punks rant and rail about jocks, cops, the straight society and the small minded people who criticize people just because of their style of clothing or haircut. This is fast punk rock music with shouted vocals and incredibly snotty attitude. These young punks will not be brainwashed into accepting a mundane existence just to make money. Check out the lyrics to "Fuck Up Fortune": "I could say it straight or I could say it with my boot/All you fucking bastards won't get me in a suit/ I may be rash but I get to choose/ I may be wrong but I get to lose/ Don't you hate your boring job/ Don't you hate your fucking life?/ Decisions I make now for the rest of my life/ Why should I stay to fight anyway/ All I do is count away the days/ I just can't listen to what everybody says/ I will resist and burn out in a blaze/ I could run away or I could stay and fight/ But I will not admit that what you say is right/ You say that you know what's best for me to try/ But I could end up following your path until I die". This is a blistering punk rock EP debut from the CONWICTS. Contact the band through Simon Masiewicki at abelmagwitch@hotmail.com.

Stereodrive Records from Germany has two rocking entrees for you this month. First you get a split seven inch EP with Pittsburgh Pennsylvania's SILVER TONGUED DEVIL and southern Germany's CRIME KAISERS. The SILVER TONGUED DEVIL side starts rocking right out of the chute with "Lemmy". This song is a ferocious rock n' roll assault with deep vocals and fast guitar leads. On this EP POISON IDEA meets ANTISEEN. The strong rock n' roll continues into the second number "Ten Minutes More", which has a US BOMBS feel to it.

The CRIME KAISERS side of the debacle is filled with fast hyper-talented guitar slinging and high-octane singing with harmonies. "You Know It's Me" just keeps pounding and pounding on your ear-drums. The CRIME KAISERS slow the tempo down a little bit on their second tune "Gift or Curse", where they interject a sixties flavor with an organ player.

The next selection on Stereodrive Records is a co-production with Sweden's Burning Heart Records, by VOICE OF A GENERATION. This EP begins with "Police Story," the title track, and VOICE OF A GENERATION start the melee off with a thunderous twin guitar wall of sound. This is good punk rock with harmonies and hooks not unlike California's FORGOTTEN. On side B of the *Police Story* EP, VOICE OF A GENERATION do a revved up version of the old REAL KIDS punk rock nugget "All Kindsa Girls". This is a fun high-spirited cover that almost allows you to forget what pathetic, joyless, old fucks the REAL KIDS have become. VOICE OF A GENERATION finish things off in full punk-rock force on this EP with their song "When?". These young punks have taken the SWINGIN' UTTERS lead and proceeded to the next level of excitement. This is a fun record! Contact Stereodrive Records, c/o Green Hell Records, Von Steuben-Str. 17, 48143 Muenster, Germany; stereodrive@greenhell.de; www.greenhell.de.

Retch Records from Merseyside, England offers two new CDs for your listening pleasure. The first volume of the *Retch Files* features the VARUKERS from Leamington Spa, England. The VARUKERS formed in 1978 and had their vinyl debut on Inferno Records in 1981 with the four song EP *Protest and Survive* . The band later recorded punk classics such as "Die for Your Government", "All Systems Fail" and "Bloodsuckers" for Riot City Records. The majority of this CD is live material from the Bierkeller in Leeds, England in 1984. The sound is fairly good for a live show in that era, and the band is quite energetic! Also included is some material from *One Struggle One Fight* . This is good punk rock and VARUKERS completists who don't have these songs will need this.

Volume two of *The Retch Files* , from Retch Records is called *The Reality of Ultimate Power* . This CD is a split CD shared by PARADOX UK and BLITZKRIEG. BLITZKRIEG started their punk life in Southport, Merseyside in 1979. BLITZKRIEG were featured on the legendary *A Country Fit for Heroes* Various Artists LP on No Future Records, alongside ONE WAY SYSTEM and ATTAK. Following that compilation BLITZKRIEG released their own *Lest We Forget* EP on No Future. This classic EP made it to number eleven on the indie charts in April 1982. BLITZKRIEG broke up at the end of 1983 but reformed in 1987. The tracks on this CD split date from the 1991 "Discharge Massacre Divine Tour". This line up also released *The Future Must Be Ours* LP during that era. This material is not the BLITZKRIEG of their prime, but still holds your attention.

PARADOX UK are also from Southport, Merseyside. PARADOX UK was formed in 1989 by former BLITZKRIEG frontman Spike. In June of 1989 PARADOX UK recorded the *Charmed Existence* EP on Retch Records.

In 1990, PARADOX UK had a split Retch album with MDM. In 1991 PARADOX UK, released *The Disenchanted Land* 12" on Retch. This music has a gruff and heavy sound which will appeal to MOTORHEAD fans. This is good shit! Contact Retch Records through njhindi.demon.co.uk/retch or www.locozrecords.com.

The second volume of *Russian Punk Cannonade*- a various artists compilation CD is out now on Neuroempire Records from Moscow. This collection features many different varieties of punk with a little ska and some metal thrown in for good luck. Some of the bands on this eclectic mixture are: PURGEN, ORGASM NOSTRADAMUSA, BELAYA CORYACHKA, FPG, MAUSOLEUM, FFF, SUCHY LESOK, MARRAUDERS, TOXIGEN, DISTEMPER, NAIVE, NITKIE and THE PAUKI. All in all, you get twenty five songs from eighteen bands from nine regions of Russia. Also included are bands from the Ukraine and Belarus. The CD covers bands that put out songs from 1995 to 2001. Contact Dmitry at Neuroempire Record, c/o Shemetova T., PO Box 58, 123100, Moscow, Russia.

Until next month-
I'll see you in hell!

GUEST COLUMN

by Jose Pasaran

STRUGGLING AT THE SOUTH

Before start talking about the South American scene is essential to take a look and to take consciousness of the socio economic situation of the region.

Latin America is a very rich continent submerged into misery mainly because of first world interests and local corrupted administrations working for foreign capitals. Everything the fucking politicians do is in benefit of big multinationals and Uncle Sam's interest, we the people, as you like to say in the States, don't count.

In my country, Argentina, this situation began in the mid 70's. Meanwhile the punk rock was exploding in Europe here was a real revolutionary atmosphere. Urban guerrilla was urging everybody to change the system. And in fact that change was evident, political prisoners were released, unions were making pressure over the multinationals, everybody was politically conscious, everybody was in the streets, everybody was fighting in some way for the change.

That was the feeling of a lot of people in Argentina and in the rest of South America. That until the "democratic" governments begun to fall. That's the beginning of the instauration of the neoliberal system of exploitation that reigns today.

One of the series of *golpes de estado* where the USA intervention was more evident was in Chile, against the democratic elected socialist government of Allende. Kissinger, the C.I.A. and the Chilean aristocracy, with "a little help of their friends" as Time magazine, Coca Cola and General Motors, stopped the revolutionary process and began the persecution and killing of the Chilean freedom fighters.

As The Clash sing: "*...And every cell in Chile will tell the cries of the tortured men, please remember Victor Jara* in the Santiago Stadium, es verdad, those Washington bullets again...*"

Three years later, in 1976, Argentina fell as Uruguay in 1973. The "Condor Plan" was instaured, some kind of regional free market for the different dictatorships of the continent to act together without frontiers. Soldiers trained by the United Sates, in the School for the Americas in Panama, destroyed the dream of a free Latin America.

For Argentina after six years of a fascist regime the result was catastrophic. Concentration camps, persecution, tortures, killings. Thousands of exiled people, 30.000 disappeared **, thousands of stolen babies by the military men, a stupid war with Great Britain and the huge increase of the foreign debt.

That's how the neo liberal system could been introduced in the region.

Now a days the mass killing continues, not only by guns, but by hunger. In Argentina 30 children die per day because of that or because of curable diseases. Our everyday life is uncertain. You are uncertain about your work, about the health care system and about the educational system.

One by one this subjects are out of reach for millons of working class people. Our unemployment rate is 18 % at present. The social health care is going to be sold to private corporations and the education budget is the lowest in the country's history.

This subject in particular is very important for us because we used to be proud of how a working class kid could reach a first level national university for free. Education in Argentina is free! People from all over came to our National Universities to study. Now because of I.M.F. the budget for education and health is going down and down. Our life isn't important for them, only the commodities that our oppressed continent can give.

You can hear all across Latin America the voice of the people. Angry people with pride who are trying to change this situation again. From north to south the continent is rising their fist against hunger and exploitation.

Through this short article I urge you, free minded people from the States, to continue your fight against TWO and IFM. Urge your government to take away your troops from Colombia and Guatemala and to stop the blockade to Cuba.

Punk rock is important in our life, but this is our reality. I know someone else will talk about our scenes, about how difficult is for us to run a fanzine, a distro, a label or a band. I hope after reading this you (not for MRR but for a lot of people that seems to diminish our qualities) , will value a little more our efforts.

Punk and Oi! Are international!
Much respect,
Roman (huevo)
C/O No Pasaran (zine, distro & records) c.c. 28, Suc. Quilmes, 1878 – Quilmes, Bs. As., Argentina. punxandskins@fibertel.com.ar www.nopasaran.com.ar

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* Victor Jara was a revolutionary singer from Chile. He was kidnapped by the forces of Pinochet. In the Santiago Stadium they cut his hands because he refused to stop singing for the rest of prisoners that were there.

** 30.000 people were disappeared during the dictatorship in Argentina. They were kidnapped, tortured and then killed. Their bodies were thrown to the Rio de la Plata, the Atlantic Ocean or buried without name. The coward military men did that to destroy the evidence of their crimes, all the information about the disappeared was destroyed. Several human rights associations are still fighting to find out what happened to them. Many of these people were pregnant women. Their children were born in concentration camps and then the babies were given away to military families or rich people Their mothers were killed.

GUEST COLUMN

by Will Tupper

MY SECRET WEAPON:

How I Became a Twenty-First Century Feminist Boy

"The dictionary definition is someone, which can be a woman or a man, who believes in the full social, economic, political equality of women and men. If a man fights to be his whole self, to be creative, to express emotions men are not supposed to express, do jobs men are not supposed to do, take care of his old children—all of these things are part of the feminist movement."

—Gloria Steinem

If you asked two women their definition of the word feminism, odds are you'd get two very intelligent, distinct, and drastically different answers. But, if you asked two guys, they might reply, "Femi-what? Man, I think my girlfriend had a case of that a couple of months ago. She was all cranky and irritable. It was awful."

Burp. Of course, they'd never admit this in front of their girlfriends, only to each other. And while this may be many men's response, it isn't everyone's. A few of us proudly consider ourselves male feminists, and our story is unique. For we don't come from a society that scapegoats us. We don't make less money than our contemporaries do for doing the same work. We (well, at least not me personally) aren't the victims of catcalls as we walk down the street. We aren't caricatured by our hair color. We don't have to struggle for that coveted right of being, "upwardly mobile." We aren't passed over in favor of others when raises or bonuses are awarded. We aren't openly judged by the size of our genetics.

Men may have not made these rules, but perhaps they have made us. We may not have created the circumstances, but some of us openly admit that they're wrong. We know that, and have known for a very long time.

But, few of us speak out about it. Why? Fear, embarrassment. Not wanting to bite the hand that feeds us, that gives us feasts while others famine. How many kings truly would be willing to step down from their golden sewn thrones to walk among the peasants, admitting that, at heart, that they're peasants too? How many would be willing to level the playing field, abolishing stereotypical referees, in order to play a truly fairer game? How many truly believe their pockets should be fat only if everyone's are full? How many truly believe that America is a land where equality must reign, and not just if you can afford it to?

I do. I am twenty-four years old, male, and a feminist. Getting to this point has been a long, treacherous journey of learning, but feminism, like punk, has been a cornerstone to the way I try to live my life. Even when I lacked the proper vocabulary for it, feminism was already a part of my path. And I'm proud of that.

For me, it really began when I was young. I was only eleven years old when a drunk-driver killed my father, leaving me to be raised by my Mom. Talk about a wake-up call! My Mom, whom I'd only seen before as the woman who made my lunch and washed my clothes, who cooked dinner at night and was my Dad's wife, wow!

Yes, she was grief-stricken at the loss of my Dad. She was downright devastated. But, it made her strong. Stronger than I'd ever seen her, she quickly took over everything my father used to do. If she didn't know how, she learned. She mastered. She took care of money; she took care of maintenance. She worked at her job during the day, and worked at home during the night. She was amazing, becoming a human superwoman, seemingly overnight.

She looked out for me, raising this little hellion as best she could (I tend to think she did a pretty good job.) Like seemingly every other kid in school today, I bared the burden of having only one parent to teach me as I grew up. And some thing you just didn't ask your Mom. I leaned to shave from watching razor commercials. I learned other, "guy stuff," from books and magazines. It was awkward at times, but she was always supportive. I tried not to complain, although I know I did. I was a kid, for Christ sakes.

Mom was the first powerful, independent woman I ever encountered. She rules. She still does. And all that she went through, and all I endured without any male figure or guidance, made me empathetic. I started to see that we aren't all born equal, not everyone receives a fair chance in what this country claims to offer. What about women who are beaten by their husbands? What about families in ghettoes, unable to enjoy the creature comforts I'd taken for granted? What about Mexican children in California being denied medicine necessary for them to survive? What about the elderly tossed away by a nation worshipping only it's youth? What about everyone who's discriminated against?

It was all these questions and so many more that made me want to learn, help, and change thing for the better. Gloria Steinem wrote in her book *Revolution from Within*: "We (must) decide the value of our education, instead of them choosing it for us."

So, I did. I started to read. I talked to more people. I volunteered. I still try to, every way I can. I invite people who ask if I can spare a dollar to join me for dinner. I treat them as I wish the world would treat me: humanly and humanely. I don't care if you're a man, woman, man-woman, black, white, green, or if you've got an extra ear growing out of the back of your head. If you're out there and are genuinely kind, I'll try my best to extend the same sentiment to you.

That's a big part of what feminism means to me. It's about the time a woman with AIDS lectured at my high school, and once she was done, I approached her crying, hugging her and thanking her for what she'd just taught me. It's about how the guys called me a, "fag," and a, "homo-lover," and I silently walked away. It's about practicing and promoting ideals I believe in: clean oceans, environmental protection, preventing child abuse, being an individual, being accepted as you are, being creative, and being loved. It's about being good to my girlfriend (because she's a Goddess, don't you know), and it's about being good to my family. My family consists of the entire population of this crazy little planet. All ours do.

It's about not using labels to describe people, because every human I've ever encountered has surpassed whatever label they've been given in one way or another. It's about reading and learning everything I can, regardless of the writer's gender. It's about being able to express my emotions honestly in front of anyone. I laugh a lot, but I cry a lot, too. It doesn't matter anymore whom I'm in front of. I just do.

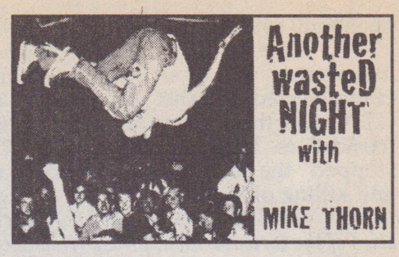
In the end, I see feminism as my "secret weapon" in helping to fight oppression. Don't the values of feminism lie at the very heart of what punk strives to be? A place where there's no home for prejudice and everyone's voice can be heard equally? Make no mistake: feminism is in direct opposition to everything this country currently claims to be "democracy." Democracy now has a king sitting back on the throne. Feminism strives for a place where there's no throne, and no kingdom but the entire country.

Writer and historian Howard Zinn best said what feminism means to me at the end of his moving autobiography, *You Can't Be Neutral On a Moving Train.* He sums it up perfectly when he says:

> *To be hopeful in bad times is not just foolishly romantic. It is based on the fact that human history is not only a history of cruelty, but also of compassion, sacrifice, courage, and kindness.*
>
> *What we choose to emphasize in this complex history will determine our lives. If we only see the worst, it destroys our capacity to do something. If we remember those times and places – and there are so many – where people have behaved magnificently, this gives us energy to act, and at least the possibility of sending this spinning top of a world in a different direction.*
>
> *And if we do act, in however small a way, we do not have to wait for some grand utopian future. The future is a grand succession of presents, and to live now as we think human being should live, in defiance of all that is bad around us, is itself a marvelous victory.*

In the end, it's not only where you're headed that's important, but where you've been as well. This has been the story of my journey, and how feminism has been a key component in shaping it.

So what's yours?



"We...wanted to put out a zine, that besides covering music. focused more on the serious side of punk; on the political, sociological, and economic issues; that stressed a reintroduction of intelligent and positive thought into a scene that has become increasingly mindless, violent, "rock and rollish", and anti-political."

Tim Yo in Issue #5

The above quote has been resonating with me a lot lately. The critique of the scene could almost have been written today–especially if you replace "violent" with "apathetic." So called punk mega-tours like "Van's Warped Tour" illustrate the point well, as does the pathetic "anti-political/PC" trip that runs through the scene. I, for one, am sick of it. It has become too commonplace for bands with anything to say, who might have the gumption to to actually speak out on, or even worse, act on their beliefs, to be written off as just PC this and that's. Twenty years and nothings changed, only back then you were written off as a "commie." Pathetic, huh? It would be one thing if there was some sort engaging in debate, instead of a simple "fuck off you're lame" pseudo retort, but more often than not people can't even, nor are they willing to neither discuss the matter or even put any thought into it at all. Are we all that passionless, that we aren't even willing to put up any sort of a fight at all?

This lack of passion is even more evident when you see the growing laziness and "don't give two shit-ism" that a lot of folx have these days in regards to the mainstreaming of punk. Punk has, on some level, become a viable marketing tool. You can sanitize the sound, even take the radical content of the lyrics and package it into a safe non-threatening tokenized rebellion–which can be conveniently grown out of, or better yet savored in a nostalgic sort of way, as we are sold handy CD's samplers filled to the brim with bands that should have broken up fifteen years ago, but now travel around the country on reunion tour after reunion tour. A blatant, and somewhat ironic, imitation of the '70s rock bands (which punk was an initial reaction to) who hit the same sort of circuit in the late '80s. So, I ask you, what is there left that makes us any different? Anything? The most important thing about punk, the key thing which makes it relevant, the thing which is actually political is it's independence, and even that is being threatened daily by labels and "punk magazines" which gladly donate their time and energy to prepackaged corporate rocks acts looking for street cred. Punk may never ever fully recover from the feeding frenzy that was the massive major label buy-outs of the scene in the early '90s, but those of us still care about the principles which has allowed punk to flourish as a movement since the late '70s need to stick together and strengthen our resolve to create a real alternative to that which is handed to us as success. It's time to tune up our collective bullshit detectors.

•

Speaking of bullshit, I don't how many of you caught the recent Associated Press article that was floating around the newspapers about the constitutional amendment to define marriage as a union between a man and a woman that a coalition of religious groups are pushing. Sure you're probably thinking, "so fucking what, marriage is for suckers..." and while I'm inclined to agree with that sentiment, the fact is that married folx in this country get many special privileges that unmarried couples do not (from hospital visitation rights to tax breaks)– meaning that this amendment is, and has been stated to be, an attack on gay rights. And it's not just far right religious groups that are organizing on this, but folx who were involved for the struggle for civil rights in the late '50s and '60s. This fact will help the movement for the passage of said amendment tenfold–because the left will feel less inclined to demonize these folx–and will help create the atmosphere of moral indignation which will further the "cause" in a flurry of "it's not about discrimination, it's about preserving something sacred" which will eventually devolve into pathetic "Adam and Eve not Adam and Steve" style arguments. And while I'm not really one for marriage, I do think people should have the right to make that sort of decision if they want to, regardless of their particular sexual orientation, and that sweeping archaic and mythical ideas of morality should not be applied towards government definitions of coupling–especially when it involves so very basic civil rights. I mean fundamentally, it comes down to this: against same sex marriages? Don't have one. But why shouldn't someone have the same right to make the same mistake as you?

•

I'm very proud and very happy with this issue– South and Central America have been ignored for far too long by most of the punk scene–especially here in the USA, and it's about time a lot of folx opened up their eyes to all the amazing stuff that is going on in the region. We tried to cover as much ground as possible with the interviews in this issue– but I don't really even think we hit the tip of the iceberg. I encourage you to write the bands interviewed within these pages, write the folx listed in the scene reports, make connections with these folx and realize that punk is in fact a global phenomenon. Trade tapes, zines, records letters– just get the fuck out there and get involved.

•

I've been having a lot of problems lately drinking the massive amounts of coffee that I normally consume. I've always been someone who could drink a quadruple espresso at 11:30 pm and go to be a half hour later, and while that slightly fucked up capability remains, I've been awaking an hour or two later with the most terrifying stomach pains. One night they were so bad, that the nightmare that proceeded my awaking was me getting repeatedly stabbed in the stomach by a man in a beret (you figure that part out) with a rusty knife. Fucked up huh? I thought about going to a doctor about it, but figured s/he would just tell me to cut down or cut the shit out entirely– which I already figure is the solution and don't need to pay someone $50 to tell me that. So I guess I can now ad coffee to my almost vain attempts to cut sugar from diet. I mean I can make up some thinly veiled political justification for it and impact it with some indignant ranting– but most of the coffee I consume is fairly traded, and not totally apart of the cash crop industries which wreak havoc on the South and Central. Not totally, as in–just partly. No the real reason and need for this cutback is I'm sick of the fucking stomach pains and restless sleep (which is not solely the fault of the coffee (see last months column, paragraph A)). Why sugar too? Well it's a cash crop, for one thing and It is incredibly bad for you– especially highly processed white sugar (not one iota of nutritional value, kids). However the real selling point for me to quit my sugar fiending would be my sudden realization that it has been nearly ten or eleven years since me and a dentist have been acquainted and I'm pretty sure any day now my teeth are going to start falling out like… fuck I'm too tired to make up a funny analogy, but you get my point. Single plus no teeth equals bad news…

ENDNOTES:

1) My friend Michelle is in a band called SCROTUM GRINDER, my friend Ken put out their record, it's really good, you should own it.

2) WASTED from Finland are amazing, same with LIFE'S A RIOT and MANIFESTO JUKEBOX–who are also from Finland.

2.5) Just for the record, despite thinking that Bull from 400 YEARS is really nice, I think the SEEIN' RED side of their split kicks the ass of 400 YEARS–a TALKING HEADS cover? Ya'll could have done better than that.

3) Tom Hopkins: "We're so crazy, we don't even know this is impossible!!" See, he is good for something.

4) Sorry if this column sounds like the maniacal ranting of someone who has flipped his wig (reference to HÜSKER DÜ–ten punk points me!!). It is.

5) GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS RIP, "…three chords and a cloud of dust…"

6) "Ballad of a Pre-op" by POISON IDEA is a really great thing.

6.5) Same goes for that song they did "Pure Hate."

7) THE WHITE STRIPES would be the opposite of endnotes #6, #6.5 and #2. I just don't fucking get it–I mean, I'm cool, I'm hip–hell, I used to own a PUSSY GALORE LP– but man is this band overrated. YEESH!!

7.5) LA FRACTION from France are really good. They remind me of the GITS.

8) DON AUSTIN is from Ohio and they fucking rip…go see them if they play your town, buy all their records and make fun of their singer who goes by the name "Bleachmouth."

9) I'll be 27 years old this year, my birthday is on August 15th, so by the time most of you read this, you'll have missed it–but it's ok, I'll still accept your gifts, so mail them courtesy of me to the *MRR* PO Box. E-mail is cool too, but you can't send rare records through the internet. Oh yeah what's that e-mail address again? mikethorn@mindspring.com

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with arwen curry

Well, it wasn't in South America, but here's what I did for my summer vacation... (note: the band names are capitalized because Mike Thorn said I had to.)

In May, Paul and I got a ride with our reluctantly gracious host Tschepitz ("it's OK, you don't have to thank me, I would be living in my house whether or not you were here") and his post-Neurosis band, LVMEN, from Prague to the punk fest, which was held near the Czech Republic's Southeast border. Or borders, I should say—since the small town was about equidistant from Poland and Slovakia. When we broke out of the mess of traffic exiting Prague and onto the freeway, we passed rows of hitchhikers on the road. It was always like that, they shrugged, when we asked. Tschepitz drove ninety miles an hour, while the rest of his band giggled at what I guessed to be classic Czech comedy clips on the TV mounted in the back. We passed brick factories, with broken windows, like all factories. We passed farmland, rust-brick smokestacks, banded with red steel, and after that, rows of houses. When it began to get dark, a smell started leaking in through the window cracks. It was like a Virginia summer night smell, wet and full of dirt, cutting through the van's hot smell of boys' feet and hair.

It was the second day of a six-day fest and we wanted to be there through the third. It was Friday, and LVMEN would play that night at the venue, "Kebab," with APATIA and STRACONY from Poland and DAVOVÁ PSYCHOZÁ from Slovakia. On Saturday, POST REGIMENT from Poland were scheduled to play, with DREAD 101 from Czech, FLEAS & LICE from the Netherlands and CALLOUSED from Minneapolis. More great bands would play on Sunday, including MANIFESTO JUKEBOX and WASTED from Finland, but since I had to fly back home early Tuesday morning from Prague, that wasn't looking like a very good idea. As it turned out, Lvmen had to play a show on the other side of the Czech Republic the next day, which meant that if we wanted to stay, we were on our own for a place to stay that night, and for a way back to Prague Sunday morning.

It was dark when we pulled into the quiet, two-story town of Vsetín. The van slid up to several passersby, seeking direction. Finally we located the punks and followed them, in groups of two and three, like a trail of breadcrumbs. The trail led us faithfully to the fest, which was a couple of miles up a gradual slope away from town, past small houses and apartments fringed by sorry old swingsets and slides. We pulled up in front of a six or seven story apartment building that appeared empty except for the bottom floor and the basement. In front of the show was a square of lawn where the punks streched out from their afternoon naps, tossed sticks for their dogs, and got ready for the night. It wouldn't be a short one.

The bands were all fucking great. LVMEN was intense and carefully crafted, serious without being obnoxious because of it, and STRACONY, with their gorgeous, confident singer, was one high-energy battle cry that had the ballroom bouncing and dancing, fists in air. And it was pretty much a ballroom, with wood floors that creaked under our weight, high ceilings, and, if memory doesn't fail me, chandeliers. DAVOVÁ PSYCHOZÁ played last: they were obviously a local favorite and had all the kids singing along. Good thing for all the space, because the place was packed with kids drinking lager out of plastic cups. Some of them drank it in the bar at a table. Some of them drank it in the ballroom. Some of them drank it outside, with the dogs and pukers. Some of them drank it in the hall, while purchasing punk rock on cassette. Some kids drank Coke instead, but they were at a different show, in a different town. This one was all about dreads, breathtaking Eastern European bone structure, and ten-cent pints.

LVMEN was packing up the van and we still didn't know if we were staying or going. Why didn't I bring a sleeping bag? I was debating whether it was worth curling up for the night in a puddle of beer on the ballroom floor, where some kids were already staking out their territory. Paul was trying to get my attention. "I already got us a place to stay," he said. So the van sped off and there we were.

The place to stay was with a couple of hippies who lived just up the road, in the hills. They knew some of the out of town punks from growing up in Vsetín, and the door price, of around five dollars, was no small change for them. In fact, they wouldn't be able to pay it the following night. So the down side was that we had to wait to sleep until they were done hanging out drinking. And damn, were we tired. And damn, were they into hanging out drinking. Paul found a plastic chair near one of the merch tables, which had all been packed up, and began to slowly sink into unconsciousness. Operating with a different coping mechanism, I drank lager and made new friends.

As the sun was just starting to glow from behind the hills, we began the hike to their house. "You'll be surprised when you see it," they said. We passed what looked like a nineteenth-centurred brick factory on the dirt trail. More broken windows.

"They made there, how is it? Arms, for the war. Now they make pieces of cars."

We cut off of the trail and straight uphill till we got to their cabin. It was 150 years old, of dark wood, and looked more or less sturdy, but deflated, sagging where the timbers weren't supported. Our hostess led us into the small kitchen. A tiny window looked out on the night. She showed us a small bed under it where we could sleep. The doorways were tiny as well, the ceilings low. The architecture was familiar to me, but not from having seen it before. It reminded me of a book I had as a kid, called *The Malachite Casket.* This was a hardback and overwhelmingly green book of Russian folk stories which all took place in malachite mines or nearby mining villages. Various ghosts and spirits from the mines and the stone itself pursued maidens and boys from the villages. Here I felt the sharp air, the small spaces—I felt like I was inside some myth that was totally strange to me. We lay down on the cot, very close together, and what would have made it perfect is if we hadn't broken up, in Prague, three days earlier.

I stumbled outside after a few hours of sleep and was offered a cup of tea warmed over a little campfire (there was no stove. It wasn't coffee, or potatoes, but it was nice anyway. After Paul woke up and befriended the dogs, we were shown secret pot plants growing on the hillside. Our host was very proud of them. I looked instead at the green hills and smoking chimneys.

The hippies had plans that day to make food to sell outside the show, to hopefully pay that night's admission. We, on the other hand, had plans to buy food in town. Ah, privilege. On our way down the long hill, we stopped to rest under some trees and watch punk rock soccer in a green field. In front of the show, we stopped to say hello to the folks in CALLOUSED and a roadie for FLEAS & LICE who now lived in Liege, and who Paul used to squat with in Berkeley. We were now no longer the only Anglophones, or Americans, on the premises.

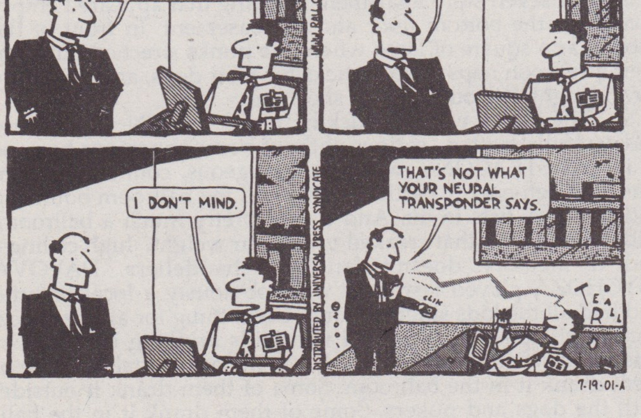
We spent most of the daylight hours doing laps around Vsetín and checking email (which is cheap and easy to access all over Europe, it seems). By the time we got back, we were famished. Sick to death of cheese and bread (RICE lyrics, anyone?) we had bought potatoes and corn to cook on an open fire. When we started picking up stones to build one on a gravelly patch where the punks were napping, though, an old man appeared from the fifth story window of another seemingly abandoned building and began yelling at us. A sweet-faced girl with long red dreads translated the obvious for us: "No fires, he says." We built our fire and ate our hot potatoes and corn under a retaining wall behind the building, chasing it with some sour cabbage salad we bought from our hippie friends in front of the show.

Rumor had been circulating that POST REGIMENT had in fact just broken up and wouldn't be playing. I was there primarily to see them, so that was pretty disappointing. I cornered their singer in the girl's bathroom. I told her that I loved her band, which is true, and wanted to interview them for our fanzine. She touched my shoulder and said, sadly, "my four year old daughter said the other day, POST REGIMENT is a monster. We don't play anymore. Now do you understand?" Of course. Sure. What a bummer. (Now I hear they may be back together, but who knows?) Anyway, the rest of the show rocked without them. Grateful to speak English, Paul and I befriended some Swedish crusty punks—the girls wore legwarmers and made cynical conversation, and the boys batted long eyelashes and invited us over to their place in Sweden. That night, we didn't even try to make it back up the hill to the cabin. Paul threw his backpack on the floor and fell asleep in the beer, and I fell asleep sitting up, Filler-style.

We weren't the only ones who planned to go home on the early train the next morning. It was still misty and grey out when the now bedraggled trail of punks made its way down the hill, on the bus and on foot. At seven o'clock in the morning, the wee train station cafe was overrun with filthy punk rockers with drooping mohawks, reeking of puke and beer, drinking lousy instant Czech coffee. We filled up entire compartments on the train. Paul and I had one to ourselves for the entire trip—the smell was enough to keep other travelers at bay. We leaned our faces against the glass, opposite each other, and looked out on the world full of factories. I was falling asleep, thinking about our train full of hungover, sleepy punks, racing back to the city. Thinking about going home alone to my city.

"Who breaks all those windows?" asked Paul, staring out. I was wondering the same thing.

PS. Thanks to everyone who helped with this issue, and to my friend Corrado from Milan, who sent reports from the G8 protests in Genova. Corraggio. *arwenc@mindspring.com*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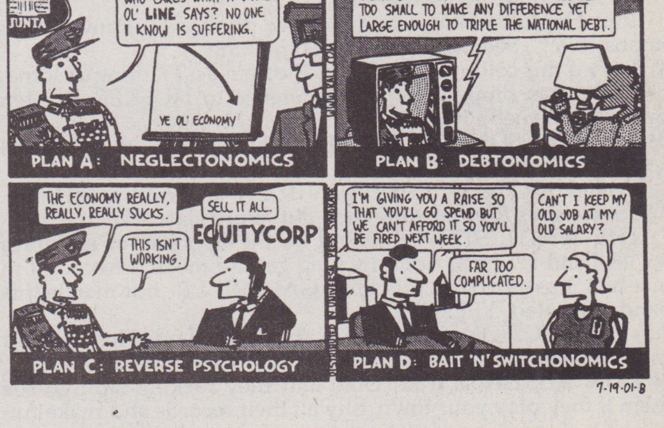
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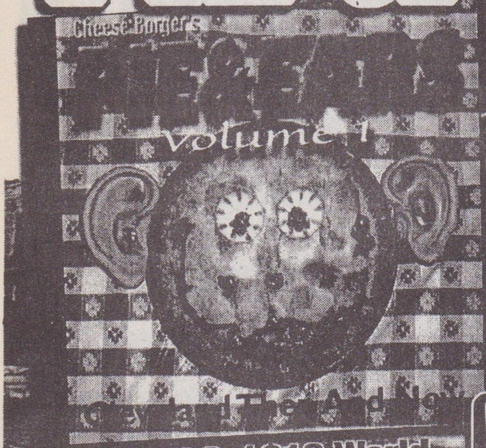

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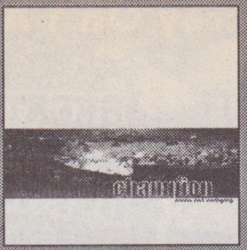

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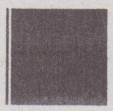

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MRR NEWS

No. 220
Sept. 2001
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Over 100,000 to Protest Against G8 in Genoa: Crackdown on Protests Expected to be Severe

Over 100,000 are expected in the streets of Genoa, Italy, to express dissent against the closed meetings of the Group of 8. The "G8," composed of the leaders of the world's most economically powerful countries (Canada, France, Germany, Japan, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and the United States), meets yearly to discuss general international policy direction. Demonstrators from all over Europe are converging on Genoa for the Jul20-22 summit to present alternative agendas of the way the world's population could organize to solve problems of poverty, inequality and environmental disintegration.

Thousands of troops, including specialists in chemical, nuclear and biological warfare, will be part of the security used to protect world leaders at the summit. Minesweepers and other ships are also headed to the port city, and a missile defense system was installed earlier this week, Italy's Defense Ministry said.

The government plans to use 2,700 army, navy and air force troops during the summit, but none will be deployed against demonstrators, according to the Defense Ministry. They will be used for air and sea patrols, and some surveillance work.

Crowd control is being left to between 12,000 and 16,000 police officers, who will be armed with tear gas, water cannon and batons.

The anti-missile system set up as a precaution is a short-range, anti-aircraft battery similar to those deployed at several of the country's airports, Col. Paolo Bressan said.

Dubbed the SPADA, the land-based system consists of missiles capable with a range of more than 9 miles and an altitude of 5,000 feet, Bressan said.

Citing security reasons, Bressan refused to say how many missiles the system contained. Air force planes will survey the city from the skies, and the army is supplying paratroopers and bomb disposal experts.

Police have raided the premises of leftist groups in at least four Italian cities as part of a security clampdown. Searches were carried out in Genoa, Milan, Florence and Naples in "social centers" linked to leftist groups.

Anti-terrorist police found nothing at a center in Genoa where some 20 youths were sleeping. Police checked identity papers from a group of self-proclaimed anarchists who were staying at a nearby stadium.

In Florence, police seized documents during a raid on a center in the north of the city, where about a dozen people were staying, and on an apartment.

Three sledgehammers, paving stones, a wrench, two marijuana plants and documents were seized during a raid on a center in Naples.

A villa leased to a group of some 15 anarchists in Milan was also targeted in the security clampdown, with police seizing hashish and protective gear.

US Defies Global Fury Over Missile Shield

by Martin Kettle in Washington and Amelia Gentleman in Moscow (excerpt)

The Bush administration threw down the gauntlet over defense yesterday, making it clear that the US will fast-track its missile shield plans regardless of international objections that Washington is violating the anti-ballistic missile (ABM) treaty.

In a series of defiant briefings to Congress and the media in which they compared the missile plan to the race to put a man on the moon in the 1960s, Pentagon officials said they will begin clearing the ground to build a missile defense test site in Alaska next month, a move which Russia and many European governments regard as a breach of the 1972 treaty. This will be the first step in an accelerated American missile defense program in which the Bush administration aims to have ground, air and sea-based missiles and lasers operational in a US missile shield by 2005.

A senior Russian official said the moves showed that the Bush administration "have already made their decision." Igor Sergeyev, security adviser to President Vladimir Putin, denounced the recent round of US international consultations on the project as a "smokescreen."

Last month the White House unveiled plans to add an extra $600 million to the missile defense research budget for the current financial year, bringing the total to $7.5 billion. A further $2.2 billion will be added to the 2002 budget, boosting missile defense spending still further

Bush's Republican administration expects that it will "bump up" against the constraints of the ABM treaty "in months", the deputy defense secretary Paul Wolfowitz told the Democrat-controlled Senate armed services committee yesterday.

Even Washington acknowledges that once it begins erecting buildings and creating missile silos next summer, the US will be in breach of the treaty.

"We hope and expect to have reached an understanding with Russia by the time our development program bumps up against the constraints of the ABM treaty," Mr. Wolfowitz said yesterday. "We would prefer a cooperative outcome...we must achieve release from the constraints of the ABM treaty."

Moscow immediately condemned yesterday's moves in Washington.

"Russia, like many other countries, takes the view that the US's unilateral withdrawal from the ABM treaty would lead to the destruction of strategic stability, a new powerful spiral of the arms race, particularly in space, and the development of means for overcoming the national missile defense system," Vladimir Rushailo, the head of Mr Putin's security council, said. "The international community should consolidate its efforts to prevent such developments."

Published Friday, July 13, 2001 in the Guardian (UK)

Demolitions and Repression: The Israeli Army's Campaign of Revenge and Ethnic Cleansing

By Jeff Halper

On July 3, after an Israeli from the Susiya settlement in the southern West Bank was found murdered, without any suspects being identified or arrested, the Israeli army unleashed an unprecedented campaign of revenge and ethnic cleansing against the entire civilian Palestinian population of the area. (The same day the Israeli government authorized a whole-scale campaign of assassinations as well.)

The first 24 hours witnessed the demolition of at least five Palestinian homes in the city of Yata, which was completely sealed off to the outside world, leaving the army to act with impunity towards the civilian inhabitants. Reports are that up to a thousand residents were forced from their homes before demolishing dozens of them. The army also attacked residents in the entire rural area between Yata and the area around Jibna where the Palestinian "cave-dwellers" live. Additional houses were demolished, wells and reservoirs destroyed and the agricultural infrastructure severely damaged. The fact that no outside observers were allowed into the entire West Bank south of Hebron during this 24-hour period, including journalists, human rights observers, and the Red Cross, raises fears about acts of violence and intimidation committed with absolute impunity by an army against a defenseless civilian population (most of the area affected is in Israeli-controlled Area C). Not only does international law forbid such actions, but the Fourth Geneva Convention requires Israel as an occupying power to protect the civilian population under its rule and provide for its welfare.

It should be noted that according to Amnesty International Israel has demolished at least 7000 Palestinian homes since 1967; more than 500 have been destroyed since the second Intifada began. At a time when Sharon is being feted by the Chancellor of Germany and the President of France, Israel's occupation and the actions it engenders stands in stark violation of international law. Collective punishment is explicitly forbidden in Article 33 of the Fourth Geneva Convention, and the demolition of houses constitutes a grave violation of Article 53. The increasing use of international courts to enforce accountability to human rights covenants (upon which Israel itself has signed) should put the Israeli government and its agents on notice that they may find themselves one day being tried for war and civil crimes.

Jeff Halper is the Coordinator of the Israeli Committee Against House Demolitions (ICAHD) and a Professor of Anthropology at Ben Gurion University. He has lived in Israel since 1973. (Excerpted from http://www.mediamonitors.net/halper3.html)

Protests Around the Globe Highlight Exxon-Mobil/Esso Corporation's Environmental, Human Rights Record

July 11th's "international day of action" against the world's largest corporation, Exxon-Mobil/Esso, focused attention on the multinational's poor environmental and human rights record. Campaigners in cities around the world protested at Exxon-Mobil/Esso headquarters, boycotted the company's service stations, fax-blasted the company's offices, and carried out other forms of action to highlight the company's enormous wealth (the company made $17.7 billion in profits last year) and disproportionate power in global decision-making. In the days leading up to important international negotiations on climate change in Bonn, Germany, activists have chosen to attract public scrutiny to many of the company's policies and positions including Exxon-Mobil/Esso's:

- position on climate change: Exxon-Mobil/Esso publicly questions the existence of global warming and supports scientists and politicians who call climate change a myth;
- lack of dedication to renewable energy: Exxon-Mobil/Esso will spend $7.9 billion this year on oil and gas exploration and a miniscule amount on renewable energy;
- complicity in human rights abuses in Indonesia;
- support of the Chad/Cameroon pipeline;
- support of the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA, the World Bank, and the IMF).

(Excerpted from Indymedia.org)

Minn. Judge Says Sodomy Ruling Applies to Every Adult in State

Three States in 2001 Upheld Right to Privacy

A state district judge in Minnesota ruled on July 2nd that a recent decision striking down the state's sodomy law applies to every adult.

The decision means Minnesota is the third state this year to move away from antiquated laws that have been used against the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender (GLBT) community. In April, an Arkansas circuit court judge found that the state's ban on consensual sex between adult, same-sex couples is a violation of the state's constitution. And in May, Arizona Gov. Jane Hall signed a bill repealing that state's sodomy laws.

The ruling in Minnesota came in response to a lawsuit filed by the American Civil Liberties Union. In May of this year, State District Court Judge

con't. next page

Global Warming Much Worse Than Predicted, Say Scientists

by Michael McCarthy, Steve Connor, Richard Lloyd Parry and Stephen Castle

Global warming is happening now, caused by human actions, and threatens the Earth with disaster, the world's leading atmospheric scientists insisted early July as politicians struggled to repair the Kyoto treaty on climate change which the United States torpedoed in March.

A 2,000-page UN report on the science and potential impacts of climate change gave the most authoritative statement yet that the Earth is warming rapidly, that the main cause is industrial pollution, and that the consequences for human society are likely to be catastrophic.

The report, from the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), made up of several hundred of the world's most distinguished meteorologists, including many Americans, is a substantial slap in the face for US President George Bush, whose unilateral abrogation of Kyoto has thrown the international effort to counter global warming into chaos.

The president cited doubts about the science of climate change as the reason why he would not impose on the American economy the cuts in industrial gases which Kyoto requires – and which the US signed up to at the original treaty agreement in 1997.

But on July 11, the IPCC scientists gave their unqualified support to the view that global warming is real. Furthermore, they said, since their last report was published six years ago, they found they had vastly underestimated the rate at which global temperatures are rising. They now believe they will rise by as much as 5.8C by the end of this century, almost twice the increase predicted in their 1995 report.

This is likely to lead to crop failures, water shortages, increased disease and disasters for towns and cities from flooding, landslides and sea storm surges, they believe, with the poor developing countries likely to be hit hardest. The crucial point that emerges from the report is that all these new stresses may be happening at the same time to a world already under great stain from massive population growth, poverty and pollution.

As the massive three-volume study was published yesterday (by Britain's Cambridge University Press), politicians across the globe were scrambling to put some sort of deal together at the Bonn conference, held in mid-July, which will be attended by ministers and officials from more than 150 nations.

It is a resumption of the meeting on the Kyoto treaty which broke up acrimoniously in The Hague last November with a spectacular walk-out by Britain's Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott. But the argument then was over a technicality in the treaty and the Americans were still on board. Subsequently, Bush has repudiated the treaty's basic principle – that the industrialized countries should cut their greenhouse gas emissions – and the chances of the Americans coming back on board are regarded as minimal.

Bizarrely, the Americans will be present in Bonn as negotiators on a treaty they have said they will have nothing to do with, as they are signed-up parties to the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change.

Diplomatic efforts were continuing yesterday to build alliances which might allow Kyoto to be repaired. Prescott flew into Tokyo for meetings with the Japanese prime minister, Junichiro Koizumi, and his foreign and environment ministers, in an attempt to persuade the Japanese to join the European Union's plan to ratify the treaty without the Americans. But it looks increasingly likely that the Japanese will do nothing to upset the US, their main diplomatic and trading ally.

European leaders yesterday admitted that confidence in the Kyoto process may collapse if there is no breakthrough in the Bonn talks. Margot Wallström, European Commissioner for the Environment, conceded that negotiations in Japan and Australia had failed to win a pledge from the two governments to ratify the treaty without the involvement of the US.

"I clearly see the risk that the public and stakeholders lose confidence in the process if we do not make any steps in Bonn," Ms Wallström said.

Olivier Deleuze, the energy minister of Belgium, which holds the EU's rotating presidency, added: "If nothing moves forward in Bonn then we will lose momentum and the process will sink."

Brussels has still not given up hope of progress and argues that Japan and Australia remain committed to the Kyoto objectives, and to the discussions in Bonn.

(Published on Thursday, July 12, 2001 in the Independent / UK, excerpted by fair use.)

Bush Cuts 'Green' Aid to Third World

President George W Bush is undermining attempts by Third World countries to develop renewable sources of energy and fight global warming. He is planning to slash US aid to help them combat climate change, and is watering down an international initiative for the world's richest countries to promote solar, wind and other clean energy in developing nations.

As *MRR* goes to press, environment ministers will be meeting in Bonn, Germany, to see if they can agree on ways of implementing the Kyoto Protocol–which would reduce emissions of so-called "greenhouse gases" by 5.2 per cent in the next decade–without the US.

Many see the President's actions as self-serving and ludicrous, since he had cited the Protocol's failure to impose immediate pollution cuts on developing countries as a major reason for rejecting it. His actions also give the lie to a personal promise he gave last month to work with Third World countries "to reduce greenhouse emissions and maintain economic growth."

Bush Plans Health Coverage for Unborn:

If You're Out of the Womb and Poor, However, You're Still Out of Luck

In a country where 40 million people have no health insurance, the Bush administration is planning to offer publicly funded medical coverage to fetuses, in a move which pro-choice activists depict as a stealthy step towards outlawing abortions.

Under the plan, states would be allowed to redefine the fetus as "a targeted low-income child." As a result, pregnant women who do not, for any reason, qualify for Medicaid, the state-funded coverage offered to low-income families, could be provided with pre-natal care under the Children's Health Insurance Program (Chip).

That legal distinction is important, because the Supreme Court, in making its landmark Roe v Wade ruling in 1973 guaranteeing abortion, based its decision on the judgment that "the unborn have never been recognized in the law as persons in the whole sense."

Pro-choice advocates immediately denounced the Chip plan as a stealthy means of preparing the ground for an eventual ban on abortion.

Laurie Rubiner, vice president of the National Partnership for Women and Families, told the New York Times: "This is a backdoor attempt by the Bush administration to perpetuate its opposition to abortion rights. The real goal is to establish a legal precedent for granting personhood to fetuses"

The plan has been drawn up by the health secretary, Tommy Thompson, who is a longstanding opponent of abortion rights. However, his spokesman, Bill Pierce, denied that the measures concealed an anti-abortion agenda.

"They just give the states another tool to expand access to another population," he said yesterday. "States don't have to do this. This is simply another tool for them to use if they wish."

But he also confirmed that the plan would represent a step forward for those who believe that a fetus is a person with individual rights. "If the question is, is the secretary pro-life? The answer is yes," Pierce said. "So is the administration."

There are currently 43 million Americans without any form of health insurance, and 10 million of them are children under the age of 18. Medicaid provides basic services for the very poor, but many of the unemployed or low-income workers find that they are disqualified if they own an asset such as a car.

The Chip scheme was set up by President Bill Clinton to try to ensure that fewer children suffered as a result of this loophole, but when he was governor of Texas, George Bush attempted to block efforts to spread Chip coverage in poor Hispanic areas along the Mexican border, for budgetary reasons.

Chip is federally funded, but it was found that poor families who applied for Chip often found that they qualified for Medicaid, which is paid for out of state funds.

The plan currently being considered by Thompson does not stipulate how old a fetus must be in order to qualify for insurance, but the New York Times reported yesterday that some officials wanted to make the qualification age as early as theoretically possible, soon after conception.

"This is a transparent ploy to undermine birth control and abortion rights by granting 'personhood' to embryos and fetuses," said NOW President-elect Kim Gandy. "If George W. wanted to let states cover pregnant women under this program, he'd simply grant a waiver to every state that requested one -- something Bill Clinton had already started doing in January. Better yet, let's require this coverage," said Gandy.

"NOW challenges the White House and Bush supporters in Congress to mandate health coverage of low-income pregnant women. But this seems unlikely, since they already advocate cutting funds for such programs," Gandy continued. "All of these machinations have a political goal that is important to George W. Bush -- limiting birth control and abortion." Gandy noted that President Bush's budget sought to cut the Maternal and Child Health Block Grants that provide health care to women before, during and after pregnancy, and to freeze the Healthy Start program, which has been shown to reduce infant mortality and morbidity.

"Ultraconservatives haven't had enough success in Congress with the fetal-rights strategy for restricting abortion, so the White House has taken up their cause," Gandy explained. The U.S. House of Representatives recently passed the so-called Unborn Victims of Violence Act, which also sought to grant legal personhood to a fetus--refusing amendments that would protect pregnant women without a personhood requirement. The Senate has not yet taken up that bill.

"Endowing a fetus with more rights than a pregnant woman is more than a back door attempt to restrict abortion rights," Gandy said. "It's also a slap in the face to women everywhere."

Fire Destroys Abortion Clinic; 10-Year Anniversary of Operation Rescue

The Delta Women's Clinic, which was the target of anti-abortion arsonists in 1985, was destroyed in a fire Sunday, July 15th. The blaze resulted in no injuries, but the clinic's destruction leaves Baton Rouge, Louisiana, without a local abortion clinic. In 1987 four men were convicted on charges in connection with the firebombing of the Delta Women's Clinic. Officials declined to comment on whether the fire could be attributed to arson.

The clinic has also been the target of the anti-abortion group Operation Rescue, which staged protests in 1992 that resulted in 61 arrests. No doubt, it is hardly a coincidence that Operation Save America (formerly Operation Rescue) is protesting outside of Dr. George Tiller's reproductive health clinic in Wichita, Kansas, during the same week to "celebrate" ten years of national anti-abortion terrorism.

Delila F. Pierce initially ruled that the sodomy law is unconstitutional. After that ruling, the ACLU asked the judge to certify her ruling as a class action so that there would be no question that it would apply to every adult. Today, the judge granted the ACLU's request.

Four states--Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri--have sodomy laws that single out same-sex relationships, although Missouri's law has been struck down by a lower court. Eleven other states have sodomy laws that outlaw some forms of both heterosexual and homosexual activity.

Florida Supreme Court Denies Abortion Medicaid Coverage to Low-Income Women

On July 12th, the Florida Supreme Court ruled that low-income women with severe illnesses such as Grave's Disease, diabetes, lupus, and congenital heart disease are not entitled to Medicaid-funded, medically necessary abortions that could preserve their health. The Center for Reproductive Law and Policy (CRLP) and Florida's American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) argued that the ban, which was upheld last year by the First District Court of Appeal, violates women's right to choose abortion by denying them Medicaid coverage for potentially life-saving procedures.

"Today's decision ignores the profound effect that the funding ban has on poor women's ability to choose abortion in order to preserve their health if they suffer from conditions such as cancer and renal disease," said Bonnie Scott Jones, CRLP Staff Attorney and co-counsel on the case along with Larry Spalding of Florida's ACLU.

CRLP and the ACLU sued the state of Florida on privacy and equal protection grounds. Today's decision affirmed the ban solely on the privacy issue and refused to consider the claim that a failure to cover medically necessary abortions is tantamount to sex discrimination, stating that the lower courts did not address the issue. "It's outrageous for the state to provide a full range of reproductive health services to eligible men, including coverage for Viagra, yet turn around and deny similar health choices to poor women," said the ACLU's Larry Spalding. The Supreme Court's dissent stated that, "[This] issue...demands resolution and will undoubtedly wind its way back to this Court. In sum, the majority's act of judicial restraint appears to be without justification."

The majority of states examining Medicaid coverage for medically necessary abortions have determined that such bans are unconstitutional and have struck them down, including recent decisions in Arizona, Indiana and Texas.

Laws Skirted Using NAFTA Clause Lets Firms Sidestep Labor, Environment Rules

An obscure clause in the North American Free Trade Agreement is being used by corporations and investors to override local labor and environmental laws, bypassing established court systems in the process.

So far, as least 20 U.S., Canadian and Mexican corporations have seized on the chance to collect multimillion-dollar settlements from governments that thought they were only enforcing their own laws.

Governments that try to ban chemicals suspected of causing cancer have been sued by the companies that make the chemicals. A chain of funeral homes that lost a jury trial in Mississippi sued the U.S. government for damages. UPS is alleging that the state-owned postal service in Canada is unfair competition.

The common thread in each suit is that the government allegedly is "unfair," has damaged the investor and must pay.

The weapon they are using is Chapter 11 of the NAFTA treaty signed in 1993. Chapter 11--no relation to the Chapter 11 section of the U.S. Bankruptcy Code--was inserted into the treaty to make sure foreign investors are treated "fairly and equitably" by host governments.

But because of the way Chapter 11 is being used, "the balance of power between sovereign nations and corporations has shifted against governments, providing significant economic and legal strategic leverage to corporations," said Lydia Lazar, assistant dean at Chicago-Kent College of Law and an expert on NAFTA law.

The clause, Lazar said, "is a strategic windfall for companies unhappy with actions taken by local or federal governments, actions that impede or thwart their corporate ambitions."

Some critics, including Lazar, say Chapter 11 enables corporations to sue governments and collect damages if they feel existing laws damage their business. In so doing, the critics say, traditional international law is being turned upside down, more or less inadvertently.

Other experts worry the court proceedings, held before special NAFTA tribunals instead of traditional national courts, are too private and secretive.

Activists, especially environmentalists, say the NAFTA clause gives only companies and investors the legal power to take their complaints into court. Non-economic groups, including labor unions and environmentalists, cannot do that. The clause does not require the tribunals to hear the opinions of those outsiders, although they may if they wish.

All sides agree that Chapter 11 is an important evolution of international law and a step toward "private justice," even if it was not meant to be.

Todd Weiler, a Toronto lawyer specializing in NAFTA cases, argues that Chapter 11 encourages foreign investment by "giving small and medium-sized investors a remedy that might not be as available to them as to larger companies. It gives them a chance for a fair hearing."

The cases, whether filed by big or small companies, are having a major impact on governments and international law.

Methanex Corp., a Canadian company, makes the gasoline additive MTBE, banned by California Gov. Gray Davis after a study found the possible carcinogen in 10,000 groundwater sites in the state. Methanex claims $970 million in damages. The case is before a tribunal that includes former U.S. Secretary of State Warren Christopher.

Loewen Group Inc., a Canadian funeral company, wants $725 million from the U.S. government because a Mississippi jury convicted it of trying to drive a Mississippi funeral home out of business and fined it $500 million.

United Parcel Service, a U.S.-based courier company, has sued for "a minimum of" $230 million, alleging that Canada Post, the government-run Canadian postal system, is unfair competition.

Mondev International Ltd., a Canadian real estate development company, has filed a $50 million claim against the U.S. government because the Massachusetts Supreme Court and the U.S. Supreme Court rejected its suit in Massachusetts over a Boston project that went sour.

Metalclad Corp., a U.S. waste handling company, reached a $15.6 million settlement with the Mexican government last month. Metalclad said it had done extensive work to clean a landfill and build a hazardous waste plant in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, when a new state government killed the project. Metalclad said the project was legally authorized: The local government said the landfill stood above subterranean streams supplying water to local residents.

Supreme Court Places Limit on Detention in Cases of Deportable Immigrants

On June 28 the Supreme Court ruled today that the government may not detain deportable aliens indefinitely simply for lack of a country willing to take them. The 5-to-4 decision rejected the government's view, as argued by both the Clinton and Bush administrations, that immigration law authorized and the Constitution permitted indefinite, even lifelong detention of immigrants adjudged deportable but unable to be repatriated.

Justice Stephen G. Breyer's majority opinion said that because interpreting the law in that way would present a "serious constitutional threat" under the Fifth Amendment's guarantee of due process, the court would construe the law to permit only "reasonable" detention. Justice Breyer said that after six months of detention, if deportation did not seem likely in the "reasonably foreseeable future," the government would have to come up with special reasons for keeping someone in custody.

The immigration decision, Zadvydas v. Davis, No. 99-7791, will have an immediate impact on at least several thousand people. Many, like one of the two immigrants whose cases the justices reviewed, are natives of Cambodia, which has no repatriation agreement with the United States.

A Cambodian man, Kim Ho Ma, who was admitted to the United States as a refugee when he was a child and was later convicted in a Washington State court of a gang-related killing, was one of hundreds of people within the jurisdiction of the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit to challenge their prolonged detention.

That court, which sits in San Francisco and covers nine Western states, ruled in Ma's case in April 2000 that the Immigration and Naturalization Service lacked statutory authority to detain a deportable alien for more than a reasonable time beyond the 90 days required by the law. Ma, who had already served a state prison sentence for his crime, was ordered released from immigration detention after two years in custody.

The Supreme Court combined the government's appeal in his case with an appeal brought by Kestutis Zadvydas, who had lost a similar challenge before a different court, the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, in New Orleans. Mr. Zadvydas was born in 1948 to Lithuanian parents in a displaced persons camp in Germany. The family was admitted to the United States when he was a child. He compiled a long criminal record, served prison time and was eventually taken into immigration custody and ordered deported to Germany in 1994.

But Germany refused to accept him, because he is not a German citizen. Lithuania also disclaimed any responsibility. He remained in custody for three years until a federal district judge in New Orleans granted his petition for a writ of habeas corpus in 1997 and ordered him released. The Fifth Circuit overturned that decision and, declaring that immigration matters were "largely immune from judicial control," found no constitutional problem with his continued detention.

The appeals court allowed Zadvydas to remain free while he appealed his case.

The decision today was a forceful repudiation by the Supreme Court of the kind of deference to immigration policy that the Fifth Circuit invoked and that the government urged on the justices. Congressional and executive branch power over immigration "is subject to important constitutional limitations," Justice Breyer said. He also observed that "the Due Process Clause applies to all `persons' within the United States, including aliens, whether their presence here is lawful, unlawful, temporary or permanent."

The statute before the court requires a 90-day period of confinement for immigrants subject to a "final removal order," after which the government "may" continue the detention. These provisions were adopted as part of the same 1996 immigration law that the court reviewed in its decision on Monday that also rejected the government's legal interpretation and gave immigrants a right to judicial hearings to challenge deportation policies. Another provision of the same 1996 law, the Illegal Immigration Reform and Immigrant Responsibility Act, for the first time made detention mandatory for various categories of immigrants who are involved in deportation proceedings but who have not yet received a final order.

The case today did not address that provision, but Judy Rabinovitz, a senior staff counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union's immigrants' rights project, said the decision would offer significant help to legal challenges, currently under way, over the manner in which the mandatory detention policy is being carried out. The ruling "shows that the court is applying constitutional scrutiny to immigration policy and that immigrants are protected by the Constitution," Rabinovitz said.

Some 20,000 immigrants are now in I.N.S. detention. Under current policy and the court's interpretation today, those who are released from detention are not necessarily free of all restraint; they may be placed under various restrictions in the community, similar to probation. The majority opinion was joined by Justices Sandra Day O'Connor, John Paul Stevens, David H. Souter and Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

Resistenza!!!

A REPORT FROM THE G8 PROTESTS IN GENOVA

Some news from Italia; land of sun, pizza, the Wretched, and Berlusconi. Our prime minister decided for the meeting of the greatest eight nations to expose Genova to the world as a family jewel. This town is a port up in the northwest of Italy, with a strong trade union tradition and a big blood tribute paid to Nazi-fascists during WWII and to the Democratic Christian government during the second half of this century from anti-fascist workers on the dole. With a very high level of unemployment and almost ten years of trying to put itself back on the map as a modern European city with some horrible celebrations like the Colombiane (500 years of enslavement/discovery of America) or the international naval war fair, now the city is simply sieged by every kind of cop and secret service agent you could imagine, to protect the eight criminals from the strikers.

The Italian mass media has hunted those strikers that don't fall into the pacifist attitude from months, and the situation is simply one of panic. Besides the pacifists, the leftist parties, and all the thousands of non profit/solidarity associations, both secular and Catholic, another main actor in this theater of tragedy is the movement called White Overalls (Tutine Bianche); which has its roots in the old Autonomia Operaia movement and in the northern historical squats/community centers like Leoncavallo in Milano, Pedro in Padova, Rivolta in Venezia, and Corto Circuito in Roma. They were born as a national solidarity committee with the Zapatistas in Chiapas, acting over there with development projects and as an observer. But the aggressive attitude that some of their leaders had in Italy put them in the position to be the long-awaited first actor in the media. Some of them have already moved into typical political careers as city counselors or have made clear attempts to enter into parliament in the near future, perhaps in conjunction with one of the Italian communist groups, Rifondazione Comunista. In fact, with their statements and their actions, they play a hard-looking role, and are desperately trying to gain more adepts among those opposing globalization, but they cannot hide the truth of their relationship with green and leftist parties (actually, many members of Giovani Comunisti, the youth section of the Italian party Rifondazione Comunista, are part of the Tutine Bianche) and of their own involvement in politics (some of their leaders like Casarini and Farina took part more than once in elections, even in the 2001 ones. These are same people going on TV to declare war on the police for the Genoa G8, but these past days they have had meetings with Salvatore Ruggiero of the Italian Foreign Ministry, friend to Nobel "blood" Prize winner Kissinger) and his cabinet trying to diplomatically negotiate the demostrations to reduce any kind of real resistance.

They always talk about "Seattle-style protests," but we have seen them in action many times in Italy, and the show is always the same. Part one: they declare war, fill their mouths with big words and say they will siege and close down any meeting/forum. Part two: they ask for permitted marches and collaborate with police and political parties taking part in the protests. Part three: they appear at marches with their pads, plexiglass shields, helmets and protections, make a display in the front lines, take care that nobody has the insane idea to do something else (above all to smash banks' or multinationals' windows) and that the march can take place without any "problems." Part four: here is where they try to get revolutionary credibility... clashes with police! They used to confront police at the end of the route with plastic shields and benign objects, pushing in order to pass the "red line." But these clashes are fake ones! They usually take place when most of the protesters have gone away, but TV cameras are still present, and last just a few minutes. Moreover, the police don't use tear gas, which is their favorite weapon during clashes or riots. What these coordinated clashes work for is to build consensus on the Tute Bianche's role as hardcore protesters, while in practice giving no hassle to those in power. Their aim is to catch more and more potentially angry people, willing to really attack power and its meetings, and take them on a do-nothing-and-look-at-us fluffy side. So guess who the enemy has become for the mass media? The anarchist movement, punks, the old school commie Autonomia

Operaia movement and, last but not least, all the foreigners that don't fit in any classifications like Basque independentistas or northern European antifascists.

In this way the tension in these past days grew to incredible peaks; train stations closed, the Shengen euro treat was temporarily blocked and consequently police controls were placed on the borders and most importantly, Genova's downtown was totally divided from the rest of the suburbs with wire net walls, lager style. This Red Zone is a little West Berlin with lots of problems for its citizens, like no parking permits, cops everywhere always stopping you and checking, snipers on top of the buildings and balconies, families and friends divided, and shops closed. One of the biggest paradox is that many of these undercover pigs are from outside Genova and it has happened that a patrol tried to check another patrol various times with the risk of shots fired—so fucking lame. Also, there is the prohibition of putting your clothes out to dry on balconies and outside the windows on ropes, because "we're making a bad image," according the great communicator that's our prime minister. So as a protest the population is exposing every kind of underwear all around drying. But as usually happens in Italy, from the tension strategy in 1969, shit must happen, and so some envelope bombs exploded this week, one in a police precinct (one cop is risking the loss of an eye due to the bomb), another in a TV news office of a channel owned by Mr. Berlusconi, with consequent media hysteria, and the last one was discovered in front of one of the three soccer fields squatted to make the hospitality strikers' camp and deactivated five minutes before detonation by special forces. Another envelope with a couple of bullets was sent to a pacifist leader, Agnoletto, as the typical mafia alert.

In this terroristic way, the government decided to open a new cemetery, 500 meters square, bought 250 coffins, and finally involved the army for the first time in history of the Italian republic. Special tanks and jeeps with water shooters are the news, from Mussolini to Berlusconi and his post-fascist minister, it seems that the time is turning way back. Pressure been made on the bus rental companies to not make the buses available, and also the ships already rented by various organizations in Naples were canceled due to a strange interest of the police towards the owner. There are also protests from jails; entire blocks of empty cells waiting on strikers in Genova, Torino, Milano and the special high security prison in Voghera are almost empty, with the prisoners sent all over the peninsula—with the logicistical problems of family and lawyers so far away that nobody can check the sudden over-population and conditions of the new and hopefully temporary solution, obviously thinking that a prisoner is like a sack you can move where and whenever you want. Just after the bombs exploded, the cops all over Italy checked anarchist squats and militant's houses in Torino, Milano, Napoli, and Roma.

Street fights at the border with Swiss and France during the check of convoys of strikers, an attempt to block a bike strike—in the vein of critical mass—traveling from northern Europe to Genova, special trains that take between five and nine hours to go what normally takes a couple of hours, some German comrades expelled from the country and some others already arrested, extremely violent riots in Barcelona against strikers coming into Italy, Italians from other towns blocked with a cease and desist order to go in Genova and, this morning, in Bari, a fascist-bonehead attack on strikers attending to the special train going to Genova. This morning, suddenly and without giving any particular notice, the port is closed from a long wall of cargo ship container on two file. At noon the spokesman for the Tutine Bianche, Luca Casarini, announced in front of a million journalists and TV cameras that they won't wear the white coveralls during anti G8. I think this could be a good thing, erasing any visible difference between the strikers during an eventual riot. These are the latest news—today at 17.00 there will be the first demo, the immigrant one. More news soon. I would like to thank all the people at *MRR*. Ora e sempre Resistenza!!!

19/07/01 Thursday, somewhere in hell
—Corrado Riot.

Hot and sunny, a couple of lemons in the pocket against the effects of teargas, a recurring Ratos De Porão song in my head, a bandana on my face, and let's stick their globalization up their ass.

Greece's government sent an official protest for the police brutality against their citizens that fought in Ancona yesterday. They just came down in ferry boats and later were expelled. They asked the resignation of the city prefect and the police superintendent. Paradoxically, three Italian city counselors from left parties were blocked there trying to negotiate, hit and expelled with the Greeks. Forced political asylum? The worst taste of fascism is in everybody's mouth in these days.

In the early morning the two anarchist squats in town, Inmensa and Pinelli, were sieged by cops that blocked in around thirty people.

As the G8's premiers landed in the Genova airport around 12.00 am, the riots started in the west suburbs just besides the red zone, in the labyrinth of streets around the central train station, Brignole. The most violent part takes action from Buenos Aires Boulevard and Torino Street to Tommaseo Square and Savonarola Square, where punx, anarchists, and autonomen, both Italian and foreigners (what the media call Neri-Blacks) fought for a long time with an enormous group of pigs. Dumpsters and recycling bins helped to defend the demo—cars were on fire too. Cops limited their action until the back of this demo, and they then suddenly charged very violently, provisional arresting strikers, injuring some persons, most of them from the diy sanitary service organized by the striker co-ordination, observers/lawyers from the self defense committee, journalists and TV troupes, and generally people without any kind of weapons. Cops used new tanks with special tools against barricades, new gas masks, and a new type of tear gas for short distance or body-to-body fighting that looks like a little fire extinguisher with a gun handle. Their charge resulted in the total disbandment of the demo, so a lot of groups of strikers began to move around the zone engaging in little fights with cops and trying to connecting to the white overalls' demo that started a while before. The very big demo, composed by the Genoa Social Forum (white and pink blocks, plus a lot of others) was moving headed by the security service of white overalls, but without wearing them. They decided to not carry any offensive weapons with them, but only their shield, tubular inside parts of tires, supermarket carts, and some other kind of pads and to enter in the red zone, just making the pigs see how they're good family guys and asking "please let me in." So they refused to permit groups coming from the fights armed with sticks and stones to join the demo. There were also some moments of tension between the blacks and the w.o. security service—such a shame.

The media calculated around 80,000 strikers in the west zone of Genova, and in the bigger demo you could meet people from all over the world. From organic French farmers to Basque independentistas, to African volunteers, to the Kurdistan liberation front, South Americans and Europeans, also freedom theology priests and left-catholic organizations were represented.

At around 3 pm when the front of the demo arrived at the walls of the red zone, the fight began again, and they kicked the shit out of the strikers. For the bunch of fascist bastards that's our national police, it took less than a puff of cigarette to completely smash the w.o.security without any offensive weapons. Teargas bombs were raining and the lemons were useless. There was a very large number of slightly injured and provisional arrested strikers and the demo stopped there, very near the train station in one of the little boulevards in this typical Mediterranean port. The biggest part of the strikers disbanded way back or in little streets around there, and the population helped strikers escape the pigs. The classic Italian art of fixing everything somehow helped to began an active resistance with good results but by 4 pm the cops changed strategy and decide to charge very deeply outside red zone and hunt strikers everywhere. They sent the trucks and jeeps up front to hit barricades and strikers too.

The black block reappeared around the city prison, throwing molotov cocktails and then moving again towards red zone. The air was unbreathable from the gas. The chaos was reigning, and people from the info center, from the Genoa Social Forum, from the pink and from the white block began to accuse the black block of working with the cops and fights erupted between the security services of different blocks. The main accusation of them is that they are almost protected to provoke and almost escorted by the cops while the bigger demo run by. "The disobedient block" received the most violent charge from the cops and was paying the higher tribute in order of arrest and injured comrades.

Five carabinieri (army cops) disguised as anarchists, clubs in their hands, were seen talking to a Marshall in uniform in front of the carabinieri station in Piazza Kennedy. The cops are free to act however the fuck they want and they beat arrested people with extreme violence without any consideration of age or sex, also simple citizens, lawyers and journalists. They acted like a street gang, after two of their armored trucks were burned they went totally gone nuts, every person in their way is an enemy and the insults against the "communists" shouted from marshals to encourage the pigs are very well heard from witnesses. They also decided to attack a couple of squares where pacifists and trade unions were demonstrating in a peaceful way, absolutely avenging something that happened to them. And suddenly everybody understood by the radio strike. There is one of them in hospital down the irons of a surgeon.

Some people in different parts of the red zone passed the wire net walls, the first was a girl who passed by in Dante Square and was injured by a cops with a water cannon directly in the face at short distance, some other persons that passed by were violently attacked and thrown out of their fucking G8 ghetto. The attacks against the wire net walls opened various holes and in some places the pigs put their armored trucks against the damaged walls, motor on, to sustain it. There were also a lot of trucks with water cannons from the forest protection corp and civil protection corp used to wash away the strikers and this is unconstitutional because the nature of the two volunteer corps. The noise of the helicopters was very intense and they dangerously bomb the strikers with tear gas from them. From 5:30 pm on they decided to send back all the strikers to the suburbs where the squatted soccer stadiums are and are acting this time leaving a way of escape, but firmly and with the usual violence. The main demo remained united, but the people were tired and almost with no more defensive weapons. At 6 pm there was the official news—at least one death is confirmed. By police, by media, by comrades and eye-witnesses. Most people think it was a men-height tear gas but the armored truck hit is another possibility. In fact a Reuters photographer saw a group of demonstrators attack a Carabinieri van with stones. A protester was hit in the head by gunfire from the van after throwing a fire extinguisher at the vehicle then fell to the ground and then was run over by a Carabinieri jeep on Caffa Street, the photographer said. Probably a Spanish guy in his twenties. At 18.30 the bigger part of strikers are in the Carlini Stadium sieged as well as the other squatted stadiums, there was a public assembly in Kennedy Square but a lot of strikers were blocked in, and in town there was still some resistance against the state killers but everything was beginning to calm down, also there were still fires burning, a lot smoke in the air with the helicopters, at 19:00 there was the announcement that tomorrow there would be still the demo and a quest for an immediate dismissal of Chief of the Police and Internal Minister, the police tomorrow must be consigned for his attitude towards the violent confrontation and his behavior. The police brutality is down in the eyes of everybody. Around thirty cops were injured and around 500 strikers. I've got no info about injured strikers. I've got no more tears.

Hell, 20/07/01 Corrado Riot.

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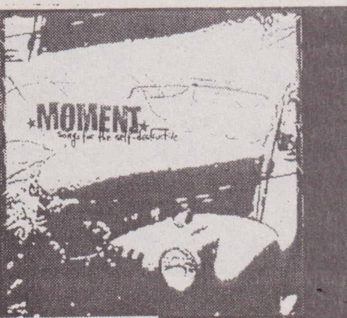

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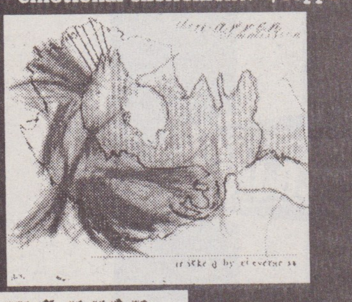

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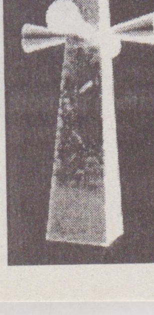

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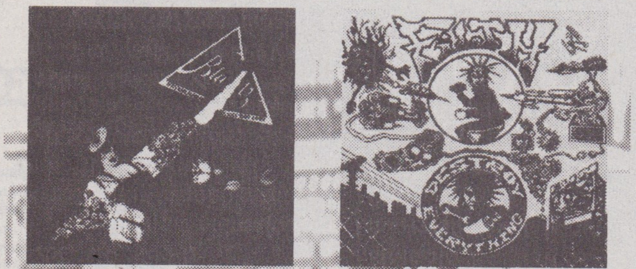

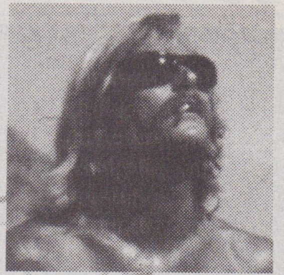

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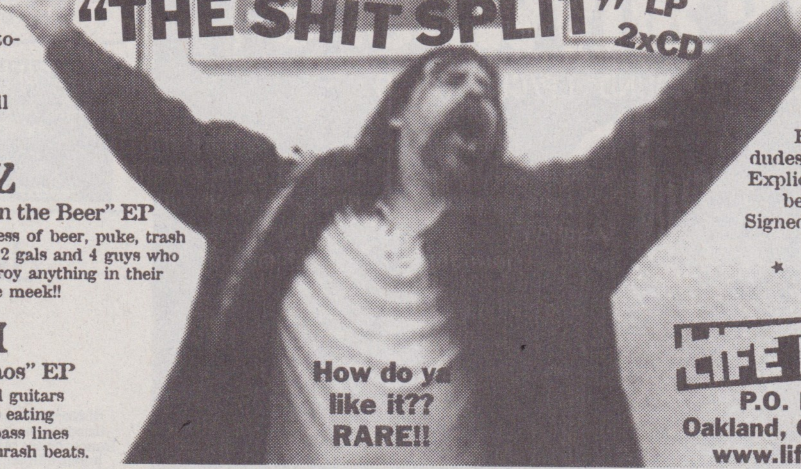
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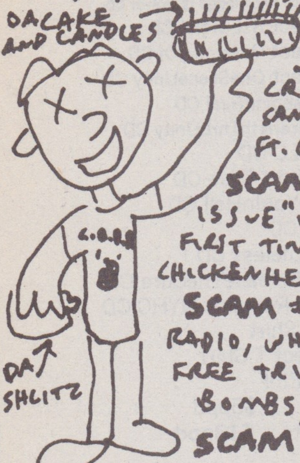

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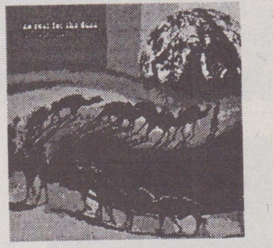

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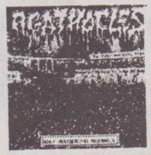

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SCENES

ARGENTINA
NUNCA MAS

Hello everyone, this is Fedex with his "MRR SouthAm Special" column about Argentinian zines.

I´ll start first with my zine, *Defcult*. *Defcult* is actually the short name for Deformacion Cultural. We´ve been doing this for two plus years, and four issues have hit the streets already. We cover punk, hc and emo, basically, and we try to include other inspiring and thought provoking sectors of youth not related to hc-punk, but we haven't succeed in that yet. Everyone thinks this is a sXe zine, and that´s not true. Many of the people involved in the making of this zine are straight edge, but we don´t consider or even intend the product to be sXe. #4 features an interview with CATHARSIS from their SouthAm tour, other local interviews, reviews and lots of columns, plus it was top ten rated in last February´s *MRR*. #5 will feature BLUE WATER BOY from Switzerland, ANIMO from Buenos Aires and articles about Davos Vs Port Alegre, EZLN and vegetarians eating out in Buenos Aires. (PO BOX 1424, C1000WAO, Buenos Aires, Argentina (this contact also works for RECONCILE: my youth crew sXe band, and *XRevolucionX* : a sXe newsletter)

Hazlo Tu Mismo is kind of the biggest zine around. It was started by four guys who had already been doing zines for a while and decided to join strength and come up with this great zine. #10 came out a little while ago and features "Art Special Issue part II" with lots of interviews with influential figures of punk/hc/emo in art design and stuff like that. It also features columns, reviews and interviews with great bands and labels. A very good zine I would check out. (CC 213, Suc 12B, Buenos Aires, Argentina)

Tiempo de Cambio started circa 1993 as a straight edge hardcore punk zine. All through its history, *TDC* was very influential in and out of the sXe scene. Lately the editor lost the edge but the content didn´t change that much. Of course there´s no more pro-edge (and maybe some anti-sXe depending on your sensibilities), but the wacky stories about ghosts, the drawings, the reviews, and the great layout are still coming. #15 features ramblings from the editor about his journey to Brazil, some columns about #unity (Buenos Aires´ own punk rock chatroom), reviews and the usual. (PO BOX 4524, 1000, Buenos Aires, Argentina) (this contact also works for YODA: a hc band).

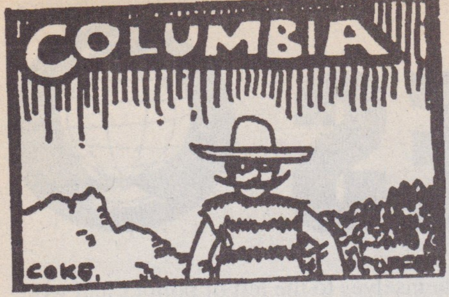
El Hereje is a zine done by student kids. Three or four kids who align themselves to the left of politics and write almost always about leftist things. They seem to be obsessed with French May or something. They try to release it every change of season, four times a year. Between the summer and the fall issue (because here in the southern hemisphere we got it all the way around) they put out #3 and 1/2 "Christmas Special". Fucking awesome reading. This is my favorite zine nowadays. (el_hereje@hotmail.com)

There´s this other big zine called *Natural Mystic* which has been going for a long time. It´s more Oi! and crust oriented. I would dare to state that the editor will orient NM to wherever the rest of the scene is not oriented. That can be very positive as he gives attention to things no one else does, but at the same time it can be a little boring to be antagonistic in such an established way. #13 came out lately and features columns, reviews, an interview with DETOX DARLINGS, and lots of letters from readers. The layout is readable but it´s not my idea of "nice," Maybe it´s a little too untidy. (PO BOX 3893, C1000WBM, Buenos Aires, Argentina) (this contact works also for 720°: a hc band, and AMP: a hc label)

A split issue between two zines from the interior of the country. *Disarm* (#4) and *Mañana los chicos serán primeras* (#12). They are both collage xeroxed kind of zines, so the split was also collage and xeroxed. *Disarm* is pure punk rock on paper, writings about every topic punk may have ever reached, plus some interviews. *Mañana los...* is more on the personal side of punk, the editor always includes interviews with zines which I consider very positive. (*Disarm*: 9 de Julio 2340, Dto. 3, 2000, Rosario, Santa Fe, Argentina.) (DISARM happens to be a band also) (*Mañana los...* Dto 168, Albatroz 27, Punta Alta, 8109, Buenos Aires, Argentina)

From Mendoza comes *No Hay Futuro* zine. HC and punk oriented. This was out of existence for a while because the editor had personal problems that kept him from doing his zine, but now that some of the obstacles are behind him he´s back on track. #5 features interviews with Argentinian bands, some columns and tons of reviews. NHF brings up the old formula of columns-interviews-reviews but it doesn´t feel repetitive since it´s from a town that I don´t usually read zines from. (PO BOX 88, 5500, Mendoza, Argentina)

These are the things I know most about, there are many more, but my lack of knowledge will only led you to misinformation and that´s not what I´m writing this column for. It´s worth mentioning that people who read and or write zines are not around as much as a couple of years ago, noticing that there´s no sXe zines anymore is a fact that should help you see what I mean. I believe zines are a very special and important part of hardcore and punk and should not be left aside. See ya around, Fedex.



by Heiiodoro Arango C.

At first, I want to greet to everybody, to the people who read this report, wherever you are. I don't really know how well informed people are about the Colombian scene in the genres of punk hardcore, metal and underground music in general.

Colombia is a country situated in the northwest extreme of South America. There are 37 million inhabitants. My country had passed through a lot of problems: violence, illegal drug commerce, civil wars, guerrillas, political corruption, poverty, economic crisis, etc. In spite of all these problems, people work and study and make efforts to achieve their goals.

Now, let's see a little about the history of the Colombian scene:

In the city of Medellin, the first punk people appeared in 1982-83; and of course, the first bands appeared: DANGER, IRA, GP, HARTOS DE TI, DESADAPTADOS. It is important to note that those bands are still playing. In 1985 some other bands appeared and began playing, but nowadays they aren't playing (they have disappeared): MUTANTES, P-NE, PICHURRIAS, NN' NO' GLOSTER GLADIATOR, and others.

In Bogota, the Colombian capital city, some bands appeared from 1986, they are: LA PESTILENCIA, DEMENCIA, MORGUE. They are still playing.

From 1987 until nowadays, a great deal of bands have appeared. For example: ANTIDOTO, FERTIL MISERIA, AGRESION SOCIAL, CENSURA DESARME, ESKORIA, LIBRA EL CONJUNTO, ANTICKIA PODRIDA, DENUNCIA PUBLICA, ATAQUE DE SONIDO, DISKORDIA, BSN, DEXCONCIERTO, HERPES, RESTOS DE TRAGEDIA, CIVILIZACION SALVAJE, FUTURO SIMPLE, and others that I don't remember now. Some others have appeared recently in the last four years: EXTREMO-D, GEMINIS, ATOMIC WEIGHT, RADIKAL GRIND, LO KE KEDA, KONTRA-ORDEN, POLIKARPA & SUS IFICIOSAS, EXCOMULGADOS and ACRACIA. It's important to know that the band ACRACIA (from Bogota) is living in Germany now.

There are other bands who have appeared, from 1995, in other Colombian cities. They are: LOS CHICHARRINES, RESISTENCIA, CRISIS and AGRESION MENTAL (from Cali city), SOCIOS A LA FUERA, CLOWN HC, MARIA JUANA NO SE HA MUERTO (from Pereira city) and CRISIS HUMANA (from Ibague city). They are still playing.

Now, let's talk about' zines. In Medellin appeared the first zines, like: *No Sirve*, *Vision Rockera* (which later changed its name to *Nueva Fuerza*). Now, we have other zines which have kept on working: *Infrasonido*, *Seventzine*, *El Rockero*, *Ritualtzine* and *Protesta Atomika* zine.

In the first years (1982-85), the Colombian scene wasn't as large as it is nowadays, because there were few bands and people. Besides, in that time, the metal people and the punks didn't get along well because of differences in the ideologies and attitudes. This caused some riots between people of both tendencies. Nowadays, there is not violence as there was in the old times. Everybody is in their scenes (metal, punk, etc) but the difference between punkers and metal people is very marked.

There is a movement of SHARP skins in some cities: Medellin, Bogota, Cali and Pereira. In Bogota some SHARP skins are very violent. They go to the punk concerts to fight and to cause riots. In the other cities, the SHARPS aren't violent.

About the ideology: punk hardcore bands in Colombia aren't very political. In their songs, they sing about many things: violence, political corruption, social problems, etc. Everyone has different points of view and opinions. There is a certain respect for the ideologies among the people in the scene.

Now, let's talk about labels and distributors. Here in my country, they work and support themselves by their own resources (Do It Yourself). The Colombian labels that are working nowadays are: Mutante Records, Bajo Perfil, Lumpen Records, and Geminis Music.

Concerts: In the Colombian cities, most of the punk-HC concerts are done with local bands. Sometimes, the bands from one city go to play in another city. A few foreign punk bands have played in Colombia in the last five years (1995-2000). They are: NOTOKEN (Ecuador), APATIA-NO, RECICLAJE and RENUENCIA (Venezuela), COPROFILIA (Mexico), AGNOSTIC FRONT (USA), 2 MINUTOS and ARGIES (Argentina), LOS PRISIONEROS (Chile) and DESORDEN PUBLICO (Venezuela).

Some metal bands have played in Colombia from 1983-2000. They are: ARGUS (USA), SANTUARIO (Brazil), BARON ROJO (Spain), QUIET RIOT (USA), CATHEDRAL (England), EMINENCE (Brazil), SODOM and KREATOR (Germany), MEGADETH (USA), ROTTING CHRIST (Greece), METALLICA (USA), SEPULTURA (Brazil) and ARKANGEL (Venezuela). Most of those bands have played in Bogota, the capital city.

We haven't seen European punk bands play in our country. Here, it's very difficult to bring foreign punk bands to play in Colombia; that's because of the lack of money and because the authorities (police, government) make a lot of problems. They ask for a lot of permission, papers and shit like that.

Now, let's see the actual situation of Colombia. In the political field, the situation is not very good, because there have been a lot of problems inside the government. We have discovered cases of politicians implicated in illegal acts (corruption, robbery, etc). Besides, the government has been having dialogues with the armed movements (FARC, self-defense movements) in order to solve conflicts that have happened in the last few years. Also, the armed subversive movements have been attacking the civilian population.

The economic situation is not good. There are a lot of people living in total poverty. The refugees are a clear example of this. They are people who have moved from the fields to the large cites looking for a better way of life. When they arrive in the cities, they have to face a lot of problems: insecurity, hunger, lack of job opportunities, etc. Besides, the government has imposed a lot of taxes on the services and industrial products in general (food, cleaning stuff, drinks, clothes, etc).

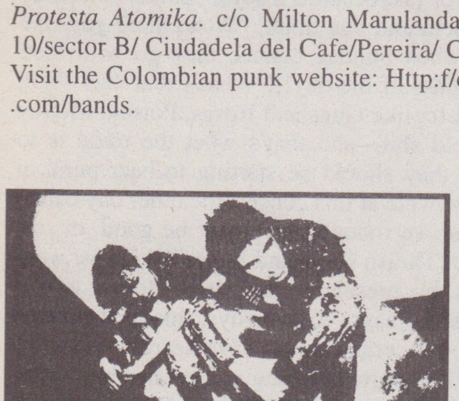
Finally, I want to say that the Colombian scene is large. There are a lot of bands and it's very difficult to me to review them here. Some Colombian bands are known in some countries abroad and have obtained a good response. Labels and distributors have helped in the task of distributing and trading music of Colombian bands with bands from abroad.

Contacts of Interest

Bands:
FERTIL MISERIA. c/o Piedad Castro/AA.9288/Medellin/ Colombia.
IRA. c/o David Viola/AA.49190/ Medellin/ Colombia.
ANTI-TODO. c/o Heliodoro Arango/AA.51968/Medellin/ Colombia.
GP. c/o Mauricio Comez/AA.52554/ Medellin/ Colombia.
DESARME. c/o Alexander Castillo/AA.21078/Bogota/ Colombia.
RESISTENCIA. c/o Hlian Naranjo. AA.25611/Cati/ Colombia.
ACRACIA. c/o Oswaldo Amezquita. Manuela Schmidtke. Steilshooperstr.219. 22307/Hamburg/ Germany/ Europe.
LO KE KEDA. c/o Leonardo./M.80407/Emigado (Ant.3)/ Colombia.
SOCIOS A LA FUERZA. c/o Alejandro Escobar/ Manzana G/Casa 1O/ Urb/Maracay/ Pereira/ Colombia.
Email: socios a la fuerza@hotmail.com .
CLOWN HC. c/o Milton Marulanda/Manzana 18/casa 10, sector B/
Ciudade-la del Cafe/Pereira/ Colombia.
CRISIS HUMANA. c/o Mauricio Avila/Bloque 15, apto.101/Multifamiliares El lordan/Ibague (Tolima)/ Colombia.
GEMINIS. AA.51968/Medellin/ Colombia.

Labels and distributors:
Bajo Perfil Rec. c/o Federico Rodriguez/AA.772/Medellin/ Colombia. Email: paokarpa@hotmail.com.
Anti-Records. c/o Diego Builes
Geminis Music. c/o Heliodoro Arango/AA.51968/Medellin/ Colombia.
Bulletins and Magazines:

Ritual Zine. c/o Ricardo Arciniegas/AA.5224/Ipiales (Narino)/ Colombia. Email: ritualzine3@1_tin ail.com.
Infrasonido. /Ah.51968/Medellin/ Colombia.
Email: heliodoro@eudoramail.com.
Protesta Atomika. c/o Milton Marulanda./Manzara 18, casa 10/sector B/ Ciudadela del Cafe/Pereira/ Colombia.
Visit the Colombian punk website: Http:f/colombian-punk.8m.com/bands.



Bands

The first wave of punk in Ecuador was in the mid to late 80s when a now extinct band DESCONTROLADOS put out two LPs´ *Piedad (Pity)* and *Descontrolados*. They played punk rock but by the second LP their sound was influenced by pop and new wave and it is evident in their final release. They played several gigs, but the band disappeared due to a tragic death of one of its members.

In the beginning of the 90s there was a surgence of important bands. One of these was CHANCRO DURO from Quito, who played grind with a bit of hardcore—very noisy. They released four cassettes, a CD and several comps, all of which were released by the band. NOTOKEN, extreme hardcore, their first demo was released in '93, then they did one with Agathocles, and another with C.F.D.L. from Japan. they released a 7" and another demo afterwards.

KAOS from Guayaquil have a demo, a 7", and several comp tracks. They play hardcore/punk with lots of power but it seems that they might have split up by now.

MORTAL DECISION a hardcore/punk band from Quito, have two demos and several comps, one of them being a CD comp from Ecuador.

From the capital also are the now disappeared ENEMIGO PUBLICO. A fun and melodic punkcore band, released two demos that got good distribution. All of these bands were around between '92 and '94.

LOS CONTRAVENTORES a very raw hardcore band from Ambato, Ecuador. To date, they have only put out a demo which gave them some problems due to the lyrics of one of their songs. They made some adjustments and are around again and ready to go into a studio to record again.

RUIDO DE ODIO started out playing chaotic grind noise put out four EPs, several demos, and tons of comps. They now play powerful hardcore/crust and are very active to date.

TOCATTA & BULLA from Latacunga, Ecuador. These nuts play a mix of thrash/crust/grind/power violence and the result, well, just imagine it. They have a demo and a mini CD put out by Profane Existence Far East.

N.T.N. play hardcore/punk and have some other influences from Guayaquil. They have a demo out and some comp stuff. They are about to record again.

AM-NECIA an active and honest band from Guayaquil. they play streetpunk with a lot of rage. They have a demo available and they will release something new soon. They can also be found on some comps.

DISTORCION SOCIAL, punks from Ambato with lots of energy. This band has two demos and a 3-way split with PESMENBEM and DESPISE YOU.

INFEXION, a hardcore/grind band from Guayaquil have been on several comps and have a demo available.

MALTRATED PUBLICO is a rhythmic punk band without abandoning their rawness and power. Also have a demo out.

These last two bands are at this moment are not playing out.

PESMENBEN IV, another active band from Ambato who play a really fast, noisy, hardcore grind, power violence. They have several releases, a 3-way split tape and another 4-way split.

RATAQUE recently appeared on a CD comp and have a debut demo that they self-released.

REBELLION DISIDENTE which is my band. We're on a 4-way split with RUIDO DE ODIO, PESMENBEN, and E.D.M.; a CD comp with a band from Latin America. We just recorded and are ready to release some new stuff. We play a violent, fast, punk, grind, crust.

So on this path, we've seen bands appear and vanish throughout all areas of the country. All have left a mark on what is today a solid and active movement.

Also bands like:
N.P.H. - noise punk core.
M.O.M. - chaotic grind noise.
A LA PATADA - grind noise movement.
SHIT 700 - grind noise crust, (actually this band is from Chile).
GUSAND DE CHOCLO - grind noise punk.
E.D.M. - crust core power violence and a ton of others who for different reasons have thrown in the towel.

Zines and Other Publications

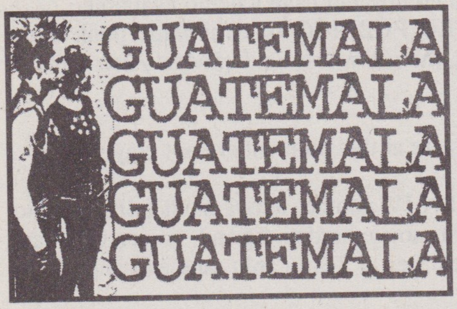
Actually there are about three that are really involved within the punk scene. *Patriota Muerto* it's a bulletin that's been in circulation for quite sometime now. *Xperimentar* which just put out their first issue. And *Voz Rebelde* which is about to put out their third issue. All of which are dedicated to supporting bands who are politically and socially active.

Labels and Distros

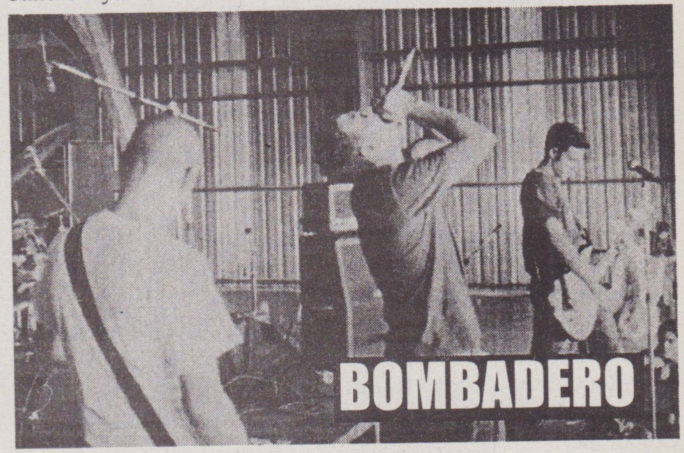
We have Chivolo Diskos, X.P.E. Distro, Lasergrind Rec., Grabaciones Insalubres & Resistencia Rec, which is my label.

Here are contact addresses for most of the people/bands/etc. mentioned above. Thanks and hope to hear from you all. —David.

Chancro Duro/Ap. Postal/Quito/ Ecuador
AMNECIA, c/o Fernando/Ap. Postal/Guayaquil/ Ecuador
N.T.N., c/o Daniel/Ap. Postal/Guayaquil/ Ecuador
RUIDO DE ODIO/Chivolo Diskos, c/o Jose Jimenez/Ap. Postal/ Guayaquil/ Ecuador
MORTAL DECISION/Ap. Postal/Quito/ Ecuador
CONTRAVENTORES, c/o Oscar/Ap. Postal/Ambato/ Ecuador
TOCCATA & BULLA, c/o Santiago/Ap. Postal/Latacunga/ Ecuador
KAOS, c/o, Ap. Postal/Guayaquil/ Ecuador
NOTOKEN, c/o Ap. Postal/Guayaquil/ Ecuador
REBELION DISIDENTE/*Voz Rebelde*/ Resistencia Rec., David/Ap. Postal/ 09 02 368/Guayaquil/ Ecuador



My name is Diego, and I'm gonna talk about the Guatemalan hardcore scene. Well, the scene that I know started in '88-'89 (I just heard of this this year) by some North Americans that were here on an exchange program. Well, they were very influenced by the Washington DC scene (they came from DC). So they loved Minor Threat, Void, Faith, Government Issue and bands like that. They decided to form a band, (I don't remember the name, that's the bad thing!) They started playing shows in schools, cause that's the only place they could play. So they saw people that liked that! They claim to have started the mosh pits here in Guatemala! They even recorded a 7" here in Guatemala and sold it out! How impossible is that? The thing is, this band broke up in '89. This guy who told me about this, Jack, formed a new band but this band (why don't I know the names?) was more influenced by Fugazi-style and, guess what, they put a 7" out again, (damn, I think it's the only Guatemalan band that has done it). Later that year everyone went back to the USA and the scene totally disappeared. I don't know anyone of that time that saw any of those shows or has the 7". I wish that I could hear it, because I want to learn how the scene was compared to our scene at this moment. I want to know what happened to all the people who were in the scene and why they didn't keep on building it. I think if the scene never stopped in '89, we could have gone bigger. But it stopped and didn't come back until '93-'94, when this band, CHAMARRA SHUCA started playing. I think they didn't play many shows, or record anything. But they were some of the initiators of the sk8 scene at the moment. Back in '94 they were just like ten skaters in the whole country. Later, former members of that band started another band called, DOMESTIC FOOL, and are still playing. They have done some great stuff by themselves. They just released a CD. I really don't know how to categorize this band's style.


BOMBADERO

The really bad thing about Guatemala is that, Guate is a very uncivilized country when it comes to music and stuff like that. Here we have the famous "Rockeros": Rockers. Dude, you see them and they look so damn tough and everything, with their black pants, black shirts of bands that they don't even know of, or just because it says, "Satan," they buy it. I mean you see them and you think, "Wow, these guys are very satanic!" But when Sunday comes, they go with their parents to the first mass of the day!!! What's that?!?!? Well, the music they listen to, like Guns and Roses, Poison, Motley Crue, and all that old shit—and that's what the trend is to them. So I imagine they should be starting to hear punk in 2060 or so! Dude, we were at this concert the other day called "Thrash Attack," and we though this might be good, or one other thing they call "Thrash Guns and Roses"!!! So we went there, and there was this presenter that was so stoned, telling these dumbass jokes. He says, "Okay guys, this next band is the most aggressive, fast, crazy band I have heard!!!!" So, we were like, "Yeah!" They started playing and guess what? They played a song called "Desert of Tears." Damn it sounded like Metallica, dude, but the new stuff!!! So we were out of there in a flash!!

So back into history. In '96, the Guatemalan "Golden

Years" started!! Why name it that? Because to me, these were the best years in the scene. The first band that started playing was JARKOR, hardcore in Spanish. It was a band formed by skaters, that brought back the scene. They play NY hardcore mixed with other styles. Then their friends who were in a band that was already playing, called PUNKS AGAINST PREPS asked me to play drums, so I did. We changed our name to SKUNX SK8 punks, (back in that time, every member of every band was a sk8er). We played more sk8 punk since that was what we were into. Some people told us that we sounded like Minor Threat. Later that year, another band was formed called SUBLIMINAL VEX. They played more of a West Coast style of sk8 punk, like SKUNX. These bands played in a lot of sk8 contests, since in late '96 there was the first sk8 shop. The dude that owns it did lots of contests, and we played and the sk8ers loved the music. Every concert that these bands did, everyone went. I loved these years, because the mosh pits were so huge. In late '97, there was another band formed, PND. They also played sk8 punk. There also were the first power violence, noise bands ever in Guatemala. It started with this band called SI, who actually played some good songs, and this band called AUTORIDAD CRIMINAL, that were more of a noise-grind style. I remember there were concerts every week. People would fill the shows so the owners of the places liked that and asked us for more shows. In "El Papa", everyone's favorite sk8 spot at the time, would fill up on the weekends and everyone would be asking if someone knew this "new band" that somebody just knew of. This lasted until mid '98, when a lot of sk8ers became "preps". That is the sad part of all of this. Some members of JARKOR left the band, so SKUNX broke up, and some members went into JARKOR and changed the name to "BOMBADERO". Then PND kicked their singer out and called themselves "HARDFLIP". The band SI turned sell-out and started playing covers of Korn. How sad is that?

JERK

DIFERENTE EXPECATIVA

STEREO CADENA

AUTORIDAD CRIMINAL broke up as well, I only head these guys once. So more into the "prep scene", ha ha ha. Well, these guys like to dress up like fucking models, you see, like in a fucking fashion magazine. Dude they spent like $2000 on one pair of shoes and one pair of pants. Another thing is that I read in a magazine (this ain't no joke!), that Guatemala is the second country in the world that has the biggest population of "suburbans". You know, the Chevrolet car! And, in fact, Guatemala is a very poor country, but there's a lot of these guys, and I mean a lot. They just like to get drunk and kick everyone's ass!! And they suck ass!!

So, in early '99, I was talking to Andres, former singer of AUTORIDAD CRIMINAL, and we started talking about starting the straight edge scene, so we did. FUERZA X, started playing and we brought the scene back. We are the ones that put on the shows those days in '99. There were only three bands and they were: FUERZA X, BOMBADERO, and HARDFLIP. The scene was very small, since most of the sk8ers and guys that supported the scene turned into preps!! Then the new year came, '00. This year is now the best year in the age of the scene. It was the second time that a band from another country came here. The first was an Argentinean band called 2 MINUTOS, and the second a crust band from Mexico, who were called COPROFILIA. Later that year, another str8edge band formed called DIFERENTE EXPECATIVA. These guys are awesome! They play old school-youth crew. Then after some shows and contacts, I started to hear new bands that I never heard of. There were three. The first band was called X-LARGE. These guys are Christian Str8edge and play New School Hardcore. Then I heard of WARNING. The first time I heard of these guys, I didn't like it that much because they played too slow and too old school punk. But I heard them recently, and they're kicking ass - they have gotten a lot better! And lastly, TAOS. This band is more influenced by crust and old school punk. HARDFLIP changed their name to JERK. The biggest show ever for me, was this year, in late October. The bands who played were: FUERVA X, BOMBADERO, JERK, and DIFERENTE EXPECATIVA. This show was so awesome. It was full and everyone was having fun. There were sing-a-longs, dances and everything. I think this is the most memorable show of all!! The biggest problem that Guatemala has is to not grow more in the scene. Guatemala City is the only city in the whole country, and its mostly little villages, not like Costa Rica that has many cities. That's why they have a bigger scene than us. And lastly, the last band that has formed is BORDE RECTO. Some guys say that this band can be compared to VARSITY, with members of FUERZA X and the str8edge crew. Another band is being formed, called DMS (they are not sure of the name yet). It would be a band mostly influenced by an Argentinean band called NUEVA ERITCA! If any bands want to come and play don't doubt it, we like all music genres. It's a small scene, so we have to listen to everything!

Contact us!!! Well that's for now, that I know of. I have a comp I made myself, the only bands on it are: FUERVA X, BOMBADERO, DIFERENTE EXPECATIVA and JERK, because those are the only bands I have recorded stuff from. If you want a copy drop me a line at: guatemalhardcore@hotmail.com or send $5 (includes postage) to: Diego Archila/38 Ave./"A" 14-17 zone 7 la floresta/ Guatemala/01007/ Centroamérica.
Links: FUERZA X:http://www.geocities.com/guatemalasxe/fuerzax.html>http://www.geocities.com/ guatemalasxe/fuerzax.html
Centroamérica SxE: http://www.geocities.com/jark
Guatemala Scene: http://www.geocities.com/guatemalahardcore/ crew.html

The Peruvian punk scene has followed the same high and low points as what has been happening around the world for the last twenty years. Since I'm not living in Peru right now (I'm in Baltimore) I asked my friend Richard to write about what the actual scene is at the moment (Part 2). I will right about the past (Part 1)—mainly the '80s. I already wrote in the past for *MRR*—you may want to check issue #63, I think from around 1987 or '89. I got involved in punk in 1983, so anything that happened before that I only have information about from what I 've been told by older friends.

PART 1

OK—let's start. Punk started in Lima (the capital) in the early '80s—probably in 1981. Before that it was impossible due to the military dictatorship that filtered information to people, making it impossible to know what was happening in other places. Also, record companies would not release punk records, no way! Imagine—the Sex Pistols and the Clash's first records just got released here in 1990! Another thing you will notice is the lack of Peruvian vinyl, well, since 1991 there hasn't been one pressing plant in Peru. Bands release their stuff outside also because of costs, as most bands cannot afford to press and release records. As you know, we are a third world country, meaning that most people are very poor. I don't want to go into politics as this would get very, very long—you should just know that Peru is probably the most corrupt country in the world. Anyone can be bought or blackmailed, including cops and judges, for just a few bucks, and we have either very rich people or very poor people—the middle class is small. Unemployment is also big and subemployment (people that work but get paid less than the minimum salary, about $250 monthly) is more than 50%. The drug mafia is also a big problem here.

LEUZEMIA started around 1980. They released a self-titled LP in 1985 which was pressed again in 1986 (this pressing having a sticker over the labels). It was released in a commercial label El Virrey. The music is very '77 style. In 1995 they released a CD *A la mierda lo demas* on Coyote Records with rerecorded songs ranging from 1981 to 1995. Great stuff!! Recently they had two more CD releases but the music turned progressive—they suck! At the same time we had Guerrilla Urbana, who released a couple of demos and appeared in many comps worldwide including the 7" *Tour De Farce* comp on Empty Records from Germany. This band later became ATAQUE FRONTAL who still occasionally play—they released a 7" on New Wave Records (France) in 1988. It has been repressed several times. The music its brutal HC, very powerful, like many European bands used to pay in the mid-'80s, or like early Brazilian bands and in my opinion the best Peruvian release ever. At that time we also had ZCUELA CRRADA, who use to play ska, but nothing interesting. Also we had NARCOSIS, another great band playing with just guitar, drums, and voice, recorded the *Primera dosis* demo in 1985, that recently has been reissued as a CD with live and extra tracks. It's great—I would recommend you get a hold of this—the music is punk rock, very raw but melodic at the same time. These four old bands I mentioned went to the studio and recorded the first Peruvian comp tape *Volumen 1*.

Again around 1984, AUTOPSIA started playing. They recorded a fifteen-song demo with songs influenced from Siouxsie to GBH! From the remains of Autopsia came G-3, that started in 1986 and stopped playing in 2000.They used to play US HC ,influenced by 7 seconds and Minor Threat. Their first demo *Un nuevo enemigo,* from March 1987, is great, fast, tight… Later they recorded another demo, *En llamas* with the sound being a little bit heavier.Then, ten years after they released a CD in Argentina on Ugly Records with all of their previous stuff rerecorded. It's also very good, but still I would stick with their demo tape. A second CD release, *Psicotropia,* came but they changed their sound for alternative rock—no comment. Finally, in 2000 they released their third and final CD *En casa*. Good stuff, recovering the old power they use to play with! You can get this CD from Mundano Records.

Around 1985 the second Peruvian comp tape appeared, featuring, I think, thirteen bands (sorry, I left my copy back in Peru! I'm not sure!) This tape is called *Volumen II* and the bands play from rockabilly to HC. Some bands featured are, EXCOMULGADOS, EXODO, SOCIEDAD DE MIERDA, PANICO, etc.

Also in 1985, Eructo Maldonado were gigging around. They used to play fun punk. They released ultra rare LPs, one of them on a obscure label, Costra Recs, the other on a commercial label—both were very limited.

1987 was the year were HC got big in Peru. DESCONTROL was a band that would start people turning on to this music. They released a demo in May of '87 called *Producto de las circunstancias*. It's really good. They also appeared on many comps around the world, like KAOS GENERAL, who released two demos between '87 and '89 and were very influenced by French HC bands like Heimat Los and Kromozon 4 as well as other European bands like SOD, Upright Citizens, and Ultimo Gobierno. Recently, Calambre Records released this demo as a split CD with SITUACION HOSTIL.(crossover from 1989).

Some other great bands of the '80s that recorded good quality demos were PANICO (punk/HC), FEUDALES (post punk), CURRICULUM MORTIS (thrash with metal solos), SENTIDO COMUN (HC), KAOZ (HC), and a whole bunch more. You can write to me if you're interested. Two good comp tapes with Peruvian stuff from the '80s are FUSION MUSIKAL (GC tapes) and ATROPELLO (Bakteria tapes), both available from me for $2 (US) or trade. For newer bands, I would recommend the *Menos Mal Que Nos Gusta Lo Peor* comp CD from Calambre Records for $12 ppd.

Bands never go to play to Peru, so far as I know, only Die Toten Hosen and Siniestro Total have, plus the usual Argentinian bands.

I'm always getting Peruvian stuff for sale or trade, but in very limited quantities. Plus I can tape you old Peruvian stuff—get in touch! Cesar. email: bakteriazz@yahoo.com

This is Richard back in the pages of *Maximum*! I haven't done a scene report for almost two years since I've been extremely busy smoking dope and having sex like crazy!!

I was asked to do a scene report for a "special" Latin issue or something like that. Well, guess I can give you a pretty accurate lowdown on the scene in Lima at the moment. So here it goes!!!

Bands

AEROPAJITAS have just put out a great 22-song CD entitled "95-00" On Coche Bomba Records. Songs range from mid '80s Spanish Hardcore To '70s roots Reggae. Powerful production to boot!!!

Upcoming Coche Bomba releases include a single and CD of our all-time favorite melodic punkers FUTURO INCIERTO. This band have had a forced rest from gigging as their bassist and drummer are currently living in the US. FUTURO INCIERTO played last year a bunch of successful shows in Chile, Argentina and Uruguay becoming the first Peruvian Punk band to tour four cities in a row! They have been playing for ten years now and have a lot of stuff out!! Their latest CD is called "Confetti" and is available through Zamba Kanuta Records (13.00 ppd worldwide)... I strongly urge you to try and obtain one!! It'll be the best money you ever spent!!!

I saw LEUZEMIA a week ago, and although they played some old favorites their set bored me to tears!!! This band has become a big joke in my opinion, sounding more and more progressive each day!!!

NARCOSIS did two reunion shows last month to cash in! They have put out their classic '85 demo on CD with bonus tracks!!

MANGANZOIDES is an outstanding '60s garage combo with organ and harmonica. They have two tapes under their belt as well as a split LP with Sir Dance A-Lot And His Dancing, Romancing Pranceteers on Mike Lucas' Repent Records. They also have tracks on several foreign and local compilations. If you are a fan of this type of music like me, I strongly suggest you get all the stuff mentioned above... They also have a great live show—always fun to watch!!!

LOS ESPIRALES are a five piece band made up of veteran musicians (I played bass with these fuckers for a while) and are well known for their drunken live performances. They play high octane rock & roll with lyrics about getting high, killing people, vampires and other crazy shit!! They have a demo called *Malas Compañias* ($6.00 ppd elsewhere) which is worth checking out!!!

3 AL HILO released their third cassette Imposible *Dejar La Pichanga* on Komodo Producciones (MANGANZOIDES tape label). They play a mixture of punkie rock & roll and '70s hard rock. Lyrics deal with sex, drugs, and other fun stuff!!

G-3 broke up which is a major missing at least for me! Founder members have started a much punkier band called LOS INYECTORES. I haven't heard them for myself yet, but everyone that I've spoken to says they are good. I know they have been recording some songs lately so we may see a CD or tape from them soon. G-3 third and last effort *En Casa* is still available through Mundano Records and is well worth getting!!

Mundano Records have just put out a compilation CD with South American bands called *Sub-Amerika En El Aire*. This compact disc include cool tracks by G-3, FUTURO INCIERTO, MANGANZOIDES, METADONA, LOS FLECHADOS, WRECK and a few others...Worth checking out too!!!

METADONA is a female fronted power pop punk band musically influenced by The Ramones, Social Distortion and bands like that...They have two CDs out, both released by Newsica.

Q.E.P.D. CARREÑO broke up too and former members have started a new band called LOS ZANGANOS. CARREÑO's long awaited full-length CD is still available through D2 Records (their own label)

METAMORPHOSIS gained a fair bit of popularity last year, firmly establishing themselves as one of Lima's hottest hardcore acts.Their music is melodic, emotional, sometimes funny, and sometimes aggressive...very hard to describe really. They have a fourteen-song CD out. Keep an eye open to this band cuz they show promise.

DIOS HASTIO have just put out a 22-song CD entitled *Advenimiento De Lo Inevitable* ($10.00 ppd elsewhere). They describe themselves as Angry Crust with a Grind tradition and dark spirit which pretty well describes them—hard, fast aggro hardcore delivered at danger-level volume. Their lyrics are kinda weird with lots of "hard" words thrown in. They have appeared on several compilations around the globe and their musical production consist of four tapes, one EP (on Peace Punk Records from Japan), the CD above mentioned, a split 7"EP with AUTONOMIA (melodic anarcho punkers with a number of releases under their belt) on Sin Fronteras Records (USA) and a split 7" with the Japanese band The Futures...

LOS FLECHADOS are a cool pop punk band that hail from Arequipa (a city located in the south, twelve to fourteen hours from Lima) and are a great surprise!!

HISTERIA KOLECTIVA released their debut CD with fourteen songs of street punk and hardcore. The compact disc is entitled *Bala Perdida* and is on B.N. Fixiame Producciones. Sorry, I don't have their address.

ATAQUE FRONTAL is still around too but they are not playing shows at the moment...

A heap of new pop punkers emerged in the past couple of years. Some names worth mentioning are: DIAZEPUNK, 6 VOLTIOS, ANTISOCIAL, CONTRATODO, and RZK. These are young kids who wear baggy pants and are into the Fat Wreck Chords thing. I don't like baggy pants and most of the Fat Wreck Chords stuff sucks but I think these kids deserve some kind of recognition for what they have been doing. Most of the bands mentioned above have demos and CDs available so drop 'em a line if that's your thing.

A bit older are DALE VUELTA, ANFO, and WRECK. DALE VUELTA is a prolific pop punk band with a tape out and CD on the works. ANFO is a Crust Core unit with two singers heavy influenced by the euro sound while WRECK is a cross between Lagwagon and Emo bands. They have a tape out too.

NI VOZ NI VOTO is heavy, intricate, sometimes dissonant metallic music that at times remind me of those bands on the charts, which is too bad!! Anyway, they have a female singer with an awesome voice that make the songs quite memorable!!! They have a CD out.

Fanzines

There are quite a few zines at the moment but not as many as there used to be.

Sub is a printed zine devoted to Peruvian bands/releases. Issue #5 is out and features: Manganzoides, 3 Al Hilo, Dios Hastio, Ni Voz Ni Voto...

Under News is a magazine that hails from Ayacucho and have two issues out...Kinda expensive but well worth checking out!! Glossy color cover!!!

Crash Boom Zap is a printed paper devoted to comics, music, and opinions...I'm not 100% sure but I guess they have around ten issues out!!!

Percepción is a DIY small fanzine written by a guy obsessed with the straight edge thing and old school hardcore. Issue #2 is out and features Futuro Incierto, XGritoX, Kids Like Us...

For all you traveling people I highly recommend a cool place to stay with cheap prices. It's called Hostal Roma. This place is run by Gianni Romano axeman of FUTURO INCIERTO.

OK, that's all folks! I hope this scene report has been somewhat informative and useful (for your filthy purposes).

I'm always looking for cool people willing to trade things (not only records) so drop me a line...

Enjoy your own life now!!!
Richard Nossar

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A story about a scene (at least a part of it) from Santiago, Chile....

Hi, my name´s Joao Da Silva, I play in a hardcore band called Redencion 9.11. Don´t get scared away, this not a band bio or cheesy promotion. This a scene report of Santiago (the capitol of Chile). There are also punk scenes in other cities such as Valparaiso, Concepcion, Chillán, and Iquique but since I don´t know much about them, except for Chillan, I´ll try and add some websites and addresses for scenes in other cities and regions of the country. Anyway, the Book Your Own Fuckin Life website (www.byofl.org) and printed version are great sources. But this isn´t merely a scene report, it is at the same time a declaration, a statement. Why, you say? Because I don´t really feel like I am a part of a "punk" scene here in Santiago, Chile. I´d say we`re more of a small community built by a few bands, indie labels, zines, and a lot of friends. There is a big scene here, but it´s not a scene I can say we feel represented by. I´ll explain why....

Punk, here, is a word that´s been being thrown around since the early '80s. It never developed into too much of a deep concept—it's just another word used by the media to describe a certain "sound" and attitude. There were zines, DADÁ, ANARKIA, LOS POLITICOS MUERTOS, CAOS, KK URBANA, FISKALES AD-HOK (they´re still around), etc.. And yes, they were important in the birth and creation of a sense of "punk" throughout Chile. Most these bands were short lived, mostly due to little or no knowledge of the potential behind the "Do It Yourself" ethic. These bands wanted managers and labels to "do it" for them. Keep in mind that Chile was under a military dictatorship since 1973 and anything considered artistic, cultural, or even slightly political was completely banned from all means of communication; instead the government flooded our televisions with *Dukes of Hazard* and *Chips* reruns, and our radios with Duran Duran and Rod Stewart. So punk was a concept only in the underground.

The early '90s, once the military-controlled democracy that we now live in was reinstated, something like "punk" actually become accessible. Thanks to Green Day, The Offspring, and probably even Nirvana, punk was cool among our apathetic youth. Hardcore was also coming into the picture because that´s what TV announcers and DJs called Biohazard and Sick Of It All. Nice huh?

I got into punk while in an all-boys catholic school (we wore suits and had to keep our hair above our eyes) after, get this, I saw a picture of Ian Mackaye (of Minor Threat) in an article about photographer Glen Friedman in *Spin* magazine. It was a black and white picture of Ian Mackaye (Minor Threat era) kneeling on a stage with a bunch of kids screaming towards the microphone in his hand (by the way I noticed a faintly-marked X on his fist that later got me into straight edge, but that´s a different story). The picture was so powerful to me, something unseen. I had an idea of rock as being something completely "corporate," where artists are way above their audience, distant, untouchable. That´s what the media portrayed rock and roll to be, and being a fifteen year-old kid, I was pretty impressionable. But here I was in awe seeing a kid interact with other kids, all screaming their lungs out in incredible rage, and he was in a band, and a pretty famous one since he was in *Spin* and all. Little did I know that Minor Threat had broken up a decade before that article. From then on I did my homework, looked for records and tapes by bands like Minor Threat, Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Bad Religion, Bad Brains, etc... here I am now, writing a scene report for *Maximum RocknRoll* almost six or seven years after having my first experience with punk and shaving my head. This is my story, but stories like this one occurred all around Chile, and I´m sure something similar happened to a few kids in Argentina, Peru, Brazil, Uruguay, Ecuador, etc.. So as you see, although I also consider all mass media as evil, if it weren´t for these evil means of communication such as MTV, *Spin*, *Rolling Stone*, etc. we probably would never had punk scenes in South America. Don´t forget that the original "punk explosion" of 77 was brought on mostly by mass media interpretations of a new musical style and culture.

redencion 9.11

Ok... but let´s not get carried away.
Yeah right, "our scene"...

I can´t say much about what the scene was like before 1995 because I wasn´t there, but what I can say is that when I first joined a punk band and we played a couple of shows there were no fanzines, distros or indie labels. My first band was called OCTOPUS and we shared stage with other locals such as BBS PARANOICOS (melodic punk a la Bad Religion), SILENCIO ABSOLUTO (very USA ´88 hardcore), ALTERNOCIDIO (7 Seconds and Descendents), R.E.O. (New York hardcore influenced), DISTURBIO MENOR (DC influenced hardcore, a touch of Seein' Red), SUPERSORDO (weird kinda like Scratch Acid and Rollins era Black Flag), JUSTICIA FINAL (Cro-Mags and Slapshot influence) etc.. These bands started what "hardcore" would be in Chile. The only bands that are still around from those days are R.E.O. and BBS PARANOICOS, who is a pretty big band with a large following and deals with major distributors and labels. R.E.O. is still around and has their own "hardcore" audience—they are influenced by bands like Madball, 25 Ta Life and Agnostic Front and the whole "crew" culture from the old NYHC scene. I´d like to add that people here consider hardcore and punk to be different and sometimes even antagonistic— melodic punk crowds don´t get along much with the NYHC-inspired crowd, anarchopunks don´t mix with the straight edge scene much either, etc.. The scene grew and grew once fanzines and labels started popping up. Some of the first fanzines were *Corazon de Chancho* (done by members of Disturbio Menor) which was kind of our version of *Maximum RocknRoll* and *Profane Existence*, *Fuerza y Unidad* (done by a member of REO) which didn´t have much to offer except a lot of misspelling and bad interviews taken from other sources, *Cacho de Cabra* which was by far one of the best, including good interviews, articles, reviews, etc.; *Sangre en el Ojo,* a riot grrrl zine, *Nuevo Extremo* (my zine) which didn´t really have much of a direction until its fourth and final issue, *Opcion Real,* one of the first and good straight edge zines done by a member of the local straight edge band FUERZA DE VOLUNTAD. None of these zines exist today except for *Nuevo Extremo,* which is exclusively an ezine. Check it out at http://nxezine.tripod.com.

silencio absoluto

The first independent punk label was Masapunk, an anarchopunk label formed by members of an anarchist collective and the two members of Disturbio Menor who did *Corazon de Chancho* zine. Masapunk exists today and is still releasing material from local punk bands. Their website is http://www16.brinkster.com/masapunk/index.html and their email is masapunkrecords@hotmail.com. If you don´t have access to the internet, you can write to the address at the end of this article.

During the late '90s, the division between hardcore and punk began to fade. There was a strong sense of community, a lot zines, and ideas like ant-sexism, anti-nationalism, anti-homophobia, vegetarianism and straight edge became common terms. Shows were held almost every weekend where there were sometimes even political speeches, vegan food for sale, people selling zines, records, books, and handing out animal liberation pamphlets at shows. We were also "blessed" with a few visits from abroad with bands like Crudos, Fugazi, Fun People (from Argentina), etc playing here in Santiago. The scene wasn´t perfect, but things went along fine. Unfortunately the violent "jock" element was right around the corner. For a time we had succeeded in excluding homophobic, sexist, and violent elements from the scene, but as hardcore got bigger and bigger, so did violence at shows and apathy towards politics and counterculture. A lot of really intelligent and productive people were let down and turned off from the scene. Hardcore became sub-divided and categorized in different styles: melodic skater punk, straight edge metal, anarchopunk, machocore hardcore, etc. In part I blame the media and big labels like Victory, Revelation, Century Media, Lost and Found, Fat Wreck, Epitaph, etc. in promoting the "thug" and commercial hardcore mentality with bands like Earth Crisis, One Life Crew, Sick of It All, Skarhead, Madball, NOFX, etc.. and also ourselves for being way too passive. This is where our scene was divided and so it is until today. So you can see why I have no interest in naming every single punk/hardcore band in Santiago today, I´ll name the ones I know and am confident about. The rest can send their own damn scene report.

Bands

ALTERCADO: Heavy bass driven hardcore with gruff vocals, lyrics about revolution, social change and freedom. They are from Graneros, a small community outside Santiago. They have a split demo on Masapunk with Praxis. Contact: Mauricio / Pasaje 11 N° 415 / Capricornio, Graneros / Chile

DISIDENTES: Punk rock with a really experimental guitar sound, kind of like Seein Red would sound like with Greg Ginn on guitar. Really good lyrics to go along. Very political, left wing of course. They have demo split tape out with Repudio on Masapunk. disidentes@hotmail.com

ENTREFUEGO: New school sounding straight edge influenced hardcore with a strong political message. They have a debut CD available on Reacciona Discos (same address as Praxis). They just toured Brazil for a month. You can write me and I´ll put you in contact with them, can´t seem to find their address anywhere.

EN TU CONTRA: Anarchopunk hardcore with a U.K. peace punk influence and some traditional Chilean folklore. They usually play benefits for political prisoners and the mapuche indigenous movement. Email Masapunk for information...

GRIZ: Experimental instrumental three piece (bass, guitar and drums), imagine Fugazi if Ian and Guy were mute. Don´t have an address, they have a CD out. I´m really good friends with them so you can write me and I´ll contact you with them.

MAL GOBIERNO: Fast political hardcore punk. They´ve been around for a quite a while and have a big anarchopunk following. They have a split tape out with En Tu Contra on Masapunk. Will soon release a new tape with 15 songs. Email Masapunk for information...

PORNOSTALGIA: Anarcho-folk-new wave band made up of the old singer from Disturbio Menor. Really interesting music, good anarchist lyrics. All the members belong to an important anarchist collective. They should have a tape out on Masapunk soon also. Write to the Masapunk address...

PUNKORA: A relatively new band, melodic political punk. Very energetic and fun. Will have a full length tape out soon also done by themselves. punkora@hotmail.com

PRAXIS: This band is also relatively new, they just changed lineup. They sound very much like old emo bands such as Iconoclast, Still Life, etc. Political poetic lyrics. They should be recording for a CD soon. C.C. 49-5 / Rancagua –5/ Chile agitación@latinmail.com

REDENCION 9.11: My band... that´s why I can write the most about it. We´ve been around since 1997. We started out with a very slow metallic sound, now we pretty much play fast and noisy. We´re very much into bands like Born Against, Catharsis, Moss Icon, Fugazi, Zegota, Neil Young, Bob Dylan and old Sonic Youth (huh?). We have a split CD with an argentinian band called 720º, and we´re doing a split seven inch with Homage to Catalonia from Washington D.C.. We should have a new 13 song CD out by April, Amor y Lucha Discos (a new label from D.C.) will do the vinyl LP version of it. We plan to tour the USA during Jan/Feb of 2002. Also, look for us in various compilations throughout the USA. Oh!!!, we are on the "South America In Decline" compilation done by Six Weeks Records. Check out our bilingual site: www.redencion911.org email: reden911@hotmail.com Contact: Joao Da Silva / Casilla 120- Correo 12 / La Reina, Stgo. / Chile

disturbio menor

REPUDIO: Crossover metal punk. Amazing, very political. They have a split tape with Disidentes on Masapunk.
email Masapunk for further information.

Labels

Agitacion: A new label done by the guitar player from Praxis. Just released the debut CD of Entrefuego.
Write to: Same address as Praxis

C.F.A.: Corporación Fonográfica Autonoma. An independent punk label run by the band Fiskales Ad-Hok. They did an important compilation of local punk bands on CD a few years back and have released mostly Fiskales Ad-Hok records and a few tapes.
Write to: Casilla 13296 Correo Stgo. 21 / Chile

Deifer: A metal/punk/alternative label, not exactly 100% DIY but pretty good. Has done various international compilations and has released local bands like BBS Paranoicos, Donfango, etc. The guy who runs it owns a punk record store.
Write to: Leonardo Arenas / P.O. Box 2035 Correo 21 / Santiago, Chile

Masapunk: The oldest independent punk label. Openly anarchopunk and anti-capitalist. Released one of the first "split tapes" called *Hardcore Para las Masas* which had Silencio Absoluto and Disturbio Menor, years later Sin Fronteras Discos from Minneapolis also released this tape in the USA and later a seven inch with six songs buy Disturbio Menor. From then Masapunk has done releases of most of the bands mentioned in the bands section and some foreign bands like Catharsis, Zegota, Sin Dios (from Spain) and a live Crudos tape of their shows in Santiago during 1998. Future plans include the Redencion 9.11 CD, and new stuff by Sin Dios, Mal Gobierno, Pornostalgia and a CD discography of Disturbio Menor.
Write to: Joao Da Silva / Casilla 120-Correo 12 / La Reina, Stgo. / Chile

Fanzines

Estrogenia: A female oriented punk zine done by the bass player from Redencion 9.11 (Alejandra) and the ex-singer of Praxis (Claudia). Interviews, articles, women´s issues, etc.
Write to: Alejandra / Vista Hermosa # 65, Estacion Central / Santiago, Chile

Idealpolitik: A split effort by scenesters from Santiago and Washington D.C. that should be donde in both English and Spanish and that is intended to link the south American scene with the one´s in the USA and Europe. First issue still in the works. Interviews with Catharsis (on their South American tour), Felix Havoc, Mapuche movement collectives, Books 2 Prisoners Project, Immigration in Chile, columns, articles, etc... We still need more contributions!!! No definite address yet although you can write me or at the email: idealpolitik@doityourself.com

Agitacion: Done by the guitar player from Praxis. Anarchist oriented zine with your usual zine fare. Hasn´t been out since 1997, but should have a new issue out soon. C.C. 49-5 / Rancagua –5/ Chile agitacion@latinmail.com

Distro

Involucion: probably the only non-profit DIY distro around here, actually it´s done by two kids (one girl, one guy) from outside Santiago. They carry most of the more political hardcore/punk material from Chile and South America. http://involucion.tripod.com
Write to : Involución / Carrera 340 casa #6 / Quillota / V Región / Chile

Any doubts, comments, discussions, petitions, etc...don´t be afraid to write. Joao Da Silva / Casilla 120 - Correo 12 / La Reina, Stgo. / Chile
reden911@hotmail.com

TIRED OF NO ONE GIVING A SHIT ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR TOWN? MAYBE THEY JUST DON'T YOUR SCENE EVEN EXISTS!!! DON'T JUST STAND THERE SMASHING BOTTLES AND WHINING ABOUT IT-DO SOMETHING!!! SEND US LISTING OF BANDS, ZINES, SHOW SPACES- WHAT-THA-FUCK-EVER WITHC TONS OF PHOTOS FOR THE SCENE REPORTS!!! BE PART OF THE SCENE NOT THE SCENERY!!!!!

ABUSO SONORO

INTERVIEW
BY MIKE
THORN
PHOTOS BY
KIM BAE

L EJERC
ZAPATIS

MRR: Please tell me the history of Abuso Sonoro: how the band got together, who plays what, and why you started the band.

AS: Abuso Sonoro was born in 1993, as a punk/hardcore band with libertarian ideals. Today we aren't the same people who are involved, but the commitment to broadcasting the libertarian ideas remains firm. Our current line up is: Juquinha (drums), Rui (guitar), Arilson (guitar/vocal), and Elaine (vocal). Shortly, we will have another friend playing with us: Luiz, the drummer from Antikorpus, will start playing bass. For the band it is important to be involved with people who are friends, and this friendship was always very strong between us, we have already known each other for a long time and we know that this is one of the things that motivates us to continue together. We started the band because we believe that is possible to be creative and to do things for ourselves, without depending on other people. This is something very strong inside of punk—self management is one of the things that motivates us, and to spread this idea to people through playing in a band demonstrates that punk is not static and that it can be much more interesting than just making music.

MRR: Tell us about the Brazilian punk scene and how you fit in it.

AS: The Brazilian punk scene is pretty strong and is certainly one of the largest in Latin America. Although it is pretty strong here, there are still some things that make me think, why is it so closed, why are these ultra stale ideas held on to when they limit us so much? It's too bad to see that this has become so evident in the scene punk, and has made a lot of people start to see punk in a negative way. We have always been looking for a more creative form of action. Punk goes beyond music and aesthetics. New people have gotten involved, bands with innovative ideas, that do not limit the music. But that is not all. Some people involved with punk are seeking out groups and people with similar beliefs.This is a pretty strong movement now and it motivates me to continue believing in transformation.

MRR: You are anarchists- why? How does that affect how you do your band? Are there many other anarcho punks in Brazil?

AS: Yes, we are anarchists except the drummer who, in spite of not being an anarchist, agrees with and has a lot of ideas similar to libertarian principles. We believe that we can live in a society that is free, egalitarian, cooperative and socially just. In a society where exploitation of man by man or of the environment by man doesn't exist. And we believe that the band, and the music in general, has the power of propaganda through which we want to spread our ideas as anarchists. Yeah, there are other anarcho-punks here and some of them do great things and they are pretty active politically. There are also a lot of people who call themselves anarcho-punks but do not really understand the basic principles of anarchism.

MRR: What is the song "Contracultura" about?

AS: This song is directly questioning the bloody, racist, and prejudiced culture that has been imposed on us since certain Europeans arrived here and "discovered" what we call America today. And consequently, with the end of the Second World War and the spread of North American consumerist culture and habits were forced upon us. And we guide ourselves away from all this cultural imperialism toward the counterculture, which is a negation of all of the values of a moralist, capitalist, racist, and consumerist society.

MRR: What is neoliberalism? Can global capitalism and neoliberalism be stopped? How should people resist it?

AS: Neoliberalism means greater concentration of wealth in the hands of the minority and a marked increase in the misery of the majority. It also means that the new world order of the first world countries, with their institutions like the World Bank and the IMF, is defining and dictating the new economic, social, and political rules for the rest of the world. And opposing all of this emerged, world-wide, an anti-globalization movement that we believe to be a great step toward restraining the beast of capitalism. Here in Brazil various collectives and individuals organize themselves, in a decentralized, non-hierarchical manner, to take to the streets and demonstrate their dissatisfaction with these institutions that want to control the world. We believe that these anti-globalization movements are a form of resistance to all of this.

MRR: What sort of activism do you do outside of the band? Why is it important to you?

AS: All of us in the band are directly or indirectly involved with anarchist groups. Elaine and Luiz work with the Anarchist Black Cross of São Paulo, which does support work for political prisoners. They also facilitate communication between people who are inside the jails and those that are outside, working as a bridge between the two. Arilson participates in the União Libertária da Baixada Santista (Libertarian Union of the Lowered Santista), a group that has existed already for 10 years. ULBS strives to do political, social, and cultural work with the community and a bit of anarchist propaganda through its bimonthly bulletin. And Rui works with the anarcho-punk cooperative that organizes monthly benefit shows. Beyond that they also work to spread the ideas of anarchism. We also participate in the organization of mass demonstrations with radical roots, like for example, N30, M1, S26, A20 and now J20 that will be a protest against the meeting of the G8 (the 8 richest countries in the world) which will happen in Genova, Italy. And this is important for us because we are leading ourselves forward to what we decide for our lives!

MRR: What is the song "Guerrilhas" about?

AS: "Guerrilhas" is about the social revolts and organized movements that sparked the creation of guerrilla forces against tyranny, to explain it in a few words. And is not difficult to talk about the history of the resistance of the peoples in Latin America. This is evident in the experiences of groups such as the MST (Movimento dos Trabalhadores Rurais Sem Terra) that tries, by squatting unused farmland, to claim their legitimate right to land, food, health, education, a life really worth living. This is our Guerrilla Warfare against capital, our vision of urban and rural struggle.

MRR: Is homophobia a big problem in Brasil- how?

AS: Brazilian culture is extremely sexist and has deep roots. This involves an entire process of forced conservatism in which homophobia finds a solid foundation. It is a big problem in our society. We can change this mentality by breaking from tradition, bringing information to young people, who are more open to new things. I think that in this way, it is easier to break with this kind of prejudice.

MRR: Final thoughts, upcoming tours records plans...

AS: We did a record called "Herencia" that was put out in the US by Six Weeks, on LP and CD, and released in Italy by Agipunk on LP only. We also put out, in January of this year, one split EP with another Brazilian band called No Violence. We are also on a benefit compilation for a Brazilian anarchist group. For the time being we do not have plans to record. Because our lineup is changing we have not written new songs. We are doing some shows here in Brazil but we don't have any tour plans. Some people in the band are working and we can't take time off. We want people to get in touch with us for further information on future releases and tours.

MRR: How can people get a hold of you?

AS: We thank Mike and Maximum Rock 'n' Roll for the interview and the space. To get in touch with us, just write to:
Cx. Postal 294
São Paulo/SP
Cep: 01059-970
Brasil

demencia

Demencia was formed in the middle of 1993. At that time the band members were Manuel Zºrate (drums), Paco Rojas (bass), Oscar Terrones (guitar), and VÌctor MasÌas (backup singer). The next steps were: VÌctor and Paco caught the guitars and Oscar the microphone. With Carlos Vºsquez (a kind of God of strings) completing the line-up on the bass, the band played great gigs in Peruvian cities like Trujillo and Piura, shows full of extreme HC-death-thrasher songs. And they recorded a seven-song rehearsal tape that was heard through the radio show ``Antena de Metal,'' with Kike Seminario. In December 1993, Oscar left the band. The search for an appropriate vocalist ended when a hidden talent was discovered in one of the band's best friends, Piero Zavaleta. Back in rehearsal, the band rewrote most of the old songs and composed some new ones for the next demo tape. The musical style had been evolving since the first days from a crude grindcore to real HC/thrash/grind (an efficient crossover). This crossover shows on the debut tape, Esto es lo que somos; with ten songs; totally self-financed (in the diy vein) and with very nice reviews in the zine circuit in Peru, Argentina, Chile, and Ecuador.

The current line-up is: Piero Zavaleta (vocals), Manuel Zºrate (drums), VÌctor MasÌas (guitar), and Paco Rojas (bass). Demencia has the liveliest participation in the northern underground scene of Peru. They play constantly in cities like Piura, Cajamarca and Lima.Their projects are: split tape with grind-masters Dios HastÌo, compilations by Deifer Records (Chile), Beyond Records (Peru), G.J. Records (Peru), Calambre Discos (Peru), lots of compilations tapes with local Trujillo bands, and the second Demencia tape.

Contact us!!!
Mario Rojas MartÌnez (burrus@loquesea.com)
Mariano Melgar 221-Urb. Palermo
Trujillo-PERU

Phone: (044)- 211960

demenciatrujillo@hotmail.com

e-mail: demenciappmv@hotmail.com

Send US $5.00 (paid postage) for ``Esto es lo que somos'' tape!!!

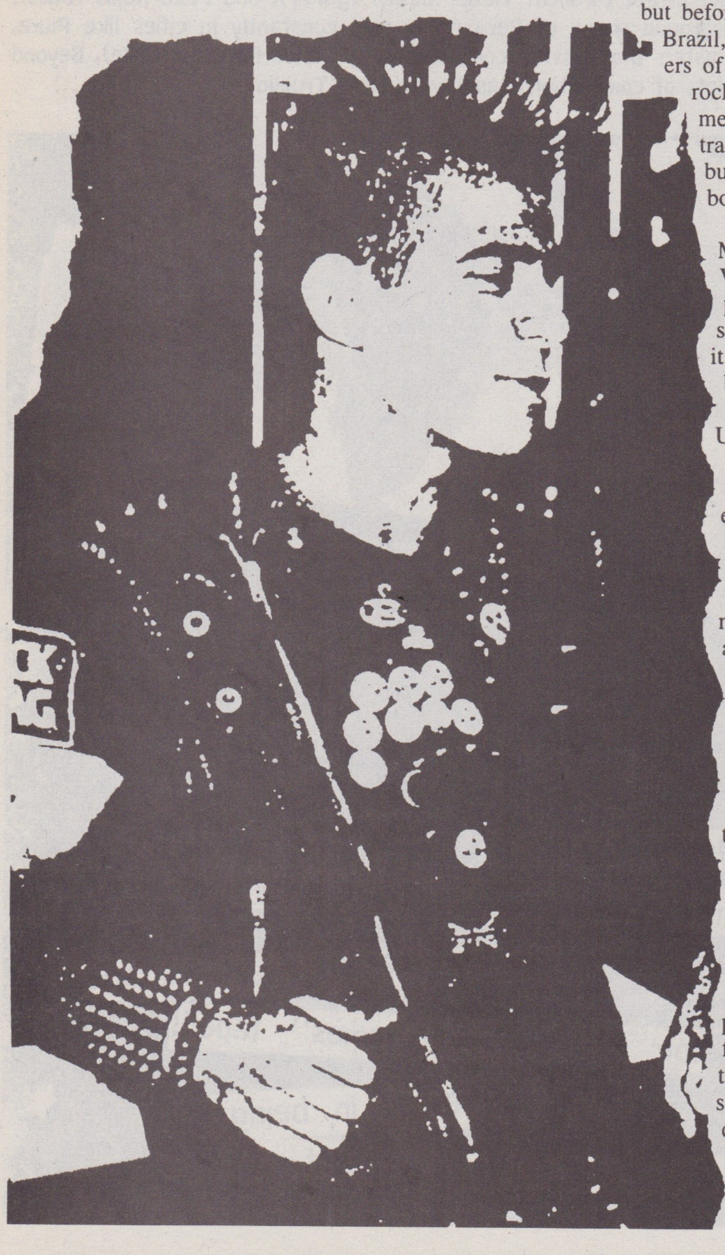
Bands interested in being distributed in Peru, contact us!!!

BRAZILIAN PUNK SCUMATTACK

by stuart arsehole

Next time your parent/teacher/priest asks you why you listen to loud, unintelligible music, wear a butt flap and have a devilock, tell he/she/it it's for your historical education. After four years of college, I can proudly say that the folks I know with some of the best sense of world history are punk rockers. Sure, not everyone is writing painstaking scumpit articles for MRR, but, while doing research for these articles, I have learned a great deal about world affairs that I would have never learned otherwise. Plus, it's always cool to note the looks and questions one gets while sending registered letters to Japan, Finland, Germany and Italy every week (they think you're a real jet setter with a lot of friends) (the real reason I collect records).

The other day, I was re-reading MRR # 5 (March-April '83), which has two crucial scene reports, one on Holland and one on Brazil. Perhaps this will be lost on others, but for me, what's so fucking awesome about hardcore punk is summed up in a picture of Fabio, singer of OLHO SECO, which accompanies the article: While he's screaming his head off, he's wearing his studded leather jacket and it has "Tampere SS" written on it. Ever since Havoc Records reissued the Tampere SS 7", they've become a relatively well-known early Finnish hardcore act, but before that, the band was essentially unknown outside Finland. Yet, in Brazil, thousands of miles, two totally unrelated languages, and several layers of CIA-backed government repression away, a young hardcore punk rocker was inspired to write that band name on his jacket. The businessmen and pundits of the world can talk all they want about international trade and the free flow of ideas, but we're smart enough to know that's bullshit. The pure rage of buzzsaw guitars transcends international boundaries in a way no commodity ever will.

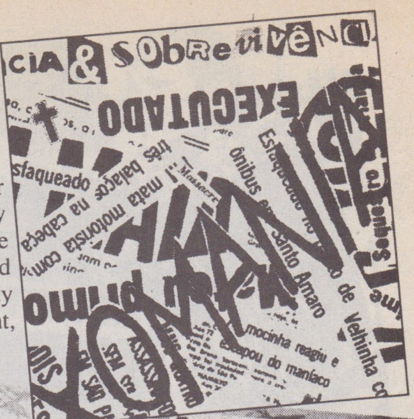


Fabio, from OLHO SECO, writes about the São Paulo scene in MRR #5: "All the bands are poor. We have to fight a lot to get anything. We've got troubles with the cops, and the studios are s-h-i-t. Another problem is the lyrics of songs–if the government knows what you're saying. Punk records are rare here, because they are so high priced. But it's OK because our scene is growing every day. We like many foreign bands, like Discharge (best), Minor Threat, Kaaos, Disorder, Dead Kennedys, Exploited, Terveet Kädet, Black Flag, Rattus, Void, Chaos UK, Lama, Riistetyt, and many many others."

MRR editors write: "The Brazilian military, with the help of the CIA, overthrew the democratically elected leftist government, and established a very repressive system, which now is in great economic and political difficulty, and is being pressured by many segments of the the population to return to democratic elections."

From what I understand, the US, fearing a Brazilian government shift toward Communism in '63-'64 (which was really only agrarian reform), helped the Brazilian Army stage a coup, which resulted in a regime led by an unelected president who was a military general/kingpin legitimized by American investment. By the early '80s, the Brazilian military was engaged in violent repression of the Brazilian people, and the economy had faltered. Hardcore emerged during this period. In 1984, the military regime withdrew and a democratically elected government replaced it. In the following years, up to the present, as it had been during the military-regime years, the US has manipulated the Brazilian government through the usual litany of loans, trade and investment.

Brazilian records from the early '80s are all rare, even in Brazil. Unlike other countries, Brazil never had a '77-style punk explosion. There were punks, mostly students, but few bands and no records released. Punk then was violent and prone to media distortion. The punk explosion in Brazil was its hardcore explosion in '82-'83. Kids from the city of São Paulo and ABC (a region of industrial towns on the outskirts of São Paulo) began to squat and hang out and put on shows–and there was suddenly a scene. One enigma of Brazilian hardcore is that it takes its greatest influence from Finnish hardcore. It wasn't just Fabio's jacket–it was nearly every band. They all had the rawness, and many had the train wreck feel, of Finnish thrash, with guitar sounds rarely matched in intensity. Finally, one more thing that all Brazilian hardcore seems to share is a trebly recording. The high end is always prominent–making some taped copies of Brazilian records nearly unlistenable due to hiss. There were only about fifteen Brazilian hardcore records before '87, but they're pretty much all classics. Unfortunately, due to the economic situation, many bands made only demos and many more never recorded. Luckily, ABC Records has reissued many of these crucial, and otherwise unheard, demo tapes from the old days.



The first Brazilian HC punk record (actually I think it was recorded first, but released after "Grito Suburbano") was LIXOMANIA "Violencia & Sobrevivencia" 7". This record is ridiculously rare. Two tracks from it were nobly compiled on KBD #41, but this 7" leans more toward hardcore than the average KBD record. Like many of the early Brazilian stuff, it's melodic, but raw. The band obviously had good rock 'n' roll songwriting ability and wrote memorable tunes. I think it has pretty good recording considering it was the first! Anyone who has an extra copy and needs to pay the rent, please get in touch with me.

Fabio of OLHO SECO

The Brazilian hardcore record that really inspired many kids in São Paulo and the ABC region was the first of four compilations to document the Brazilian sound. "Grito Suburbano" is a 45 rpm 12" with CÒLERA, INOCENTES and OLHO SECO released on the label run by Fabio of OLHO SECO, Punk Rock Discos. I wish I had been there the day Tim Yo and Jeff Bale opened the package with this record in it and threw the disc on the turntable. From the cover depicting a bunch of angry punk rockers at shows to the excited, early thrash on the record, this had to have been a wake-up call. Unfortunately, this record is one of the rarest (OK, rather than saying that about each record, let's take it as a given that these records are rare). It was reissued in '84 by the German label Pogar and also by the Brazilian label New Face Records, both of which did many domestic presses of foreign records. Each band contributed 4 songs to the compilation. OLHO SECO has some of the most mind-bending distortion on their guitars and are the thrashiest. INOCENTES play their trademark mid-tempo hardcore and CÒLERA contribute some memorable, raw, mid-tempo numbers. I would say that this record laid the foundation for the Brazilian sound: all the bands are raw and angry, but not all are totally fast thrash attacks. My copy of the record has a lyric insert.

Perhaps the most amazing Brazilian record is the next one to have been released in '82, a live compilation LP called "O Começo Do Fim do Mundo". As far as what you might pull out to listen to, this one wouldn't be the first, since its sound isn't great. However, considering it was live in Brazil '82, its sound isn't terrible either. 21 bands, pretty much every hardcore band in the São Paulo area, played the festival in Nov. '82. It was free, 2-day event, and over 3000 punks attended. The cops ended the show and arrested 25 punks, but it seems the fest was a huge success. The cover of the record depicts a huge mass of punks who made up the audience at the fest. More punks than I've ever seen at a show in the '90s in the US. One live track per band ended up on the compilation. There's a CD version floating around, too.

O COMEÇO DO FIM DO MUNDO
FESTIVAL PUNK GRAVADO AO VIVO NO SESC-FÁBRICA DA POMPÉI

Strangely, one band played the show but was left off the compilation: ULSTER. This band is probably the most infamous band of the era as they always wore executioners' hoods to cover their faces while the played–an excellent protest against, among other things, the state executions of radicals that have been common across South and Central America for far too long. The liner notes to the CD reissue say, "This Compact Disc shows who was in my opinion the most truly radical band at Brazilian punk scenery ever. Who took to the extreme the speech against the system, not only with words, but with attitude as well. In a time where a simple behavior deviation could take one to jail. Here, we don't show sound quality, we show rebellion in its more pure and real state." ULSTER have gotten back together and are releasing records. You can still get their CD reissue of early stuff which tests the outer limits of headache-inducing, noisy rawness in hardcore. Write to: Rasura Records, PO Box 155, 09901-970 São Paulo, Brasil.

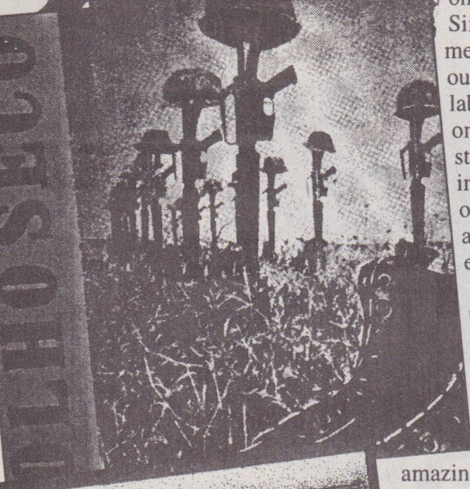
The international hardcore compilation, "Beating the Meat," which was released on the UK label Xcentric Noise in '82 or '83, feature OLHO SECO and CÒLERA alongside other classic bands like Terveet Kädet and Huvudtvätt. The OLHO SECO tracks, from their '81 demo, are available on the awesome reissue 12" "Os Primeros Gritos" released on ABC Records. However, I don't think the CÒLERA tracks are available anywhere else, which is a shame. These two tracks, one of which appears in a different version on "Grito Suburbano," are mid-tempo attacks of sheer rawness. The vocals sound totally pained. I think these two tracks, likely from their first demo, are my favorite that the band ever did.

GRITO suburbano

Anyone who knows me (or has read stuff I write about hardcore history) should know that I use Anti-Cimex's "Raped Ass" as the record by which all others are judged. OLHO SECO's "Botas, Fuzis, Capacetes" 7" is Brazil's "Raped Ass." It's not the first nor the last; it's simply the best! 3 quick songs that define thrash destruction Brazilian style: super-gruff vocals, trebly production and chainsaw guitars. I've heard that some have criticized the lyrics on the song "Nada" because it's ostensibly about unemployed migrants who had left rural areas due to crop failures and the general shift toward an economy based on export. The song was written in 1980, when the band members were quite young, and I think it expresses frustration at a political situation with historical roots going back to the '60s and the Cold-War US government's preventation of agrarian reforms more than sketchy politics. Either way, I think any such criticism is simple-minded: regardless of the lyrics, this record is hugely influential and, through the inclusion of the classic "Nada" on MRR's "Welcome to 1984," it's political effect has been one of destroying borders and furthering an international underground of sick thrash. That song, "Nada," has been an anthem, I think, for many hardcore punks from south of the border, uniting disparate scenes. Hell, I read a SEBADOH interview where Lou Barlow got all excited and started singing "Nada"! I guess that's truly Lou's Anxiety Song.

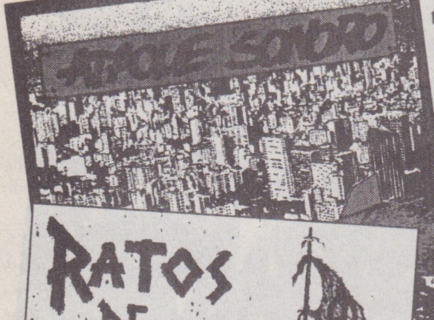
The next classic LP compilation to be released was "Sub," which includes RATOS DE PORÃO, PSYKÓZE, CÒLERA and FOGO CRUZADO. Supposedly, the first version, on red vinyl, including a fanzine stapled to the sleeve, was numbered out of 444 copies. I don't know if that's true. Regardless, this is another super-rarity. I know it was repressed in Brazil on green vinyl later and a CD reissue of it exists. RDP were developing their raw, Finnish-influenced thrash sound here as were FOGO CRUZADO. PSYKÓZE and CÒLERA have more melodic, forceful Oi!-ish sounds. CÒLERA's tracks are my favorites on here, but all four bands are fucking amazing, so it's silly to pick a favorite. Try to find the CD version of this one because it's great.

CÒLERA were the first Brazilian band to tour overseas, with their European tour '86 for world peace. Their best stuff, as I indicated, appears on the earliest compilations, but they're a classic band. If you can find the bootleg LP that compiled many of their tracks, released Spring 2000, definitely pick it up. They released a 7" on Belgium's Hageland Records, in '85, which was featured on "Killed by Hardcore." There were also 2 LP's released in the mid '80s, "Pela paz em todo mundo" and "Tente mudar o amanhâ," and a split live LP with Ratos De Porao, which is very rare, and which I don't have, so I can't comment on its sound.

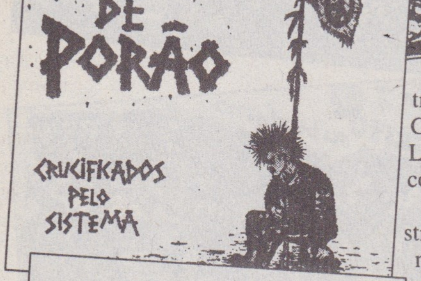


Similar to CÒLERA were INOCENTES. They had a mid-tempo sound as well, but they strike me as more aggressive and raw. Their lyrics were staunchly political and their singer was quite outspoken. After the early compilation appearances, their LP was to be released on their own label. However, for reasons I can only guess, the government censored the record and allowed only 4 of the songs to be released as a 7", with the title track bearing a different title (but it's still the same as the version released later). This 7" is a testament to the adversity of releasing radical hardcore in Brazil in '83. If you want a museum-quality collection, you need this one. In 1988, apparently after the government chilled out a bit (remember, it was no longer a military government), Devil Discos released the LP version of "Miséria E Fome" in its entirety. It's a great LP.

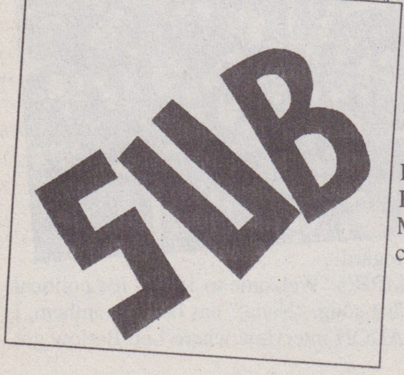
Last winter, RATOS DE PORÃO came to the US. As far as I know, it was the first time one of the original Brazilian hardcore bands came here. They've been thrashing for longer than some of my friends have been alive and their show in NYC was one of the most fantastic shows I've seen. They played incredibly tight, no-holds-barred fast thrash from start to finish–and it was a fuckin' long set. RDP's first album, "Crucificados Pelo Sistema," is a gruff thrash attack with memorable mid-tempo songs amidst the chaos. Great drumming and an amazing, piano-dropped-on-the-head feel to the guitars. It's really an amazing record that builds on their great, Olho-Seco-like sound on the compilation tracks. Hell, they cover O.S. on the record and totally rip off Discharge on some guitar solos! The incredibly rare original version was released by Punk Rock Discos and has a red cover. Subsequent versions came out in Spain and Brazil with different sleeve colors: mine is silver.



Recently, Alternative Tentacles reissued this ultra-classic LP. It has the entire thing re-recorded, but the CD version includes the original recording. I personally see no need to hear a re-recording of classic thrash because what makes it classic is its original rawness and power, but people are saying that the new recording is a good one. There is also a CD version released by a Spanish label of the original recording. RDP never broke up. They did go in a more crossover direction later, but I have nothing but respect for this awesome band–especially because they came around here and blew me away with their thrash, which few bands do, let alone bands that went metal in the '80s.



I can't talk about every single Brazilian record, though there aren't many others, but they're all worth hearing. The last record I want to mention is another compilation LP, entitled "Ataque Sonoro". It was releaed on Ataque Frontal Records, and the original came with a gatefold. The later repress I have doesn't have the gatefold. This compilation features 9 bands each doing two tracks. Among the bands are the classic Brazilian left-wing Oi! band GAROTOS PODRES, RDP, CÒLERA, LOBOTOMIA and the infamous ARMAGEDOM (this stuff sounds like their insane thrash LP "Silêncio Fùnebre", not like the metallic stuff on the recent split with FORCA MACABRA). This compilation isn't as rare as the other ones that preceded it, but it's still a classic.



Brazil's hardcore scene continues today, with bands like ULSTER, ARMAGEDOM and RDP still around. The economic and political situation in the country, as I understand, is at a low point right now, with foreign debt and its companion, austerity, at a high. It sucks to know that such a situation will probably produce some great hardcore. What's important is not that Brazil produced some rare records. What is truly important is that the music which helps a lot of us First-World inhabitants make it through the day serves the same purpose in countries like Brazil where many of the inhabitants live in destitution. Anger and resentment of the political situation we face is universal and because of this hardcore punk will remain alive around the globe forever.

For more information, and some pictures of the records I've discussed, check Horst Firmanty's website at: www.securitate.de. Thanks to Eliza for the historical help. Also, thanks to Kerry/Sin Fronteras and the usual professors of thrash.Big thanks to Mike Clarke/Inflammable Material, for without his kindly invitation and subsequent reminders, I wouldn't have written this article; also continuing thanks to MRR for its unending support of international hardcore.

SICK TERROR

began in mid-2000 and already today they are one of the most popular and controversial hardcore bands in Brazil. Their first album "Peste Catolica" sold like hell here and crossed borders into countries like Argentina, Germany, United States and Canada. I had a chance to talk with Marcelo, their guitar player, and Fabio "Nenê" Altro, their singer (who was also singer of the famous south American straight edge band Personal Choice back to 1993). They talk a lot of stuff, smell a lot of farts, and drink a lot of coffee. This is Sick Terror.

MRR: Sick Terror is one of Brazil's most popular hardcore bands, but you are kind of a new band. Could you tell us how the band started and why you think it's so popular?

DEFIANCE
22/07/2000 - Foto Josué de Freitas

Nenê: Hey, I don't think we're that big Mario. We're just a hardcore band like many others here. The band started in 2000, and the line-up was me singing, Marcelo playing guitar, Fabio playing bass and Pingo playing the drums. After two months of playing with that line up, we recorded our first album, "Peste Católica" ("Catholic Plague"), and began touring. Pingo then left the band, and we got Sandro to play drums for us. That is the same line-up we have today.

Marcelo: I love to play small shows, without stages. When it's just the floor, and we are facing the kids who shout at us from the front. I don't think that if we were a big band we would be able to do shows like those.

MRR: Hey, I know you guys are playing a lot, and every kid and his dog are talking about you. That's why I said you are a big band. I also know this album wasn't just released in Brazil. How did that happen?

Nenê: Most of us have been into the hardcore scene here for a long time, so we know many people here and around the world. This record was released on CD in Brazil (Brigada Do Odio Records), Argentina (Utopia Records) and there is also a 7" EP version in Germany (Na Und Records). There will be different versions in the United States (Underestimated Records) and Canada (Utopia Records). I think it's really great because we're a Brazilian hardcore band singing in Portuguese and we have all these people who speak different languages supporting us around the world. That is one of the most awesome things about punk rock.

MRR: I knew about you from the Personal Choice days and since Sick Terror plays fast old school hardcore I'm sure that, like me, there are many kids who started going to your gigs thinking that you were a continuation of Personal Choice. Does that bother you in anyway?

Nenê: Oh fuck, I hate you. Are you recording this?

MRR: Yes, I am. And I hate you too (Laughter).

Nenê: Ok, once again. I think Personal Choice and Sick Terror are completely different bands, but I also think that everything I did with Personal Choice was great and it had it's time. Sick Terror is not a straight edge band. Of course our music has some musical influences from old school straight edge bands, but we're into different issues. Our relationship to Personal Choice doesn't bother me in anyway, and actually we play some Personal Choice songs at our shows. Everybody has fun, that's it.

Marcelo: Just me and Nenê are straight edge in Sick Terror. That is not something we really care about in this band. We're an old school, raw punk band and we enjoy playing fast music.

MRR: People must ask you this all of the time?

Nenê: Yes.

MRR: Sorry man, but I can't help it. You choose the crosses you have to carry for life, don't you? I think your music is really great, especially the newer songs. What are your influences and when will you put something new out?

Nenê: It's hard to talk about influences because we all listen to different stuff. We all enjoy hardcore punk music a lot. I think my influences as far as Sick Terror goes are Manlifitingbanner, Seein'Red, Lârm, Scraps, Up Front, and Napalm Death in the early Scum days (Laughter). The other guys should be here to talk about their influences. We're recording some new songs for a new 7" called "Aborto Legal" which will also be released in North America, and will be included in a 4 way split CD with Riistetyt, Käaos, and Svart Agression.

Marcelo: I like Mainstrike, Defiance, Driller Killer, Chokehold... tons of stuff.

MRR: That's really cool, and I'm anxious to hear that record. You mentioned only old bands, aren't you listening to any newer bands? Are you getting too old to listen to newer stuff(Laughter)?

Nenê: I like What Happens Next, Life's Halt, and Vitamin X. I listen to a lot of stuff, and I'm not that old. I'm only 28 you idiot.

Marcelo: Girls call him 'uncle' at our shows (Laughter).

MRR: Ok uncle, stay cool. So you started as a controversial band, and many people hated you after your first album, and many others loved you for the same reasons. Was this all for attacking religion in your lyrics?

Nenê: I think it was because we criticized god in particular, and not just because we criticized religion. Everybody criticizes religion and nobody really gets that upset, but if you say, "There's no god up there," people react to you in a very different way.

MRR: Is "Muletas" an anti-god song?

Nenê: I think it's an anti-faith song. I like it a lot. I think it's great that all of these people got annoyed with the lyrics. That means we've reached someone with our message, and that's the point. This new record has even harsher lyrics and it will be much more controversial, you can bet.

MRR: Are you an atheist band?

Nenê: I am an atheist. I wouldn't say Sick Terror is an atheist band because I think all of us think differently stuff. I never asked the guys what they thought about my lyrics, but they also never complained, so I assumed they agreed. We don't want to label our band according to any ideological issue, but we have some common stands and we put them into the music. That's all.

MRR: It's the same with straight edge, isn't it?

Nenê: Yes, I wouldn't be in a band labeled as straight edge anymore, like in the Personal Choice days, because it means having a bunch of brainwashed kids watching everything you're doing, and what you're eating, just to see if you're still "true till death". I hate that.

Marcelo: Straight edge is something I've choosen for myself, but I'm still a fuckin' punk and that means I'm not into any kind of fuckin' rules. If you know what I mean.

MRR: And how do the other guys feel playing the Personal Choice songs even though they are not straight edge?

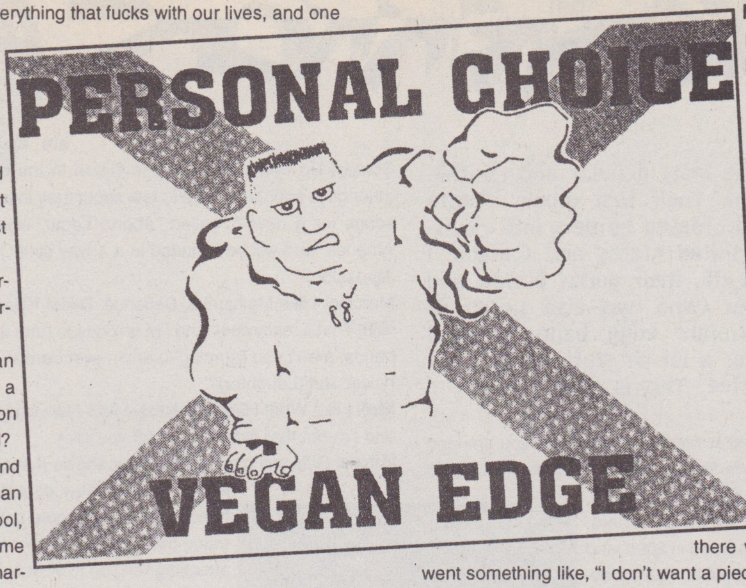
Nenê: We don't play Personal Choice's drug free songs, and before Personal Choice was a straight edge band, it was a political hardcore band. We had songs about a lot of different subjects.

MRR: Sick Terror has a lot of political songs. Do you believe in revolution?

Nenê: I think that if we talk about a lot of shit we hate in our songs, and the lyrics make people think, that is communication. That is the key to questioning values and breaking down dogmas. I don't think I believe in a revolution in the same way I believed years ago, but I stand up for some issues that need to be addressed in our society. Our next record has a song about making abortion legal in Brazil. We can't wait for abortion to be legalized, because many women are dying. I think these are the political issues we're into. Change things now and slowly create a better world.

MRR: But don't you think that there are a lot of issues crushing people worldwide, like ALCA/WTO and all that globalization shit? Shouldn't we stand against it?

Nenê: Sure, I support the anti-capitalist activists, and I do what I can, like not taking part in any organization. I resist and spread the word in a way that's different from the capitalist way. But I really don't think you can have a revolution without the minimum level of culture and education, and you know it's the same here in our fuckin' country as it is in the entire third world. People have no culture, people don't have places to live, food to eat, and so they can't think about revolution. I think we should offer resistance against everything that fucks with our lives, and one step ahead should mean no steps back.



MRR: The anarchist will rise from the ashes.

Nenê: No my friend, not anymore.

MRR: Why man? I always wanted to ask you about that. What pushed you out of the anarchist movement?

Nenê: It's easy and simple to understand. Anarchism rules but anarchists sucks.

MRR: But I remember you as an activist in the 80's. You had a mohawk haircut and conviction when you spoke. What happened?

Nenê: I was there for a long time and I saw no effective results other than wasting my life, and quitting school, work, etc. Anyway, I still retain some of the principles I got from anarchism.

MRR: Do you still read Bakunin?

Nenê: No, Max Stirner, and you should read it too.

MRR: So, what are you into now? I mean, in politics. What are you reading?

Nenê: I like Chomsky. I am reading a lot of books about our history now. Since I stopped believing that anarchy was the only solution I started to read and learn a lot of other things. Politically I stand against censorship. I run a punk newspaper and I try to question a lot of stuff in it. I'm not an activist anymore but I take part in some demonstrations when I think it's something worth taking part in. I don't mean I am against anarchism, because actually I am really into it still, but I think we need to change a lot of stuff right now to survive and to reach the point of having a free society. We've got a lot of groundwork to do.

22/10/2000 - Foto Josué de Freitas

Marcelo: I liked almost all of the stuff I read about anarchy, and I'm really into people creating spaces that are organized without leadership, like squats.

Nenê: I keep my Crass records safe at home.

MRR: Why do all these punks here complain about Sick Terror and pass out boycott leaflets?

Nenê: It's because of that gig we played with The Exploited.

MRR: Yes, I know, but why do they hate you so much for playing with The Exploited?

Nenê: That's because they think The Exploited is a nazi band. A lot of people here think that. Actually even I used to think that was true, but then I saw that it was only a bunch of lies.

Marcelo: Years ago those same people used to wear Exploited t-shirts. (Laughter)

MRR: So, after playing together, do you believe they're nazis?

Nenê: No man, they're just a band, like any other. I think they're more into fun than into politics, and sometimes they talk a lot of shit.

MRR: A lot of shit about what?

Nenê: At one point in the show Wattie said, "This goes out to Henry Rollins, that fuckin' homosexual", and I got really disgusted. I hate all that homophobic way of cursing, but I think there are a lot more important issues to be passionate about than a band and it's behavior.

MRR: So do you regret for playing with them?

Nenê: No, we were there, we played our music, we did our part. We're different bands, and sharing a stage doesn't mean we agree with one another.

Marcelo: What's the difference between playing with a band you disagree with now and playing with a band you totally agree with, but in a month or two will hate? That is how their minds work. Their friends today will be their enemies tomorrow. It's an endless cycle. I think you should go and do your part. You're not into it for the others, are you?

MRR: Some people say you play with too many foreign bands.

Nenê: We will play when ever people ask us to. Of course we will not play for a political party or in a church(Laughter), but we want to spread our word to as many people as we can.

Marcelo: We play small gigs all the time. People talk so much shit.

MRR: Hey, I'm trying to keep this interview controversial, ok? And what about this shit people talk about you being a hardline kid in the past and all that stuff.

Marcelo: You, hardline?(Laughter)

Nenê: Shut up, this sucks. This is very simple to explain but it seems like it's very difficult for some people to understand. Back in the last days of Personal Choice, 1996, information was very hard to come by in our town, in our country, and I believe in the whole third world. We were in touch with straight edge kids around the world, and we got tagged with the word 'hardline', and one or two zines talked about it. At around that same time, I got that "Workspiel" album from Seein'Red and there was a song on that called "Hardline". It went something like, "I don't want a piece, I want the whole pie," in a very political way, just like all Seein'Red songs, and I thought, "Wow, that's for me." So I started to talk about hardline in a radical political context, but a few months after that I got that stupid "Vanguard" fanzine and I felt totally ridiculous. I never thought it was such a self-righteous and narrow minded issue. I've stopped using that term immediately. I hate pro-lifers and homophobic kids. Using the word hardline was a mistake I made in my life. Luckily it was only for a short time.

MRR: I think that sometimes we really make mistakes, and that's how you learn and grow in life.

Nenê: Sure, I've made a lot of mistakes and, for sure, I will make a lot of more.

Marcelo: Nobody is perfect, and nobody has to be perfect. We're here to try to do our best.

MRR: You guys play in a lot of other bands, don't you?

Nenê: I also play with Marcelo in another band called Dance of Days, which is much more post-punk/garage rock, and indie, than hardcore.

Marcelo: I have three bands, Sick Terror, Dance of Days and a street punk band called Virtude Zero.

Nenê: Our bass player also sings for the legendary Brazilian punk band Ulster and sings for another one called Heresia. Our drum player also has another band called Kääostika, together with some of the kids from Armagedom.

Marcelo: It's really nice that you can have so many different bands all making different kinds of music.

Nenê: Yup, especially if we can find the time for everything.

Marcelo: I dedicate myself the same for all my bands. I do it because I love to play, and I love hardcore and punk rock music.

MRR: So, after distributing your music in so many different countries, do you have plans to tour outside of Brazil?

Nenê: Sure, we would love to tour Europe and North America. Actually we're already talking to some people about it, but the most difficult part is that we have absolutely no money to pay for our flight.

Marcelo: I would love to play in Europe, sharing the stage with Seein'Red or Mainstrike. That would be crazy man.

Nenê: I'd like to play with Up Front because I've been a pen pal with Jeff for years. Life's Halt and What Happens Next would be great too. I've traded some stuff with Ernesto, the truck, and I still remember taking Devon to the vegetarian restaurant here in São Paulo when he was touring with All You Can Eat (Laughs).

Marcelo: In the US I'd like to play with the Casualties and Defiance. That would be awesome. Defiance is fuckin' great!!!

MRR: Do you think you're following the steps of bands like Ratos De Porao when it comes to crossing over into countries outside of Brazil's borders?

Nenê: I really hope so. RDP is well known worldwide because they make great fuckin' music.

Marcelo: They were one of the first bands to face a foreign tour and to show us it's something possible.

Nenê: I like RDP. They're real good friends of ours. If someday I could do half of the things they've done, then I would consider myself a happy person.

Marcelo: They support Sick Terror a lot. That's really great.

MRR: Have you considered making some songs in English?

Nenê: No, it's not something we're considering. We're trying to make our shit happen locally, and if people around the world like what we're doing, then they will support it in Portuguese.

Marcelo: We put English translations in the foreign versions of our records because we think it's important for people to understand what we're singing about.

Nenê: And I believe that the same way we've learned how to sing our favorite songs in English, people will make an effort to sing ours in Portuguese. I still know how to sing Wretched songs in Italian, Pohjasakka songs in Finnish, Asta Kask songs in Swedish, and of course I don't speak any of these languages.

Marcelo: Rasta Knast had a great gig in our hometown and there were a lot of kids up on the stage singing in German.

Nenê: That is one of the best things in punk rock. I learned some English while translating Dead Kennedys lyrics. Then i started studying because I really wanted to understand the bands I love, like Conflict, and Crass. Punk rock made me want to learn a lot of stuff.

Marcelo: I think that in the same way people supported Crudos singing in Spanish, people would support South American bands singing in Portuguese.

MRR: You're wearing a Deserdado's t-shirt with a Subcomandante Marco's illustration on it. Do you support the EZLN in Mexico?

Nenê: Sure I support it. I think the indigenous resistance in Chiapas is kind of an example of really saying NO to North America's megalomaniac empire. And I don't think we're supporting "their" fight because, actually, it's "our" fight. The fight of poor people, poor countries exploited by international banks and international corporations which deal with powerful governments. I don't think that we're going to be taking over the world, but we should encourage, support and offer resistance. I'm not there, I'm not raising guns and fighting, but I really support it.

Marcelo: Deserdados kids are part of the Solidarity Committee to EZLN in Brazil.

Nenê: And their music fuckin' rocks!

MRR: I already asked you if you believe in the revolution, and you said we've gotta change the world slowly by offering resistance. Do you believe we should conquer steps like the Marxists say?

Nenê: No, I don't believe in that process. There are a lot of new ideas in communism other than the classic Marxist school. I would never support an oppressive government to take the place of the one we already have. I believe in communication, education, and in the creation of alternative spaces, which should resist, communicate, and support each other. They should make it happen now and not give a single step back. I believe we should learn NOW to live together with our differences and to prove it in action NOW that we are ready to share a common ground without anyone telling us how to live. And I don't mean together under a single ideology, like anarchism, communism or stuff like that, but together with different ways of thinking, sharing knowledge, experiences and growing up together. Then we will see we don't need governments anymore.

Marcelo: That was beautiful man, I love you.

Nenê: So stop farting you fuckin moron (Laughs).

MRR: Hey that smell was you?

Marcelo: I've been eating a lot of onions at my girlfriend's house, I can't help it.

Nenê: That's a lie because you fart all of the time. In the practice sessions, vans, and at the shows (Laughter).

MRR: I have a theory that vegetarians fart a lot.

Nenê: That's because of the soy beans.

Marcelo: Fart to unite.

MRR: It's very hard to keep the conversation serious with you guys. Let's return to the interview. What's with the Manson Family stuff at the beginning and at the end of your CD?

Nenê: We've recorded that from a Serial Killers documentary we watched on television, and we thought those words had a connection with the hate in some of our lyrics. "O Fim" ("The End") is about poor people taking over society and killing the rich. "Só Me Resta o Ódio" ("Only Hate is Left For Me") is about a kid who has been fucked by society spiting back that hate. "I carry in my eyes the pain / A blind look of anger and revolt." The Manson Family words were a very controversial topic on our album, and many people wanted to talk with us about it.

MRR: So, now you're preparing more controversial stuff.

Nenê: We're preparing this new 7" that I mentioned earlier, and then I want to record 15 to 20 new songs for a new album, or maybe a split one with one of my favorite bands. I will have to choose. I want to do this on my record label as soon as possible.

Marcelo: I am very surprised with our new songs. Our new drummer is a stonebreaker.

MRR: So, the famous last words. Thanks a lot for the interview. See you guys soon.

Nenê: I run a monthly punk paper called ANTIMIDIA, 8000 copies spread around and I trade adds for CD's with foreign record labels. So, if you can help me PLEASE write (antimidia@hotmail.com). I'm also into fast hardcore bands so, if you wanna trade your band's records with Sick Terror albums, then please write and let's keep the international punk connection going, ok? But write first.

Marcelo: If you think you can help support us on tour, then write to our bass player. (sickterror@hotmail.com) He is the tour man. Don't quit being a punk because you are "too hardcore for that", because hardcore without punk makes no fuckin' sense.

SICK TERROR
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N.T.N.

N.T.N. started out in Guayaquil in mid-May '95, but not as a band trying to establish itself in the punk H.C. style. The founder of the group was the singer, Juan. Kleber "El Mexicano" joined him on bass, then Dan (drummer of TURBACION at the time) enlisted on guitar and Julio (NOTOKEN guitarist) on drums for a few shows. Their first show was in May of the same year and it's worth noting that the band didn't play covers and their songs were somewhat improvised.

A little while later, Julio was replaced on drums by Adrian who was a novice at his instrument like everyone else but whose energy and desire to do well were unmistakable.

Because of differences in ideas, musical taste, and irresponsibility, Juan left to form another band which left the formation of N.T.N. as Kleber on bass, Adrian on drum, and Dan on vocals and guitar. They started playing a style of music that ranged from punk to extreme HC, a bit of garage, and other musical nuances of each member.

In October '96 "Mexicano" left because of personal problems and Pepe "Mudo" took his place. In July/August '96 they recorded their first demo called "Sucio" solely on the basis of the spirit of the band. This work was called "precocious" and childlike because of their newness to the music and their instruments.

In March '98 Adrian left the group for work-related reasons, leaving a big void in the group as a member and as a friend. Later, in November of the same year and after extensive searching, Christian arrived on the scene to replace Adrian.

It took a lot of work to regroup again; Christian, at that time, was also helping out on drums in a band called Koncreto that played punk.

The band now consists of: Pepe - bass, backup vocals; Dan - guitar, vocals; and Christian - drums, vocals.

The group was influenced by bands like: Doom, DRI (old), Los Crudos (RIP), Nirvana, Ilegales, D.K., Silverchair, G.P., Ministry, Chaos U.K., A.F., Rupture, Depeche Mode, Intense Degree, Sore Throat, Caos, Fertil Miseria, etc.

The band has played with other Ecuadorian bands like Mortal Decision, Kaos, Notoken, Incarnatus, R.D.O., Retaque, Chancro Duro, Revelion Desidente, etc. They also played with a Colombian group, Polikarpa Y Sus Viciosas on their tour in Ecuador. They couldn't play with Apatia No from Venezuela on their tour of the country because Dan was recovering from a leg fracture.

Currently the band is working on another demo. The feeling of the band is real, like the contaminated air you breathe to live. If somebody likes what we do, understands us or identifies with what we say and demonstrate in 'every noise we make and create, we feel quite pleased...We only have to see beyond our pupils...

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★ARGIES★

MRR: Is Argies well known in Argentina?
Argies is a band very well known among the punk public and has been playing for several years. A generational change taking place at this moment, and among the "old" punk people who used to see to our shows but we can count on young people between 16 and 20 years old. Argies is a very respected band in the punk environment, maybe due to their being "politically correct", such being a term used by the media to refer to the band. We played practically in every city of our country, without the need of a rotary video at the MTV or any other source related to TV.

MRR: Which foreign important bands did you play with and what positive influences did you get from the concerts?
We played with the German band DIE TOTEN HOSEN, The Basque band MCD, and also with FERMIN MUGURUZA ETA DUT (ex-Negu Gorriak). The positive influences are the excellent relationship we keep with them-the possibility to play in front of an important audience, we learned from them to deal with some situations in the scene, and above all, we have met them and we have made a friendship with people like us, that is something you can later show to the people around you.

MRR: What was your experience during the Brazil and South American tours?
For us Brazil is as our second home, we did four tours in two years, and the audience response is marvelous. Each new visit added new shows. In Sao Paulo there is a very united punk audience, and that is something we admire. We tried to learn that message and transmit it to the Argentinean punks who nowadays are taking the easy way of alcohol and drugs instead of trying to be a better human being each day. We have been included in compilation records in Brazil, and our own records have already been compiled. In a few months one of Argies greatest hits will be released, by Rotten Records from Sao Paulo. Back to our visits to Brazil, our first visit was during the end of our South American tour called *Late Latino Tour*, which took place in January and February of 1999. We did more than 20 shows touching countries such as: Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela and Brazil. We presented 2 compact disks edited at that moment *Historias And Corridas* and *A Media Asta*. We have a very happy memory of that tour, we met a lot of people and we will be back there soon due to lot of friends we left there and a lot of experiances we will keep forever, such as suffeing through an earthquake, crossing hot frontiers nearly at war, having been stopped by the Colombian guerrillaswhen traveling by bus through forests at night... being robbed in broad daylight... But above all, we want to go back because of the very particular human warmth of Latin blood.

MRR: What is the new feature of the third and last disk of the band?
It is a disk with a very powerful sound, which is very near to the real sound of Argies when we play live and it is something we have been searching for ever since... It is like expressing what the band radiates on stage to the record. Because of being short of money due to our independence, we never had producers or high level studios to prepare our disks as we really wished to. Anyway, we think we attained that in our previous works. *La Frontera*, our third record, contains 12 tracks that range from the typical punk from our own school (i.e. The Clash) to songs stained with funk, Latin rythms and plenty of ska punk... We call that *Punk Combativo* ("Fighting Punk"), because all the lyrics have some kind of commitment the human race, which is something we have been decidedly trying to rescue, our species, and despite the ill done and the ill that will be done by our own hands. This CD incorporated new members: Gustavo Pankozo (guitar), and Andres Pralong (bass). They also composed the music and contributed to a new sound for the band.

MRR: Which are the commonalities between Argies and The Clash?
First and foremost we have the punk attitude and that search for sounds in which punk doesn't mean just to play "quickly and distorted", but also that fighting message contained mainly in the lyrics. We love The Clash, but we also love the old English punk from 1977, bands such as Buzzcooks, Stiff Little Fingers, Vibrators, 999, Stranglers etc. But decidedly our main object is the lyrical and ideological aspect.

MRR: Is the Argies' sound and songs considered modern punk or just a revival? Argies's sound and songs are punk, neither modern nor revival, just punk. Argies cannot make revivals because we never stopped playing in seventeen years of existence, we do not go back to old sounds, neither we come to new sounds directly, we just developed our own sound and learned a bit from the old and new punk groups, and sometimes not very punk. Bob Marley has been much more punk than many modern bands who only think about the "make-up" of punk people... Even this girl Britney Spears! ! She's got a T-shirt that says "I love punk!" I would like to paint one saying "I HATE BRITNEY", but thar would mean giving too much importance to a puppet.

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FUERZA X

MRR: Name the people in the band:
Diego: I play drums, Julio is on guitars, George plays bass and Choa screams.

MRR: Have you changed members?
All: Millions of times, first our original guitarist left the band cause he went to the USA (Hey RUBEN!!!), then our bassist left cause he wanted to get out of the scene (JONATHAN), then we had Guate ex hablan por la espalda Uruguay, then our original singer Andres left the band this year, but we thank you all, keep doing what you like but stay positive.

MRR: What have you released so far?
Julio: So far we have a demo, an appearance on *More Than The X On Our Hands* Commitment, *South America in Decline* Six weeks, new *Barbaric Thrash Demolition II* on 625, and a 7" maybe coming up not sure though!

MRR: Favorite bands?
Julio: No For An Answer, legendary Carry Nation, Collateral Damage, What Happens Next?, already gone Spazz, Vitamin X, Ten yard fight, Ignite, Madball, Sick of it all, Throwdown, Better Than a Thousand, almost every band from Argentina´s scene and more.
Diego: What Happens Next?? of course, Charles Bronson, Spazz, Discarga, LIE, No Justice,

Lifes Halt, No Reply, Carry on, Ignite, Reconcile, Siempre Verdadero, Varsity, Vitamin X, CRUCIAL SECTION and many more!!!

MRR: Tell us about your backgrounds. What´s the reason for forming the band? Where does the name come from?

Julio: The band is the result of Andres and Diego coming together to start something new, back then there were no sXe around here, it was punx all the way, so they started from there. They got together with Jonathan and Ruben and started to write songs about animal rights and sXe. The name was there before I got to the band, but if you asked me I would say its because we all have strength (strength fuerza in Spanish) and we fight the best we can to keep our conviction and the straight edge feeling in our heads and in our hearts forever.

Diego: What we initially tried to do with Andres was to spice up things around here, the whole scene was kind of dead. We wanted to start a Straight Edge scene here in Guatemala, we wanted to get people interested in hardcore, punk or whatever, the name came from *Star Wars*, you know The Force (Fuerza) and the X from sXe, Star Wars and sXe are two things we enjoy so it was cool getting them on the name.

MRR: What are the band´s biggest influences?

Julio: We are influenced by most old school hardcore bands and also by the hardcore scene from Argentina, guys over there support us a lot. We also have thrashcore influences like What Happens Next? and stuff.

Diego: Each one of us has different things that influences him, for example mine are skate thrash-hardcore bands, youth crew bands, old school bands and also a lot of bands from Argentina´s Warriors Crew.

MRR: Do you think bands from different Third World countries support each other?

Julio: We´ve been supported a lot, but we´ve taken shit too, because some think that over here there´s no quality. There´s a lot of great bands here in Central America but the fact is that they aren´t well known, just by their friends and the people they hang out with. It´s just too hard to put out a 7", a CD or a tape over here. That´s why we need people from other countries help us deliver our message.

Diego: Well, many people helped us, for instance Max from x625x, Devon What Happens Next?, Ernie Van Slam, Julio Cordova, Martin Crudo, etc.. Not only did they help our band, but also zines (by answering interviews) and in many other ways. As Julio said, people from other places aren´t aware that there´s a scene in Guatemala and in other parts of Central America, and the whole truth is that we need help. We don´t have record labels here, which makes everything more complicated.

MRR: Do you take music as a hobby or is it a serious deal?

Julio: I take music as a medium to express my emotions at the same time I forecast positive thinking. If we could record and play regularly here in Guatemala I would take it much more

If we talk about DIY I think we are the most DIY band in the world, I'm not lying. . . I think this ethic is the best in order to keep yourself in control and not to worry about gathering money for your projects.

seriously.

Diego: My aim with the band is making our scene noticeable, having foreign bands interested in touring Central America and just seeing our scene grow.

MRR: Do you believe in the DIY ethic? Why?

Julio: I think all we´ve been doing is 100% DIY. I believe it´s better because you get to know what things are really worth when you put in all the effort in making them happen, on the other hand a professional is always going to do it better, but you can make a pro of yourself with practice, it´s a matter of trying.

Diego: If we talk about DIY I think we are the most DIY band in the world, I´m not lying. We recorded our own stuff, we´ve never been to a studio because they are very expensive here in Guatemala. We´ve been told that in Argentina it´s around $15 per hour, and it´s $60 here. I think this ethic is the best in order to keep yourself in control and not too worry about gathering money for your projects.

MRR: Are you vegetarians? Why?

Julio: All of us, Coque and Choa are vegetarians and Diego and I are lacto-vegans. The main reason for us being vegetarians is because we believe animals have the same right to live as humans, they must not be scarified to satisfy a trivial desire imposed by society, besides it´s healthier.

Diego: We live in a third world country and people starve here. We see that in the First World cows eat even better and more food than people over here. There are some problems associated with meat production, forests chipping, air pollution, exploitation. We don´t believe that animals are there for us to do what we want with them. We don´t support animal testing.

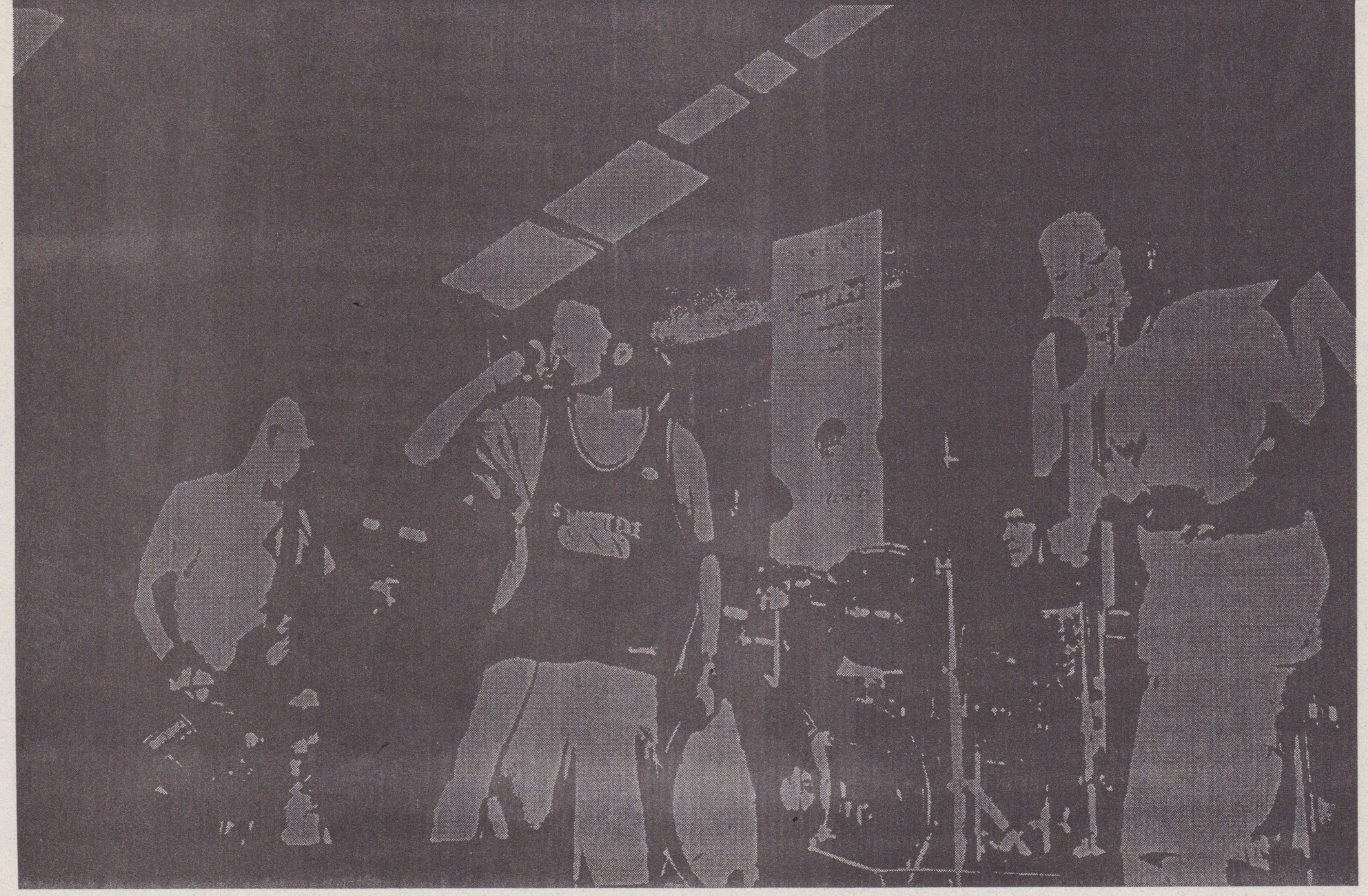
MRR: Why do you think Guatemala´s hardcore scene is not developing as you want it to?

Julio: There are many reasons, we lack venues where we can play, people around here are afraid of new things and will always think that what they have now is better than anything else. We always wanted to have a space on the radio to show people what they are missing. Other big problem is that we can´t record in a studio, se we have to manage to do it ourselves and so far we´ve done ok, this last recording was pretty ok. The only way to listen to a band is during a live show, and that doesn´t happen very often. So everyone gets their influences from MTV, among skate boarders it´s hard to find kids who listen to punk rock, let alone hardcore. We could say the scene has grown lately, but there´s a lot moreleft to do.

Diego: Now we found at least one place where we can have shows regularly. We are heading straight to that radio project Julio mentioned, we hope everything will turn out ok. Foreign bands don´t come to play here and kids get bored of seeing the same bands over and over again, people around here are very conservative, they stick to the way things have always been, we are developing very slowly in music. Kids stare at a punker with mohawk, they even stare at skaters, when we X up our hands, they start talking about us.

MRR: What do you do on your free time?

Julio: We hang out with the



Jarkor Crew, play soccer, skate once in a while, listen to records, we try to stick up to clean fun and sports.

Diego: I try to contact new people, sometimes over the Internet. Hang out with our crew, meeting new people, introduce them to hardcore, we do a bunch of stuff.

MRR: How do you describe your music?

Todos: Now we are trying to play in a What Happens Next? vein (we love this band, please come play here) but right now it´s more like old school hardcore.

MRR: How did you get involved in Hardcore in a country where no one thought (and thinks) hardcore even existed?

Julio: For me it was a great friend (Ruben), he started showing me bands and then I kept on meeting new friends and I liked the sXe ideology, since then I´ve been into hardcore.

Diego: It´s a long story, probably just like the story behind anyone reading this, I´ve been listening to hardcore and punk since I was 9 or 10.

MRR: Are you in other projects? Bands? Zines?

Julio: I also play in Borde Recto and Diferente Expectativa. I´m making a zine with some other hardcore kid, Dani, and it´s coming out soon.

Diego: I play in Borde Recto, and I have a zine called *Thrash It Up* (write for details) that it´s soon going to be in English only.

MRR: Have you toured? Why? Something funny to tell us about a show?

Julio: We haven´t toured because we have no money, but shows are the most exciting part of my life. I long for the day when we have a concert and that day I´m so thrilled, I feel like crying for the joy, I´d die if I saw a foreign band. (laughter)

Diego: We are all minors, so its harder, plus the lack of funds, we are supposed to play in Los Angeles and San Francisco sometime soon, but our bassist still doesn´t know if he´s gonna be able to make it. Last October we played our best show, the crowd was the biggest and the show was really well booked and everything worked out.

MRR: How difficult and how important is for you to have a show?

Julio: It´s not difficult at all, but it´s very important, because people are starting to get the feeling of it all, they are getting more involved everytime and that makes me happy.

Diego: It´s not hard, but it´s not easy either, sometimes we do find a place to play, sometimes we have to play with no sound system, problems come from every side, but we face them.

MRR: Anything to add?

Julio: Thanx for the interview. greetings to the Jarkor Crew and Maximum RocknRoll. Thank you for reading this. Keep your thoughts clear and be productive, don´t waste your life on senseless shit, do what you think it´s worth doing nevermind what others say...

Diego: Thanks for publishing this, thanks to the readers who interested in knowing more about us, I wanna thank Max for the comp. Just write if you want to know more about us or if you wanna come play or whatever.

MRR: Contact address?

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Diego: Diego Archila, 30 ave"A" 14-17 zona 7 la floresta Guatemala,Guatemala 01007 Centroamerica

TOCCATA Y BULLA

This interview was conducted by Francisco Castellanos (Patriota Muerto zine) and Xavier Paz (Experimentar zine).

MRR: Please tell us about the history of the band. What is Toccata & Bulla: a dream, a shout of protest, a rebellion, an ideology?

The band has its beginnings from the middle of '93. From then to the present there have been some changes in the lineup. Now Toccata & Bulla are: Marco Farm (drums), Santiago Jaramillo (vocals) and Paúl Santacruz (guitars and bass). Toccata & Bulla means that and much more. For us, musically and ideologically, T&B has no limits. It is very important in our lives—it would be very difficult to describe such a true feeling.

MRR: Who writes the words, and what type of influence does he feel he can have on the people who listen to them?

Our lyrics are written by the singer, Santiago. As members of the band, we can tell you they are the expression of real situations that occur in our world, country, city, district, and more. It's all connected to the music: in our opinion we enjoy making excellent music as much as writing words. There are bands with good lyrics but unfulfilling music, or vice versa. But is that good music? As far as our influence on people, we don't know—people are free to think, to form opinions, to comment, etc.

MRR: What music/noise have you been listening to recently?

Paúl: Dillinger Escape Plan, Assuck, The Casualties, Meshuggah, Kreator, Burn by the Sun, Nasum, Doom, Extreme Noise Terror, andanything else that attracts my attention.

Marco: Pain Killer, Testament, Solmania, R.D.P. Los Crudos, Krisiun, Today is the Day, Drowningman, Spazz, Phobia, Brutal Truth, Slayer, Naked City. Honestly I am very open to everything extreme.

Santiago: Coalesce, Youth Against, Soul Fly, Nile, Disassociate, i.r.a., Fun People, God, Isis, Botch, Goblin, Capitalist Casualties, Dead Kennedys, Neurosis, etc. I give everything a chance.

MRR: What does punk mean to you? Why do you think there is a lack of understanding towards this counterculture in Ecuador?

Marco: Punk for me is freedom, expression, living without repression. In fact, many people could be defined within this culture by their attitudes alone. We cannot all totally be punks. I could not say that I am punk, if I could not say to you that I like to live freely and democratically. Everybody should be free—nobody should force anybody.

Santiago: As Marco said, we all somehow belong and are part of punk, as the same symbol of freedom. We have the right to choose our free and defined shape, with our way of thinking. It does not matter if you are a radical or not, I believe punk, as a concept and an idea, is the most direct and sincere way to freedom possible.

MRR: Do you think that you will remain involved in the scene and active, or will you leave the scene, and also leave behind your ideology, thoughts, dreams, etc.?

For T&B, in its meaning and depth, we think that time will tell all. Each member has his ideas, his way of thinking. We are very good friends and more importantly, the band keeps unloading its power and forces.

MRR: What has T&B released after the Profane Existence Far East Mini CD Concebidos en la Tierra Bastarda?

Marco: We have been very slow going. We have some things that will come out soon for sure. Our second CD and now a compilation is available, called South America in Decline on Six Weeks Records. Sin Fronteras ni Barreras is on Chivolo Records, and a CD5 version of the CD3 Concebidos in the Terra Bastarda is now available, remastered, and with new art through Hybrid Music here in Ecuador. You can obtain the CD for $12 US (including shipping) to the address below.

Santiago: It was really good with Profane Existence Far East—we are thankful for that reason, but as soon as the CD came out we never received correspondence from PEFE. We know that the label no longer exists, but already three years have passed and we have not received even a greeting, much less information about how our CD has done, and that is with all of us writing to PEFE.

MRR: What support have you received within the Ecuadorian metal, hip hop, fusion, etc. scenes?

Marco: The support has not been one hundred percent, but it has been very encouraging. It's clear that the fashionable style in the mainstream receives all the attention, but even they are not content. To tell the truth, the socioeconomic instability of the country marginalizes many things. Paúl: Unfortunately, Ecuador has many discordant aspects. One of them is music, and within this context we can see that many musicians complain about the lack of support given to the music of our country, but you also must take into account that many of them go through life performing covers of outside groups, or changing the rhythms according to the fashion of the scene. They want somebody, at least internationally, to support them with such poor ideology and lack of standards. Clearly there are very good musicians in every sense and these face problematic situations, mostly economic ones, when they buy good instruments, become professionals, and face the great stereotype of the third world.

MRR: How do you see the political, social, and economic situation facing the country at the moment?

It's more discouraging all the time: more technology, less resources, greater numbers of people, more poverty, more hunger. Personally, we do not give advice about human nature: in order to change great things it is necessary to change small things, and therefore to change a country it is necessary to change oneself.

MRR: Do you think that the dollarization of the economy was the most favorable solution to escape the crisis that oppresses all Equadorians?

Santiago: Definitively not. Proof of it is that to this day it has not served to improve our economy, and worse, to even fathom a promising future. We are dollarized in all senses, but if we had no relationships with large countries, for example, we would have to monitor the basic pay wages in our country compared with those of other great countries. And inflation does not let up, taxes and other costs have increased one hundred percent. No immediate solution exists for our suffering economy.

MRR: How do you see Ecuador's DIY scene, and what is your opinion about DIY bands that receive $100 US or more to play a show?

Santiago: Definitively there are many oppositions and arguments over this subject. In our case we have played in many free concerts, only covering travel expenses. But also we have received what we think is fair pay for our work. For any type of band in Ecuador, DIY or not, it is very difficult to subsist, and when I talk about subsisting, I mean that a band cannot be maintained by constantly putting out new material; since here in our country the costs of recording are the highest. So if you belong to a band and if you see the possibility of an organizer paying you well for a concert, why not do it? If the future of the band practically depends on that? But also sometimes it is bullshit.

...nowadays we realize that this utopia of equality and respect among the races of this world is a fiasco and a trick. In the case of our country for the great numbers of immigrants to other countries and in our case the great affluence of people in Spain and the United States. They close the doors of these countries with hard laws, and the sentence of resorting to manual labor for immigrants, and immediate extradition. Do you think that this is right? Never. Many of our people who go away to other countries have to work until death with the only goal to offer a better future to their families in their countries of origin. What greater regime of hatred can we hope for from the great and rotten advanced countries?

Marco: As everybody knows, when a band tours you have a lot of expenses: transportation, food, etc. These factors must be completely covered and later you encounter surprises in the agreement made with the organizer (bad amplification, terrible organization).

MRR: What do you think of discrimination in the world, now it seems there is a rise of racist, nazi, and nationalistic organizations?

Marco: Nothing can be done about individuals who believe themselves infinitely superior to others. What you have to worry about is typical people who enter the typical game of greed, another stupid logic of our lives. With more money comes more discrimination, more irrationality, more intolerance, more hatred, etc.

Santiago: There was a time when we thought that racism was at its most bitter point; nowadays we realize that this utopia of equality and respect among the races of this world is a fiasco and a trick. In the case of our country for the great numbers of immigrants to other countries and in our case the great affluence of people in Spain and the United States. They close the doors of these countries with hard laws, and the sentence of resorting to manual labor for immigrants, and immediate extradition. Do you think that this is right? Never. Many of our people who go away to other countries have to work until death with the only goal to offer a better future to their families in their countries of origin. What greater regime of hatred can we hope for from the great and rotten advanced countries?

MRR: Tell the readers what life is like in cities like ours.

Santiago: In our case we come from a quite small city in the center of Ecuador. The great majority of people are dedicated to work or are in businesses relating to agriculture. Sometimes we are very isolated from advances. Now as far as music in our city, many bands have left, so there is no scene, but we influenced ourselves to make very violent music..ha ha ha.

Marco: Oohhhh, to walk down the streets of our city is really to encounter a scheme that in certain parts is reflected in the desire to advance with modernization, and in other sectors it's like the flipside of a coin. The social classes.

MRR: Hey boys, do you like comics? What do you think of this art?

Marco: Oh, it's great. I like many things about this art. I am a fanatic about Spawn, Faust, Spiderman, and many more. Honestly, the people behind this have imagination and skill that drives me crazy.

Santiago: As for me, it's natural my liking comics, since I liked to paint a little. Of course I like Spawn, Faust, Sin City, Evil Ed and others, but in horror and epics I also admire the work of Frank Frazzeta and H.R. Giger, and also manga comics, although I must admit that I do not know many more underground artists, but a great friend from N.J. is teaching me about the subject.

MRR: Can you tell us an anecdote from your shows?

Marco: Our shows are executed with the most extreme honesty of our souls, and it is very cool to observe as people receive our positive energy with their respective dances, since it is not rare to see at our concerts people whom simultaneously like several styles equally: hc, metal, even hip hop. Ha ha ha.

Santiago: Sometimes we have seen several zombies out there pogoing or moshing!

MRR: I notice that you like horror and gore a lot. Are there any movies that you've watched lately?

Marco: I adore Lucio Fulci films. Almost all his films are classics for all times. The era doesn't matter, they always scare and frighten anyone, and I cannot forget others like Carpenter, Hooper, etc.

Santiago: I have seen the new version of the real Exorcist and I am really impressed. The scene of Linda Blair as a spider was brilliant... Great. The classic ones are indispensable.

MRR: Hey locos, the interview was fun. Anything to add?

Marco: Firstly, thanks to Michael and Martín and all their gang for offering us this space that in fact is helping us very much, since the bands of South America not very often are taken into account and this is the opportunity, so thanks Maximum Rocknroll.

Santiago: Very many thanks to the people who think that Latin America is powerful in every sense... Thanks to the magazine, our colleagues who conducted this interview, and everybody who is interested in our band.

Toccata & Bulla: Concebidos en la Tierra CD $12 ppd.
Totally remastered with new artwork, out now on: Hybrid Music, Marco Oviedo, PO Box 17-03-741, Quito-Ecuador, South-America
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band contacts: Santiago Jaramillo, PO Box 05-01-530, Latacunga, Ecuador, South-America, email: toccataviolenta@hotmail.com
Marco Farm, PO Box 05-01-560, Latacunga, Ecuador, South America, email: mg_deranged@hotmail.com

Interview by XRicardoX

RECONCILE

MRR: Band line up.

Pablo: I sing, David plays bass, FedeX plays guitar, Chueco plays guitar, too, and German plays drums.

MRR: How did the band started?

Fedex: We started in March 1999 as a NYHC style band, but no one but our first singer liked that kind of music, so we turned RECONCILE to a youth crew band. I believe we started much as any other hardcore band and if you don't know what that means, then start your own band and find out.

MRR: How is life in Argentina? And the hardcore scene?

David: I guess life in Argentina has advantages and disadvantages like in any other country. Talking about the hardcore scene, for sure its smaller than any scene in most European countries and that may be hard for the bands. But we still have a lot of things going on. And being in a small hardcore scene, you can get to know every kid and you're friends with everyone.

Fedex: We have really good bands around here, not only sXe bands, but also punk, emo, etc. We have a very good amount of music and zines compared to other scenes in Latin America. And that's not me saying it, it's kids all over South America.

MRR: Are you guys a sXe band? What does sXe means to you?

Pablo: Well, everyone in RECONCILE is vegan sXe, but it doesn't mean that we are a sXe band. Our lyrics are not focused in sXe, they're more personal, but not like an emo band. Straight Edge means a lot to me... it's my way to be free, to exploit my potential. It's a commitment that I choose for life. I don't consider myself better than a kid who's not sXe, it's stupid to think that way.

Fedex: I consider RECONCILE to be a vegan straight edge band. Vegan straight edge is the lifestyle we chose for ourselves, its the way of doing things that suits the best with our way of thinking things.

David: Yes, we are a vegan straight edge band, definitively.

MRR: I have heard from your band about using a new technology (Napster), how do you think technologies like Internet influence our lives? Are they good or bad in your point of view?

David: In my point of view, it has both a good and a bad side. It is good because it helps communication among people you could have never dreamt of communicating with. The bad thing is that it creates a lot of gossip and rumors that wouldn't have been created without the internet. Napster is something I think is great.

Pablo: Hmm...that's a good question. I think that it's up to us to not let this 'internet fever' invade our lives. Sure the internet has helped communication between people, better yet, between hardcore scenes, but to me what the internet has done was to simplify everything...that's great in a way, but in the other, it just 'erases' the human factor of communication- you know what I mean? It's like: Person one: "Hey, what are you gonna do at night?" Person two: "Nothing, I just stay at home with my PC...so you guys better go out and have fun." —and that's it! People lose their will to do anything, to create, so in this way it's bad for me.

Fedex: We have to set the limits where we are embracing technology and where technology—and the big business behind it—is embracing us. We are using Napster as a tool to spread our word, our message and our art. We have creative minds, all of us do, and we use them in creative ways, I believe many people are spoiling their creativity and passion for life just because of the internet and other technological gadgets.

MRR: Do you play a lot of shows?

David: Yes we do. That's a great thing, because we rehearse so much in order to play and it makes all the effort worthwhile.

Fedex: Playing shows rules. The thing is that people always invite us for shows, we should really get into booking our own shows, so we could play even more often. We are trying to play in other south American countries this year.

MRR: Do you guys have any political position?

Fedex: Everything you do in your life is politics, because what you do has certain impact in the way things are organized, and that's what politics is about. I may not have a political position that you could put a tag on, I'm not into this or that doctrine. I just try to look at the things I do everyday and see why I do them and what will be the effects. By now I feel that's the best I can do.

CHAIN OF STRENGTH

STRAIGHT EDGE MEANS A LOT TO ME... IT'S MY WAY TO BE FREE, TO EXPLOIT MY POTENTIAL. IT'S A COMMITMENT THAT I CHOOSE FOR LIFE. I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF BETTER THAN A KID WHO'S NOT SXE, IT'S STUPID TO THINK THAT WAY.

Pablo: Well, I'm vegan sXe, I think that in some way this is a political position, I don't support right wing messages, intolerance, racism...I believe in human and animal liberation.

David: Not political, but of course I'm opposed to nationalism and intolerance of any kind.

MRR: South America is one of the biggest places in which exploitation of native people by multinational business occurs (tobacco industries, etc...). Do you guys feel that exploitation near you?

David: I know exploitation is near me, but it is near everyone. So that's why I may not feel it so intensely or seem to care about it. For sure I don't like it so I try not to support companies that use those methods of production.

Fedex: I live far from the countryside and industry is kind of dead in Argentina. If you add that the media—which is owned by corporate groups who exploit their workers—will not show what is really going on, I don't have such a feeling of living in a country of slaves, but it certainly is.

MRR: What do you think about television?

Pablo: It's similar to internet...sometimes it makes you not able to concentrate on being creative, and that's wrong. Here TV is called 'the idiot box'. If you are stuck 8 hours to the TV, it's a fucking waste of time! Like that song of Gorilla Biscuits "Stand Still" '...a fucking slave to a TV show. . . NO WAY!!!'

David: I like watching The Simpsons or Seinfeld but I think it can turn to a big waste of time and energy if you sit in front of it and forget about your life.

Fedex: Our old singer used to watch TV all the time, now he's lost the edge, you figure. (laughter)

MRR: Here in Portugal the youth standards are based on a life of intoxication, and that intoxication in my opinion is supported by government who puts it out as something that makes you a rebel. It is like that in Argentina? Do you think that legalization of drugs is a better solution?

Pablo: I think that this kind of things happen in every country in the world. Government supports the traffic of drugs because it's good business for them. I think that legalization of drugs will carry more problems than solutions. The only solution for me is the complete eradication of drug plantations, and obviously teach people about drugs and how bad they are to your body. But as we all know, the human greed will never end, and there'll be more methods of domination (in fact, TV and propaganda are some examples), in that way we will be 'sedated' and we cannot act by ourselves. So we must fight against everything or everyone that hold us down.

Fedex: People must be free. Free to marry with people of the same sex and free to do drugs. People should know what they're doing. Obviously, doing drugs is not a very good thing, but telling people not to doesn't seem to be a solution. It's up to each person to decide whether to use them or not.

David: Legalization may be a solution in countries like Switzerland, but it wouldn't work out here. It would just go out of control. That's a big decision for any country and there are lots of things to bear in mind prior to taking such a big step. And I don't think that our government would pay the attention the matter deserves.

MRR: Would you guys sign to a major label? Or do you stay true to the underground DIY scene? I think that DIY supports that simplicity that hardcore should have!

David: I don't think a major label would ask us to sign with them in the first place, so I guess I would not accept. But anyway, I know it can really help you economically, but right now I don't need a lot of money. Maybe someday if I need more money I would consider it.

Pablo: Major labels are not hardcore, are not DIY! We belong to an underground scene, and our values cannot be sold. I don't need a jerk telling me what kind of sound must the band have to sell records, telling me what should I say and how must I act...it's stupid! I love the spirit of DIY, I embrace this lifestyle where all the effort that anyone does counts. The only way I stay free is being true to my convictions, doing what I want. All the hardcore bands who have signed with majors lost their 'essence' to me.

Fedex: Nowadays the "major label" idea is a little wicked. Maybe Revelation and Victory are major labels, but many would even consider Jade Tree to be a major label. I believe I would sign to any of the three mentioned. I wouldn't sign for multinational corporations like Sony or whoever. But hardcore based big labels don't seem to hurt so much. I don't intend to take a penny out of RECONCILE, if someday a lot of money comes in, we would spend it on RECONCILE affairs, not in our rent or a new car.

MRR: Ok, that's all. Say what you want.

Pablo: Thank you Ricardo for the interview. I hope everything is ok in the Portugal scene, good luck with your band, I want to hear something soon! To anybody who is reading this interview...Always support YOUR scene first! Remember to be tolerant with other opinions...it's all about unity and respect.

David: Thanx for the interview and I hope we keep in touch so we can learn about each other's scene.

Fedex: Just take care and drop us a line if you want to. I'm starting a new project, it's a straight edge newsletter much like Yann's International Straight Edge Bulletin a couple years ago, so write me and send straight edge scene reports from all over the world.

Feel free to contact us!!!
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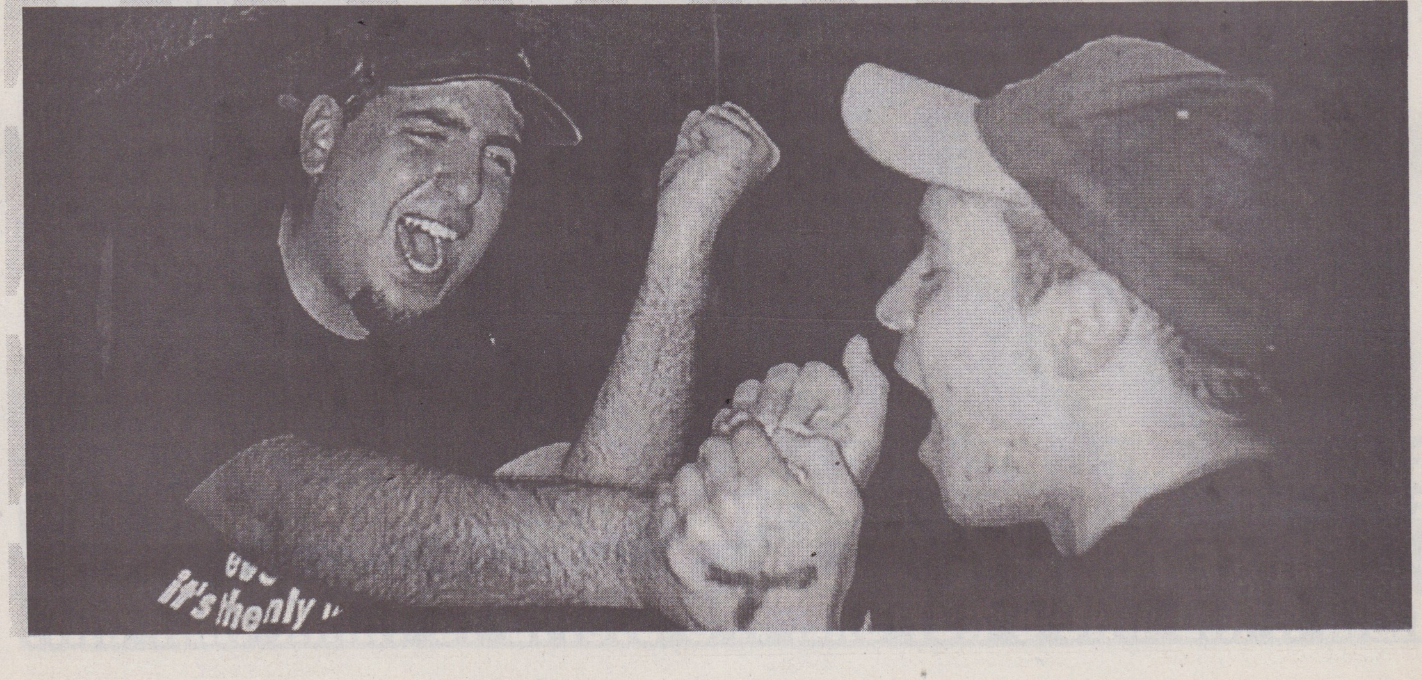
EVERYTHING YOU DO IN YOUR LIFE IS POLITICS, BECAUSE WHAT YOU DO HAS CERTAIN IMPACT IN THE WAY THINGS ARE ORGANIZED, AND THAT'S WHAT POLITICS IS ABOUT.



MANGANZOIDES

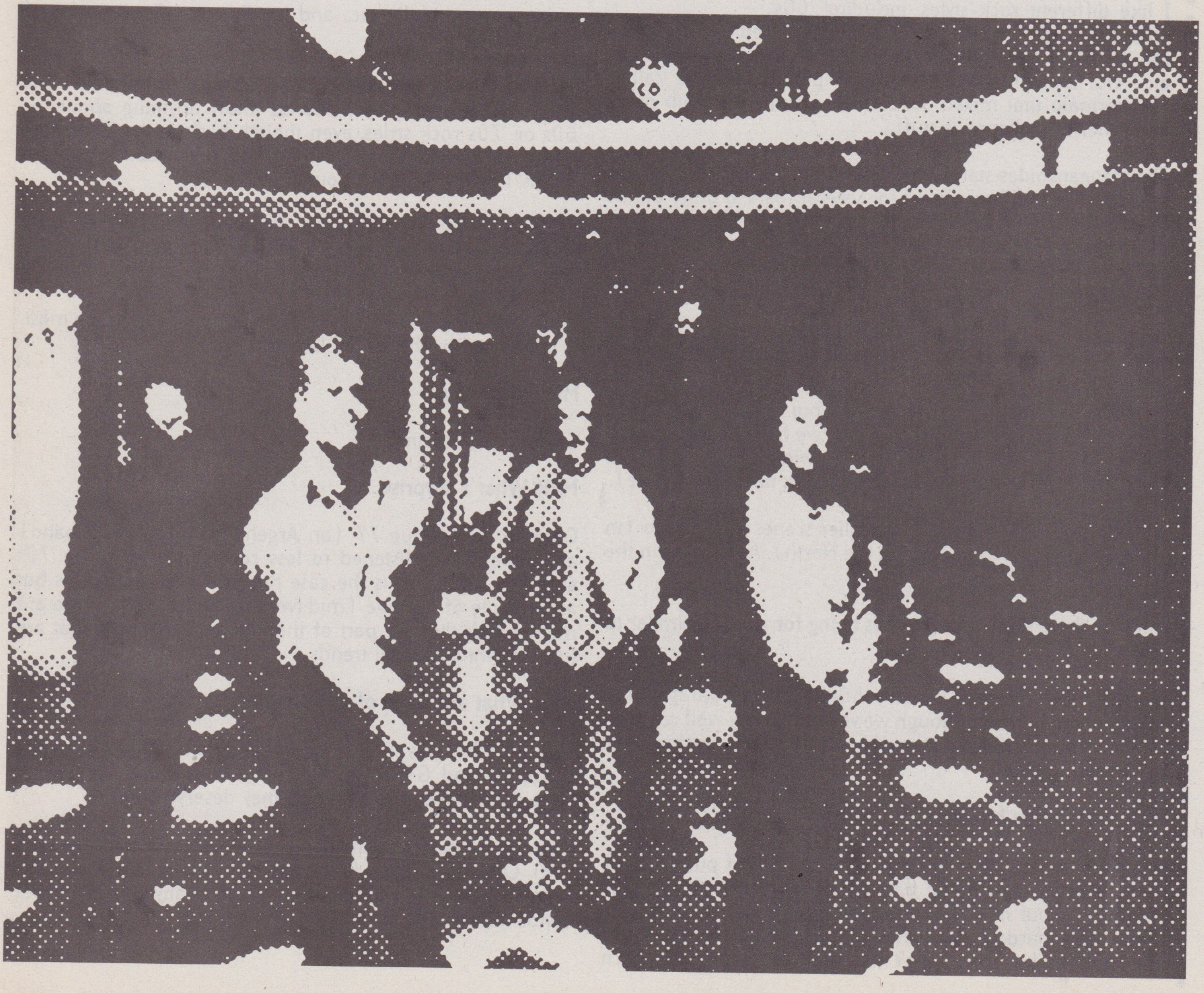
Manganzoides got together in Lima, Peru in 1996. The band members, who had put in put in time in various other bands, started the band out of a common interest in '60s garage rock, psychedelia and surf music. They combine these and a few other styles with the rawness of later bands like the Stooges.

Most of their songs are originals in Spanish, although they also do some instrumentals and some covers of '60s stuff. They are currently the only band in Peru that makes original material that is mostly in a raw '60s vein, and probably the only one that has attempted to do this since the '60s and bands such as Los Saicos.

Their first release was in April, 1998, with an eleven song self-titled cassette, and in August 2000 a second cassette, "Mas Dosis!!!" was released. Both these albums have been well received by the independent zines, etc.

Besides the two cassette releases, Manganzoides have also appeared in the U.S. on a split LP with Sir Dance A-Lot on Repent and on two CD compilations by Detroit Noise Records (vol. 2 and 3) as well as on several Peruvian cassette and CD compilations. A third release should come out next year, perhaps on CD.

We tossed this interview to Michael Lucas, who has not only seen them live (and declared their singer Rafo "a certified rock and roll maniac frontman who must be seen to be believed") but owes them more than a little bit for sticking their superior slooze with Sir Dance A-Lot on the aforementioned split LP (just kidding, Sir Dance A-Lot is...pretty decent if you like that sort of thing).



Manganzoides: Rafo (vocals), Gonzalo (guitar), Diego (keyboards), Ali (bass), Tito (drums) (the original bass player, Kobo, left the band in late '98 when he had to move out of Lima).

In case you didn't read the introduction, the following is Michael Lucas interviewing Gonzalo of Manganzoides.

MRR: Let's get the "influences" question out of the way, shall we (I considered phrasing it differently, but "What music impels you to do this" is really just the same ole questioned, albeit thinly disguised)?

Gonzalo: We [the guys in the band] all have different musical influences, but we have in common that we like both '60s garage and psychedelic stuff and the Stooges, which are our main inspirations. Diego is the most "hardcore" '60s garage and pop fanatic. Rafo is into Punk, Hardcore and newer garage punk: as a teenager he used to sing in a late '80s/early '90s HC band called Ellos Aun Vivien.

I like different rock styles, including '60s garage and the Stooges but I am also inspired by (can I say this in *MRR*?) bands like the Who, the Stones, Black Sabbath, etc., etc., and old blues. I used to play in a band called Melchormalo that mixed Sabbath-type hard rock with punk and other miscellaneous stuff.

The Manganzoides started out in '96, not really taking it very seriously. We all had played for several years in other bands before that. Our first concert was in June '97. We don't play live too frequently anymore: last year we only had about six or seven concerts, but the year before it was probably twice that.

MRR: When I saw Manganzoides in Lima, it was a very mixed bill...

Gonzalo: In Lima, the scene is small but has a lot of bands, some of them very good. The bands we have been closest to (that we play with the most and are friends with) are 3 Al Hilo (punk rock) and Aeropajitas (punk-hardcore-reggae).

Outside Lima there are much smaller scenes like Trujillo (in the North), Cajamarca (also in the North), Arequipa (in the South) and that's about it.

MRR: So there aren't many bands trying for a sound similar to yours?

Gonzalo: I think we're the only '60s influenced garage influenced band in Peru, although we've been pretty well received at shows even if the audience has never heard anything like us before.

MRR: How'd that happen?

Gonzalo: In the '80s there was an explosion of punk ("rock subterraneo") and metal bands. These were rival styles for many years but now the differences don't matter too much. Then many hardcore and melodic punk bands came out in the late '90s, but there aren't many bands in other styles such as garage, rockabilly, etc., and hardly any influence of surf, psych, etc.

I think people could use broader musical tastes here. not many people who play in bands know anything about the '60s or '70s rock styles, even though back in the '60s there were many, many great Peruvian bands like Los Saicos, Los Shains, Los Yorks, Traffic Sound, etc.

MRR: Don't forget the mighty Bel-Kings! At any rate, most people in bands are unaware of their Rich Musical Heritage. What are they mining instead?

Gonzalo: Younger punk bands, for example, seem to be mostly influenced by things like Green Day...

MRR: Shocking.

Gonzalo: ...Offspring...

MRR: What a surprise.

Gonzalo: or Attaque 77 (an Argentinean pop punk band) and haven't ever listened to less commercial or older '70s and '80s stuff. This is the case not just with young kids but also people of our age (mid-twenties and older). There are many bands that are part of the independent scene that are just following musical trends.

MRR: What are some of the best bands in Peru now?

Gonzalo: Besides well known independent bands like Leuzemia and G3, there are many other good bands that have not received the attention they deserve here.

Some good independent bands now active include Cesar N Y El Cabaret Fragor (rock and roll/rockabilly), Metadona (melodic punk), Mamani (HC), and many others. Newer bands include Los Arman, Dalevuelta, etc.

In spite of obstacles to making rock music here, some good independent bands have had international releases, like Dios Hastio (crust core?), Futuro Incierto (melodic HC), Mortem (death metal)...and us.

MRR: I will take appropriate measures to plug the released mention (see introduction). What are some of the obstacles you just mentioned?

Gonzalo: Here in Peru, you can't make a living playing rock music unless it's extremely commercial or you're well connected to the one or two good concert venues, and even then it's not likely. So most people who play in punk, hardcore, metal or other bands are either young and go to school or are older (like us) and work full time in something else or go to university.

For example, you never make any money playing at concerts, which are often organized by the bands themselves at small places. You might get twenty dollars but usually end up spending much more than that drinking or whatever...

MRR: I'm sure Rafo does, that fella can put away a remarkable quantity.

Gonzalo: It never covers what you spend in rehearsals, recording, etc. If you are in an independent band it's because you really love the music you make and are willing to make unusual efforts.

One problem for bands now is that people here, even people who are really into music, aren't used to going to see live bands. So there's kind of a vicious circle for independent bands: you can't spend a lot on getting good equipment for a concert because you know you'll end up losing money. People won't go to a concert because they think it will sound awful, and it usually does. People who play in bands always try to discover a solution to this problem but there are other things to consider.

MRR: Such as?

Gonzalo: Rock is really a minority thing now, even in Lima. Unlike the '60s and '70s (and the '80s, when the underground punk scene appeared), when a lot more people were into rock music even if it was the most commercial stuff. Now it seems the people who, in other times, would go to concerts have a lot of other things to choose from. And they don't have any place to hear anything resembling rock and roll anyway.

There are no independent radio stations. Some programs play local bands but usually crap that's in fashion (like rock-salsa mixtures, etc.). We've actually gotten some airplay on these programs but usually as a secondary thing.

Many of the well known "independent" bands are really very commercial in their attitude and sound and have no rock and roll attitude at all. But they're the ones who gather all the attention and play at the better places (where the sound is better, as well). I think the space that should be for independent bands is used by commercially minded bands that would be supported by major labels in other places (for example, pop bands and also bands that are clones of Rage Against the Machine, Korn, etc.).

Also, there are virtually no independent labels. When a label puts something out the band usually gives their material for free after having paid for the recording. There is some coverage of certain releases in some newspapers but it is very sporadic. The bigger zines (like Caleta, Sub) only come out about once a year if they come out at all.

MRR: So what's the upside of it all?

Gonzalo: Some of the good things about being in a band in Lima, Peru: some of the places where you can play, like El Averno in (downtown) Lima are authentically underground and sometimes have a very cool environment that probably doesn't exist in places where rock is profitable or where there are many people who think they are rock "stars" (but we have some of those here, unfortunately).

MRR: You might be surprised at how unprofitable rock is worldwide, and how a lack of profitability doesn't keep some jerks from thinking that they're rock stars. Why, just the other...but as you were saying.

Gonzalo: Even if you don't make money playing and it has to be a part time occupation (almost a hobby), you can live the rock and roll "lifestyle" cheaply in Lima. Because certain things are very cheap here (ahem), you can celebrate after a concert like you are Keith Richards or Iggy Pop even if only 30 people went to see you (maybe I'm exaggerating a little bit?). Also, taxi cabs are extremely cheap and you can fit many bands into one of them, so you don't have to worry about finding a bus or driving (if you have a car) after a long night.

And musically, since you know that you won't be able to live from this, you feel comfortable making the music you like. For us, there isn't much pressure on following anyone's else's tastes.

MRR: Having started off with the standard "influences" question, let's wrap up with the standard "plans for the near future" question.

Gonzalo: We haven't sold a lot of copies of the cassettes (I guess no one really does), but we have made some loyal fans and received some very good reviews. We have some new material (close to ten new songs) now that we would like to record in a few months. Perhaps then we can release it on CD. Releases here are either CD or cassette, vinyl only exists as second hand LPs and 45s.

MRR: And let's not forget that Peru has some of the greatest food in the world.

MANGANZOIDES

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ANTIKORPUS

MRR: YOU USED TO SAY THAT HARDCORE IS JUST PUNK MUSIC. HOW DO YOU SEE THE SCENE TODAY? IS IT JUST ABOUT THE MUSIC, OR IS THERE SOMETHING MORE?

WE AFFIRM THAT HARDCORE IS JUST PUNK MUSIC BECAUSE FIRST OF ALL, IT SHOWED UP WHEN PUNK MUSIC STARTED GETTING FASTER AND MORE AGGRESSIVE. SO HARDCORE WAS BORN AS A MUSICAL LABEL INSIDE OF PUNK AND WE THINK THAT IT SHOULD KEEP BEING LIKE THAT! WE DON'T AGREE WITH THE IDEA OF SEPARATING HARDCORE FROM PUNK, AS IF HARDCORE WAS SOMETHING SIMILAR BUT SEPARATED FROM PUNK, LIKE HARDCORE JUST COEXISTED WITH PUNK. EACH PERSON THAT COMES IN CONTACT WITH PUNK DOES IT IN DIFFERENT TIMES AND WAYS. ESPECIALLY WHEN A PERSON IS INVOLVED AND THINKS OF IT AS A PART OF THEIR OWN LIFE—THIS PERSON IS REALLY A PUNK, AND NOT JUST A "HARDCORE" KID.

AS FAR AS THE PUNK SCENE GOES, WE THINK THAT THERE IS MORE THAN MUSIC TO IT, OR THERE SHOULD BE. THERE IS IN PUNK A COUNTER-CULTURAL CHARACTER OF DEFIANCE AND DENIAL OF SOCIAL VALUES, POLITICAL ISSUES COMING FROM THE LEFT, AND LIBERTARIAN TENDENCIES. MAYBE THIS POLITICAL SIDE OF PUNK IS WEAK TODAY, BUT IT EXISTS INSIDE OF PUNK CULTURE AND IS ACTIVE IN THE SCENE.

MRR: WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF PUNK FOR YOU?

MAYBE WE PARTLY ANSWERED THIS ALREADY. WHAT WE THINK IS ESSENTIAL IN PUNK IS ITS COUNTER-CULTURAL AND LIBERTARIAN CHARACTER. COUNTER-CULTURAL BECAUSE THE PUNK CULTURE IS AGAINST ALL THE PSEUDO-CULTURAL TRASH THAT SOCIETY TRIES TO IMPOSE ON US WITH ITS PATTERNS AND FALSE VALUES, AND LIBERTARIAN BECAUSE WE BELIEVE THAT ANY POLITICAL IDEOLOGY INSIDE OF PUNK NEEDS TO AGREE WITH THESE CULTURAL PRINCIPLES.

WE DON'T BELIEVE THERE IS A PUNK RULE BOOK, THAT TELLS PEOPLE HOW PUNK SHOULD BE—THAT WOULD BE RIDICULOUS. BUT WE AGREE THAT THERE ARE A LOT OF BASIC PRINCIPLES THAT DISCERN PUNK FROM OTHER POLITICAL AND CULTURAL PATHS. THAT IS THE PUNK ESSENCE FOR US!

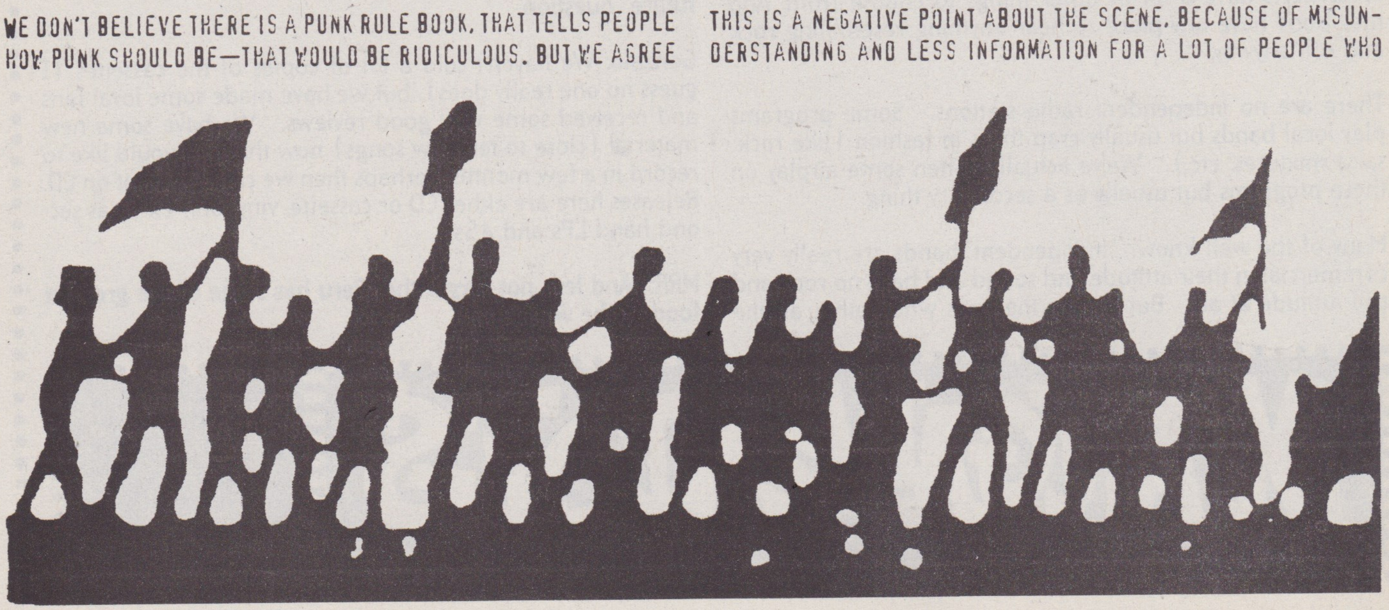
MRR: EVERYBODY IN THE BAND IS VEGETARIAN, RIGHT? DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A WAY FOR A PERSON TO BE "CRUELTY FREE?" OR IS THIS JUST AN ILLUSION CREATED INSIDE OF THE SCENE TO DISTRACT THE PEOPLE FROM OTHER, MORE SERIOUS STRUGGLES?

HONESTLY, WE DON'T BELIEVE THAT THE IDEA OF BEING CRUELTY FREE WAS CREATED INSIDE THE SCENE WITH THE PURPOSE OF DISTRACTING PEOPLE FROM MORE SERIOUS STRUGGLES (MAYBE "ESSENTIAL" WOULD BE BETTER THAN "MORE SERIOUS"), BUT STILL, IT HAPPENS, MAYBE OUT OF NAIVETÉ OR CONVENIENCE.

YEAH, IN THE BAND WE ALL ARE VEGGIES, AND WE VIEW IT WITH A LOT OF RESPECT AND IMPORTANCE IN OUR LIVES, BUT WE'LL ONLY BE CRUELTY FREE WHEN CAPITALISM FALLS, AND WITH THE END OF EXPLOITATION BY PEOPLE OF PEOPLE—THAT IS WHERE ALL THE PRINCIPLES OF CRUELTY LIE. IF IN CAPITALISM MAN IS CRUEL TO MAN, WHY NOT BE CRUEL TO ANIMALS? BESIDES, IT IS REALLY CONTRADICTORY TO BELIEVE THAT A REALLY CRUELTY FREE LIFE CAN EXIST FROM JUST BEING VEGETARIAN—THE PEOPLE THAT WORK IN SOY PLANTATIONS (THE BASE OF VEGETARIAN DIET) FROM THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES RECEIVE LESS THAN 25 CENTS OF A DOLLAR PER DAY. ISN'T THAT CRUEL?

MRR: EVERYONE IN THE BAND IS AN ATHEIST—HOW DO YOU SEE THE RELATIONSHIP OF THIS TO THE SCENE? BECAUSE FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE, PUNK SITS IN THE PLACE OF GOD AND THE SCENE IS A RELIGIOUS CULT OF COLLECTIVE CATHARSIS, WITH A LOT OF IDOLS (BANDS) WHO ARE PERFECT AND WHO PEOPLE SHOULD WORSHIP, WITHOUT QUESTIONING THE DOGMA.

THIS IS A NEGATIVE POINT ABOUT THE SCENE, BECAUSE OF MISUNDERSTANDING AND LESS INFORMATION FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO



WORSHIP OTHER PEOPLE AND BANDS WITH "UNQUESTIONABLE ATTITUDES." IT IS REALLY CONTRADICTORY TO BE AN ATHEIST WHEN YOU THINK OF IT THAT WAY, SO SIMILAR IN THE RELATION OF SUBMISSION AND INFERIORITY OF A BELIEVER WITH YOUR GOD OF "UNQUESTIONABLE DOGMA."

MRR: YOU HAVE A SONG CALLED "GIG," THAT IS A CRITICISM OF VIOLENCE AT GIGS. DON'T YOU THINK THAT VIOLENCE IS THE ONLY AUTHENTIC EXPRESSION INSIDE THE SCENE, WHERE A LOT OF PEOPLE LIBERATE THEIR FRUSTRATIONS AND DAY-BY-DAY NEUROSES, WHERE THEY ARE TRULY THEMSELVES, CASTING OUT ALL POLITICALLY CORRECT MASKS AND FANTASIES? BECAUSE MOST OF THE PEOPLE THAT COME TO A SHOW GO TO HAVE FUN AND LISTEN TO PUNK ROCK, AND MOST OF THE BANDS TALK ABOUT A LOT OF ISSUES THAT WON'T BE ABSORBED BY THESE PEOPLE, BECAUSE THEY THINK THEY ARE A BUNCH OF ALL-TIME REVOLUTIONARIES.

THE VIOLENCE THAT WE DISCUSS IN THIS SONG, "GIG," IS THE VIOLENCE THAT SOME PEOPLE USED THE POGO DANCE FOR, CHANGING WHAT WOULD BE A LITTLE SHOW OFHUMOR IN OUR CULTURE INTO A TRUE DEMONSTRATION OF INTOLERANCE AND STUPIDITY. VIOLENCE CAN BE A WAY TO LIBERATE THE FRUSTRATION AND NEUROSIS OF PEOPLE'S EVERYDAY LIVES, BUT IT CAN'T TAKE PART INSIDE OF THE SCENE AT A GIG, AND AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE US. THEY CAN USE THIS VIOLENCE AGAINST THE SYSTEM, BECAUSE THE SYSTEM PRODUCES THIS FRUSTRATION AND NEUROSIS. THAT WOULD BE MORE COHERENT, IN THAT CASE THEY WOULD NEED MORE THAN KICKS AND PUNCHES. VIOLENT DANCING AGAINST OUR OWN PARTNERS ISN'T FUNNY OR REVOLUTIONARY.

photo by Kim Bae

MRR: ABOUT VIOLENCE AGAIN, IN ANOTHER SONG CALLED "NOSSAS ARMAS," YOU SAY THAT MUSIC NOT WILL MAKE THE REVOLUTION, BUT BOOKS AND MOLOTOV COCKTAILS WILL. SO FOR YOU, IS THERE A GOOD AND A BAD VIOLENCE? OR IS ALL OF IT THOUGHTLESS AND PRACTICED BY IGNORANT PEOPLE?

BOOKS AND MOLOTOVS ARE SYMBOLS THAT WE USE TO SHOW THE IDEA OF PRACTICE AND THEORY. IT'S A CRITICISM FOR THOSE PEOPLE WHO THINK THAT THEY ARE REALLY REVOLUTIONARIES JUST FOR PLAYING IN A PUNK BAND AND SCREAMING PROTEST VERSES.

WE DON'T BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A GOOD AND A BAD VIOLENCE, NOR THAT ALL VIOLENT ACTION IS THOUGHTLESS AND PRACTICED BY IGNORANT PEOPLE. IGNORANT IS WHEN YOU RECEIVE A SLAP AND THEN OFFER THE OTHER CHEEK. THE VIOLENCE IS JUST A CHARACTERISTIC, AND THIS CHARACTERIZES GOOD AND BAD ACTIONS. WE DON'T AGREE WITH THE GENERALIZED USE OF VIOLENCE, BUT WE NEVER WOULD AGREE WITH ANSWERING KICKS AND PUNCHES WITH KISSES AND FLOWERS.

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@PATIA NO! @PATIA NO! @PATIA NO!

MRR: How and when did the band start?

Hola!!!. The idea of making a band with the name @patia-No came up in 1994, but it actually started in '96. We have had many line ups since we´d started. It´s been kind of steady lately though. Initially we thought of making a zine with the same name.

MRR:. Is it hard to have an anarcho-punk band in Venezuela? Have you been victims of censorship from local people, police, media, etc?

It´s not that hard. It all lies in setting your goal and making stuff you like in a truthful independent fashion. It can be hard when you try to put on shows, with people who only criticize what you do, while trying to keep the band together, etc. That´s where the difficulty really is, but we resisted all that and "so here we are and we keep on with it" as someone once said, haha!. About censorship?, OF COURSE!, there´s this show space where they won´t let us play, but in fact we would never play there because of their uneven door policies. Regarding police, well in 1994 I was arrested for being presumptuously involved in demonstrations, etc. Days later I was released, but it´s something I wouldn´t like to see happening to anyone, not even my worst enemy. On the media side of things, I can mention that in the last few days a very important paper here, published a little review of the third ANARCHO-PUNK exposition, which was a real hit last November, and the review said that involving in these kind of activities could cost you your life because of the area of the city it was taking place in. I´m not sure what´s their motivation for doing that. That makes us think about why a, who-knows-how-many-thousands of copies daily, paper would say such a thing about us. It has to be because we are bugging them, and they want us out of the way. As you can appreciate, censorship exists.

MRR: We are conscious of your various releases. Is it hard for you to self produce and distribute your music? What piece of advice would you give to people who want to start similar projects?

It was hard in the beginning, mainly because there weren´t any self promotion backgrounds in Venezuela. We took courage from seeing what was going on in different parts of the world, so we started releasing things and it gets easier with each passing day. It takes constancy, dedication and believing in the things you do. I would advise people who want to do what we do to get info on self promotion and never think it´s IMPOSSIBLE. Because everything gets done when you really commit to it. If you are looking for info, contact us and we´ll tell you our own experience on how to put out a record.

MRR: We also know that you toured South America. What countries have you been to and what would you say about the experiences that you went through? Do you have plans for future tours?

Well, we´ve been to Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile. We had unforgettable and very positive experiences everywhere we went, because we tried some other stuff beside shows, we had debates, free radio shows, etc. Once we tried to go to Bolivia, but we were rejected by the military in the border, apparently because we didn´t have a visa. We´ve been planning to go to Puerto Rico since '98 but it just hasn't happened yet cause we need an American visa. We are hoping this will be the year we visit the island. We are saving every penny from our last CD for a future European tour that will start in Spain. Let´s hope it will all turn out right.

MRR: Music isn´t all there is to anarcho punk. What other activities are you involved in to deliver your message?

Thats right!!! We have a wandering zine/record stand that we set up at every show, whether we perform or not. We distribute independent releases as well as flyers, etc. There´s also C.R.A. (Anarchist Relationships Committee). That´s where individuals and collectives come together to organize different sort of activities. We have weekly meetings and we discuss the contents of EL LIBERTARIO, which is a bimonthly anarchist paper with a 12 page edition and 2000 copies per issue. We also run the independent label NOSEKE RECORDS ("I don't know what records").

MRR: I heard that the pressing plant where you press your records is being shut down. Why is it so important for you to put out records on vinyl? How does the plant´s shutdown affect you? What do you think about CDs?

Well, the factory is already closed, it was located in Medellin, Colombia. The reasons are that maintenance is very expensive for them and there isn´t really that much demand for the work they do. Releasing vinyl records has a lot to do with our purpose as a band. It´s way cheaper than anything else, two seven inches with sleeves with lots of info are as expensive as a single tape. The running time of a 7" is very compatible with punk rock. You can fill one of those with 2 or 3 short songs. A tape with 2 or 3 songs costs the same as a 45 minute tape, at least that happens in Venezuela. What´s really positive about seven inches is that sleeve can contain a lot of info without varying costs, as I said before. On the other hand, if you add a zine to a tape it gets more expensive. And the most important thing is that it´s constant and fast. I said this in another interview a little while ago. Let´s take for instance the actions of September 26th (*ed. talking about anti-globalization protests*), you can write a couple of songs, pack them up on a 7" and that´s it. People will get the 7" and realize what´s going on, in a cheap and fast way. I took September 26th as an example, you can take anything. Try to imagine if you could do that with CDs, while you get all the songs and everything you will be forecasting an unadapted message. But it really depends on where you are. We´ve done cassettes and CDs, but compilations of old songs exclusively, and cassettes were only destined for Venezuela, because people from other places order our EPs only. CDs are still an expensive format here. We did a CD with songs from '96 to '99, sold them for six US dollars, so everyone can realize that big companies are ripping them off charging twenty US dollars for a CD. We intend to bring to light the monster hiding behind the CD format.

MRR: What´s your opinion on neo-punks in Venezuela? What do they do for the scene?

Well, uhmmm, well actually there´s this kind of neo-punk scene coming up over here. We talk to them, we even played gigs together and we showed them the way we think, we just hope they understand our ideas without caring about music styles, we hope we can work together. We still don´t know if there´re good consequences of having them around, but we´ll see, and let´s hope there will be.

MRR: Besides shows, are there any other political activities in Venezuela?

Yes. I´m not gonna lie to you, I´m not gonna say that there´s this super huge political activist activity, because there´s not. Actually there have been a few demonstrations, for instance last September 26th against globalized economy, anti-McDonalds protests, etc. Also the anarcho-punk expos and zine stands, where we sometimes have debates and video screenings.

MRR: What would you say about Venezuela´s scene in comparison to the ones in the countries you´ve visited?

There´s nowhere to get off comparing scenes from different countries, because they are different realities. It´s all very relative so what I can say about those scenes, because we do not live there, so we can't really make an account of what´s going on there. What I can tell you is that here in Venezuela the scene is growing little by little, to the point that there´s at least 100-120 people at a every show, and sometimes even more than 200.

@PATIA·NO
ANARCO PUNK A

MRR: So once again there´s a girl in the band?

Yeah. We have that free spot since our last guitarist left. So we invited a friend of ours to sing on a record, but it wasn´t anything official yet. So then we talked Julia into joining the band, she was already helping us out with our mail and she´s been singing with us ever since. Our last ten shows were with the exact same line up, which sets a new record in our history, haha! So this is who we are: Julia-sings, Arnaldo-drums, Miguel-guitar, Theo-guitar(who doesn´t play that often, sometimes we can´t get all the equipment we need) and me, Johnny-bass and vocals.

MRR: How can kids reach you?

That´s an easy one! Just write to: Johnny Castro, A.P.64670, Z.P.1064-A, Caracas, Venezuela. E-mail: apatia_no@usa.net / noseke@usa.net

Thanx Taina from ZineVerguenza!.

NOSEKE RECORDS CATALOG, JAN 2001:

NR-012 CD @patia-NO "Resistencia a la Imposicion 96-99"
HG-130 EP split @patia-NO/Jabara(Japan) (Japanese edition on HgFact)
NR-011 EP @patia-No "Creados para la paz..."
NR-010tape 50 Poesias de Mario Benedetti (70 minutes)
<<<Benefit for El Libertario>>>
NR-009tape V/A "Tu Silencio Ahoga mis gritos" (few copies)
Feat.: Sin Dios, Banda Jachis, Apatia-NO, Reciclaje,
Los Residuos, Actitud Subversiva, Niquitown, Desarme,
Fun People y Vantroi. <<<benefit for El Libertario>>>
NR-007 EP @patia-NO "Hazlo Tu Mismo"
NR-006 EP Split @patia-NO/Sentimientos Oprimidos
NR-005tape Split @patia-NO/Renuencia "A 10 años..." (few copies)
NR-003 EP @Patia-NO "Fronteras" (few copies)
Coming up next on Noseke Records:

TAPE Split live @patia-NO/Doña-Maldad 2000
EP KontraOrden/AntiTodo .: punk hardcore from Medellin/colombia
EP @patia-No/Sin-Dios .. 2 anarko hardcore bands
EP @patia-No/R.A.S.H. ..(split release with Desobediencia Records from Mexico)

ANTI-TODO

By: Milton Marulanda.

MRR: Brief history of the band.

The band was formed in Medellin (Colornbia) at the end of 1987 by Diego Builes (guitar) and Octavio Lopez (drums). After some rehearsal sessions, they added two new guys to the band. Oscar Carreno (bass) and Dario Ospina (lead vocals). They played in the band but for a very short time. In this first stage, the band played very strong and fast hardcore music influenced by bands like Radical Hardcore, Napalm Death, Fear Of God and Agathocoles. With this line-up they played until the end of 1991. Then, they broke up. In August '95, after three years of delay, the band began again. Diego and Octavio joined with two new guys: Heliodoro Arango (bass) and Norbey "La Rata" (lead vocals). With this line-up, the band played for two years. They had with five songs on a compilation CD titled *La Flema Innata De La Sociedad*, compiled by Lorito Records (Colombia) in June of '97. This CD had an excellent sound and very good local bands. At the end of 1997, the band had more changes in the line-up

MRR: So what is your actual line-up?

Diego Builes: Guitar, lead vocals.
OctaYio Lopez: Drums.
Heliodoro Arango: Guitar, back-up vocals.
Jhon Alex AIvarez: Bass' back-up vocals.

MRR: Which are your actual releases (recordings)? How would we get them?

- Kontra Orden/Anti-todo *Anti-Orden* split EP (2000)
- *Nadie Salva Esto* (demo tape '99)

Besides' that we participated in two compilation CDs:

- *La Flema Innata De La Sociedad* (CD '97) Lorito Records, Colombia.
- *Sin Fronteras Ni Banderas* (CD '00). Chivolo Diskos, Ecuador.

Finally, in Medellin, some people have been putting together a lot of compilations with demo recordings and some of our songs have appeared there. Recently, we released a split EP with the band Kontra-Orden, with a really good recording. In order to release this seven inch, we enlisted the help of people like: Federico Rodriguez (Kontra Orden)/ Jhonny (Apatia No!)/ Frederick Brahim (France) and some other friends. In order to get our records, you can write to our address.

MRR: Who writes the Iyrics? How important are they?

The Iyrics are written by Diego and Heliodoro. A of them were written by our ex-vocal Norbey. The Iyrics are a fundamental part of our songs (almost the most important element) because they are the way we express the things that we have lived through and our thoughts about things.

MRR: Tell me about your concerts. Which bands have you played with?

From 1988 until now, we have played several concerts and some private presentations here in Medellin. Also, we have played in other Colombian cities like Bogota and Pasto. We have been invited to play in other cities but it has not been possible due to the work schedules of some of us have, and also because to some tother roubles. We hope, in the future, to play in other countries. The most important concerts we have played are:

ANTI-TODO

• Concierto Sin Fronteras (March 22 '99, Medellin). Here we played with Apatia No and Reciclaje (both bands from Venezuela) and seven other bands from Bogota, Cali and Medellin.

• Concert in Bogota (Nov.17,'96) Here we played with Fertil Miseria (Medellin) and other 6 bands from Bogota city.

• Concert in Pasto, Colombia (Oct. 9 '99). Here we played with Antonia (Pasto) and another 3 bands from Medellin. Note: Pasto City is situated near to the boundary Colombia-Ecuador.

Here in Medellin, we have played concerts with a great deal of bands, such as: GP, IRA, Fertil Miseria, Excombro, Herpes, KOH, Denuncio, among others

MRR: What is your main difficulty as a band ?

In all these years, we have had a lot of problems, such as; lack of money to release our records and be able distribute them on a large scale. Not to mention the lack of stability in the line-up and also a lack of good instruments.

MRR: . What are your next projects?

In 2001 we are planning to release a split CD with other two Colombian bands (Libra and Desadaptados). Also, we are going to release a compilation CD with Columbian bands like: KDH, Lbra, Humano X and some others. Besides that, we have plans and talked with other foreign bands about help with future releases, because, with the aide of other bands, it is less expensive to release rnaterial.

MRR: How have the sales of your releases been?

Up to now, the sales have been well despite the lack of support from some people for the band. We hope the support to be better for the next records which will be out soon.

MRR: Besides of punk music, do you listen to other styles of music?

Well some of us listen to heavy metal music, '70s rock. Diego (vocalist) listens to ska, Oi! and reggae bands.

MRR: A final message to the readers (your last words).

Please support the bands in your scene, wherever your are. Support ANTI-TODO!!!! Fight for the things that you really want!!!

ANTI-TODO band contacts., info and merchandising.
C/O Heliodoro Arango
AA. 51968
Medellin, Colombia
South America
Email: heliodoro@eudoramail.com.
ANTI RECORDS. C/O Diego Builes
Email: anitrec@hotmail.com
Website: columbian-punk.8m.com/bands/anti-todo_eng.htm

LUCHA POR TUS IDEALES Y POR LO QUE REALMENTE QUIERES!!!

previously published in *Voz Rebelde* zine.

RUIDO DE ODIO

MRR: Can you tell me the history of the band Ruido de Odio?

We began playing in 1994-1995 as a grind/noise band with Comegato on guitar and myself on drums and vocals. We improvised songs to get comfortable with ourselves as a band, and we continued for a few years. Later the lineup changed; now we are Rudy on drums, Jose on vocals and Fabricio on guitar. As a band we are committed to denouncing the injustices that are committed every day, to making a lot of noise in protest.

MRR: How is the punk scene in Ecuador, as the movement surged in the 1990s and is now in its "glory days"?

The "scene" in Ecuador seems to be growing little by little, and we even see zines now. There's a little more unity among people compared to previous years. I don't think that the scene is in its "glory days," but in the last few years we have seen some good shows, and most have been without "big sponsors." And Ecuador now has a lot of bands, some of which are participants in the struggle.

MRR: How do you survive in an "underground" band in your country? Taking into account the economically difficult situation you have to endure, what would you recommend to those people who want to participate with fanzines, bands, distros, etc.? Certainly the majority of these projects don't last for long.

Yes, it's very difficult. We have a situation in which the majority of bands don't have their own instruments and have to travel far from their homes and fulfill their many other "obligations," but despite this they have a lot of energy and the desire to do these things, always willing to give or find the time.

MRR: The majority of Latin American countries are fighting a persistent struggle against globalization. How are you dealing with these issues in Ecuador?

Globalization is part of a world system that attempts to accomplish the submission of each country to the market or North American imperialism. In our case [in Ecuador] we are in a struggle against the domination of transnational corporations, and the government's intent to privatize strategic sectors of the economy: water, electricity, education, telephone services and social security.

MRR: What do you address in your lyrics?

In general our lyrics are critiques, or personal tales. We also deal with subjects like the exploitation of workers, corporate thievery, and political abuse.

MRR: Final comments?

Many thanks to everyone who has been motivated to make trades of film, music, etc. Don't forget to write!

RUIDO DE ODIO RELEASES

- RUIDO DE ODIO "INJUSTICIA" DEMO 1
- RUIDO DE ODIO / ESTUPIDA SPLIT TAPE
- RUIDO DE ODIO / GROSSMEMBER SPLIT TAPE
- RUIDO DE ODIO / QUALGOIST SPLIT TAPE
- RUIDO DE ODIO / DEADLY VERITY SPLIT TAPE
- RUIDO DE ODIO / CRIMEN FAMILIAR SPLIT TAPE
- RUIDO DE ODIO / M.D.M. SPLIT TAPE
- RUIDO DE ODIO / K.K.F. SPLIT 7EP (T.V.G. REC)
- RUIDO DE ODIO / LA CRUEL REALIDAD [redacted] 7 EP (VIEW BEYONDREC)
- RUIDO DE ODIO / D.I.E. SPLIT 7 EP (KELOID REC.
- 2 TRACKS IN "A TRIBUTE A PATARENI COMP LP

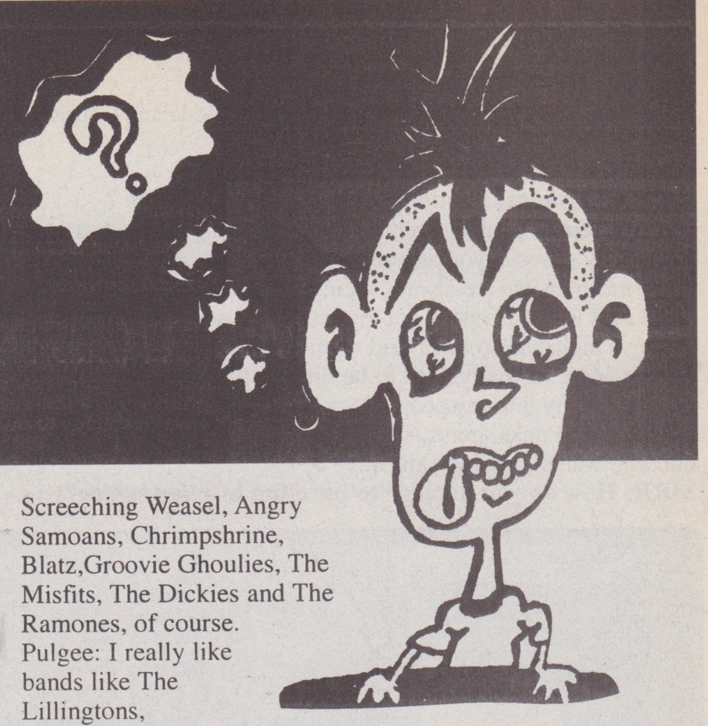
2 TRACKS IN A TRibute ACCIPPLE

RUIDO DE ODIO

RUIDO DE ODIO CONTACS:

JOSE JIMENEZ
P.O. BOX 09.01.16478
GUAYAQUIL - ECUADOR
SOUTH AMERICA

LOS PEPINIYOS



We're here "in the middle of a full scale riot" with the punk rock n' roll band, Los Pepiniyoz. They will hook you up with their catchy as hell sound in the vein of the Addicts and the Ramones. They hail from the island of Puerto Rico (home of the world famous Ricky Martin, but who really cares?) They have one album out called Siempre en Detencion. Whether you love em or hate em, they will haunt your mind forever. Let's kick things off by introducing the band members and what instrument they play. Interview done by: Rosa Merleno

Eliseo Pepiniyo: What's up? My name is Eliseo and I try to play drums.

Jesus Pepiniyo: I'm Jesus and play a crappy bass.

Moony Pepiniyo: Hi, I 'm Moony Pepiniyo and l 'm the clown/singer of the band.

Pulgee Pepiniyo: My name is Pulgee Pepiniyo and I play guitar.

MRR: What made you fuckers get together and form this mess?

Moony: Well, I had a dream where God came down and told me to get off my ass and start a rocknroll band because he 's tired of hearing the same crap over and over. He also told me he's into hard rock and chicks.

Eliseo: Basically, I was bored and l started playing the drums and listening to rock n' roll and punk rock, then I met this stupid asshole called Moony and decided to make some noise.

Jesus: I saw these guys play at a show and they didn 't had a bass player, although they said their original bass player was electrocuted; I really knew they were looking for someone, so l called them up and offer my services as a bass whore.

Pulgee: I always wanted to play good music,but I guess I got stuck with these dumbfucks.

MRR: What are your personal influences and as a group?

Eliseo: Well as a group we have been inspired by everything from what we hate to what we love. For me personally, I like the Beach Boys, F. Y.P, The Addicts, Charles Bronson, Asshole Parade ,Dystopia, The Ramones and Dos Minutos (which is a jacking great punk band from Argentina).

Moony: For me it has been everything from '50s rocknroll like the Beach Boys to stuff like Black Flag, The Queers, Screeching Weasel, Angry Samoans, Chrimpshrine, Blatz,Groovie Ghoulies, The Misfits, The Dickies and The Ramones, of course.

Pulgee: I really like bands like The Lillingtons, Ramones, Riverdales, The Huntingtons and shit like that.

Jesus: My influences are Ramones, Eyeliners, The Mopes, Blondie and Mxpx.

MRR: So, how is the local Punk rock scene in Puerto Rico?

Moony: The local punk scene is a fucking disaster, that's why I love it.

MRR: What do you mean?

Moony: Well, I mean its a fucking disaster, that's why I love it,are you retarded?

MRR: I guess so....Ok, let's continue....

Eliseo: Here we have a very diverse scene. We have bands ranging from ska, Hardcore and punk usually playing on the same show, I think that is something very rare these days.

MRR: I'm curious, what are your favorite local bands?

Moony: My favorite local bands are KDVB, Distorcion

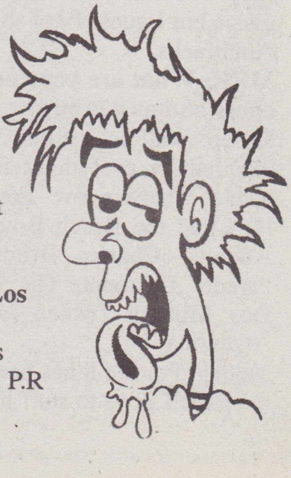
Rebelde, Tavin Pumarejo and the Rio Cana Sound Machine, La Experiencia and Los Pies Negros, which is a great ska band.
Eliseo: Ipersonally like Distorcion Rebelde,Lopodrido and Los Pies Negros.
Jesus: My favorite bands are Super Aauello, Boca and Capricho de Mcole.
Pulgee: I like Los Pies Negros, KOVB, etc...
MRR: Do you get a lot of shit from normal people ?
Moony: Being a punk in Puerto Rico is like being an alien on acid. Everybody stares at you and yells you shit. But, that's part of the fun, I mean people are always asking "do you worship the devil? " and stuff like that, once I got my ass kicked at a Burger King for having a mohawk, so like I said nothing but good clean fun.
Eliseo: Man, its really hard to be different in this shithole. You can tell just by the way people look at you, how much they really hate you. Punks, goths, skaters, etc; we're all just outcasts.... but who wants to belong anyway?
MRR: How do you manage to have fun in Puerto Rico?

Moony: Well, I 'm always going to try to have fun no matter what. I'm always going to do whatever I want.
Eliseo: Usually in those days where there is absolutely nothing to do, I manage to grab my skateboard and go piss off the security guards at the mall; that will lighten you up and get you ready for some of the good ol 'ultra-violence I also like to bodyboard and pull out sick aerials.
Jesus: I just like to play with the Pepiniyos and hangout with my best friend Demetrio. Pulgee: I like to skateboard, steal stuff, play videogames and fight with security guards.
MRR: So, what are your songs about?
Moony: Basically, our songs are about everything that happens to us, from alien abductions to loneliness, weirdness, stupidity, rejection, masturbation and fun. Our goal is to play fast snotty rockn roll and piss off our moms.
Eliseo: There is one song from our set, which I really like. Its called "En El Show" which means "At The Show".
MRR: So,what's all the fuss with this song?
Moony: I wrote it from personal experience, I never thought anyone would identify with it. The funny thing is that even the most hardcore types seem to like it and its not even one of the fast ones we play.
Eliseo: I like that song because it makes me want to cry and stroke my johnson.
Moony:My favorite songs are "Zombie Adolescente" ("Teenage Zombie"), "Andando Solo" ("Walking Alone"), "En El Show" (At The Show") and "Pepiniyo Rock."
MRR: I heard one of your songs called "Rumbo a Marte" ("On My Way To Mars"), is it true? Have any of you been abducted by aliens?
Moony: Yeah, once l was in my backyard and l saw this huge beam of light coming from the sky. It was a U.F.0. and it took me to Mars, but they made a stop in Uranus' third moon where the green fellows decided to fill the gas tank and play a good game of bakagamoniacurraktiak, which is the Martian version of Ping Pong. Then we headed trut to save Princess Gonbakagamoniacurraktiak and stuff like that
MRR: Describe the worst show you have ever played?
Moony: I know we all have our own personal pick but for me it had to be when we played at this place called Cues and the sound was as shitty as could be, there were like 6 people in the whole place and to top it all off we got in a fight with 3 of them.

Eliseo: My worst show had to be the one in El Ladrillo pub at 1:30 am, where Pulgee broke 3 strings simultaneously at the beginning of our set; from that moment on the show pretty much went downhill cause the sound was shifty and l kept losing my drumsticks.

LOS PEPINIYOS

Pulgee: The show in El Ladrillo Pub was also one of my worst shows because, when I broke the guitar strings, some dude came and lent me his guitar. But it was one like the one that the guy from Poison plays and it sounded like shit too.
MRR: How did you guys manage to make a record ?
Moony: Everything we have done till now, has been done by ourselves. I guess you can call it DIY or whatever. Eliseo: Basically, a friend of mine had like a little studio where his "daddy-o " recorded music. So for like two weeks, he sneaked us into the studio while his father was out with his boyfriend and we got to record.
MRR: Any last words...?
Moony: That's all folks l want to meet punk rock chicks.
Jesus: If you see the guys from Pansy Division, give them my number....
Eliseo: It's not my imagination, I got a gun in my back.....
Pulgee: huh??
MRR: How can we get a hold of Los Pepiniyoz?
Jesus: You can send hate-mail to: Los Pepiniyoz P.O. BOX51474 Toa BaJa, P.R 00950-1474 Garfio77@yahoo. com



REBELION DISIDENTE

interview by Jose Chivolo

MRR: Who makes up Rebelion Disidente?

We are: Chino / backing vocals, Wacho / bass guitar, David / vocals and lyrics. ...and began as a simple project, as an outlet for expression, we never thought about ourselves as a band, let alone a good one! Here we are DANDOLE.

About the name [Rebelion Disidente / Dissident Rebellion], certainly we try to live up to it, we try to be it. We yearn for it and the total revolt of the oppressed masses, of the marginalized and all those who are dissatisfied with the scene, with life.

MRR: What's your opinion of the "scene" that is growing right now, the new zines, the distros, etc.?

It's very positive, necessary, interesting, important, and you see more sincerity in the projects being realized, and there ought to be total support for the people who are behind these, and this should always be reciprocal of course.

We hope that it doesn't decline or become corrupted as have the majority of other scenes, which fall apart for different motives: money, family, elitism, fanaticism, among the other obstacles in our situation.

MRR:What do you think is the way to achieve changes in the system?

That's a very difficult question to answer; already there are many varied possibilities that different peoplemight put into practice if they abandon the side of convenience and inertia. It is up to each individual to undergo that kind of internal questioning before such possibilities for change might be put into practice. We already know what the cause is for our oppression, the servile dependence on the United States on the part of the government and this country's constitution, but we must first wash our own dirty laundry and this we can do with an more egalitarian or anti-authoritarian education for all the young and old. With this understanding and education the people will have an overwhelming reaction to our present circumstances and the act of vengeance will be our highest form of expression. We must also kill the political culture here and deliver an end to the treaties and pacts of the FMI – BM- TLC, perhaps then we might sleep better. But really, there is no utopia, no chance to rest and think about tomorrow. It mmight seem as if we are already in a state of civil war, but those who are older than we are had already declared war before, and during which they have had to endure military repression and hunger and death. In the end, nothing can change until we change the hearts of the people. If we are able to survive with blockades and isolation and with a regime which fills us with misery, we might establish ourselves little by little. I don't know that we can change the situation with arms (we must become much more creative and bold before we are forced to take up arms) but we might with civil disobedience, dialogue, et cetera. Without these we will accomplish nothing.

MRR: Can you talk about the economic, political and social realities of your country?

To grasp the situation you have to refer to the answer to the previous question: what is possible when the nation is controlled by five or six families? Socially, politically and economically, the people are complicit with these atrocities. But the time has to come, to wake up and reclaim your life. This can't stay the same, where each election you cross your fingers and give your support to some politician, hoping he'll do something right. We have to stop diverting ourselves (which is not our only right), paying taxes or being good consumers of their products, and serving them. What purpose does it serve to protest in the street for a few days and for certain specific changes to the regime, if the rest of the time we're the same obedient sheep? We must make the same effort that they have with their taxes, with their laws, et cetera: evade them, sabotage them, et cetera. This is the reality of the situation, as I see it, in this country, economically, politically, and socially. Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.

> What purpose does it serve to protest in the street for a few days and for certain specific changes to the regime, if the rest of the time we're the same obedient sheep?

MRR: Apart from the band, what other activities are you involved with?

Wacho and Chino also play in Am-necia (hardcore punk), bass and drums respectively. I (David) run a small distro called Resistencia Records, publish a zine called *Voz Rebelde* with Rosa Elena, organize shows, in addition to making paintings, circulate information leaflets and similar kinds of posters, handbills, and with Joffre (the guitarist from Am-necia) we are establishing a small silk-screening business called *Ulular* in which we print t-shirts and the like.

MRR:What does it mean to each of you to be in a band like Rebelion Disidente?

David: It depends on the circumstances, but in the end it's nothing really spectacular, just a way to express or manifest your thoughts and feelings.

Wacho: Being a part of a project, a band, means more than simply participating in a scene and playing an instrument. It is as much about expressing a feeling of rage about the many injustices that occur and that we are made to suffer.

Chino: For me this is only a form to relate all that I'm thinking and LO MAS BACAN EN SU maximum expression.

MRR:What do you have to say about independent production, D.I.Y.?

It's really the best way to maintain unity within inside this movement or at least our dignity. It's pitiful that in our midst there is MUY JODIDO to leave before we can achieve these goals, and that there are a lot of people who revert to supporting these third persons (i.e. those who aren't independent) who are only looking for money, as well as large commercial enterprises. Instead we ought to unite and work among people who have the same goals and will provide mutual support.

MRR:What aspects of the local scene do you think need to change or improve?

If you're referring to Ecuador, there must be less machismo, egocentricism, elitism, regionalism, fanaticism and other "isms." We need more and better communication, cooperation, honesty, originality, identity, unity. We shouldn't isolate other persons who are involved in other scenes — metal, etc.—because our scene is very small, too small to let those differences divide us. We need more women participating in the scene, since there are so few you can count them on the fingers of one hand (and you'd still have fingers left). Still, we're young! And the youth are holding the reins.

MRR:What do you have planned for the future? Is there anything you want to achieve?

To be effective in the present! Andwe also have a list of our new and upcoming recordings; it seems we're going to release an EP in Japan, I think it's a split. We will participate on another compilation CD that we're putting out with other labels and press a new Am-necia record, among all the other projects we have to get underway. We're very active here, so don't be afraid to write for some more information about the things that we're doing. I'm interested in comics with acidic humor, so please send me some and you will be compensated. A mountain of thanks to Chivolo for the interview; and if there are things we cannot accomplish as individuals, together we can achieve these.

contact:

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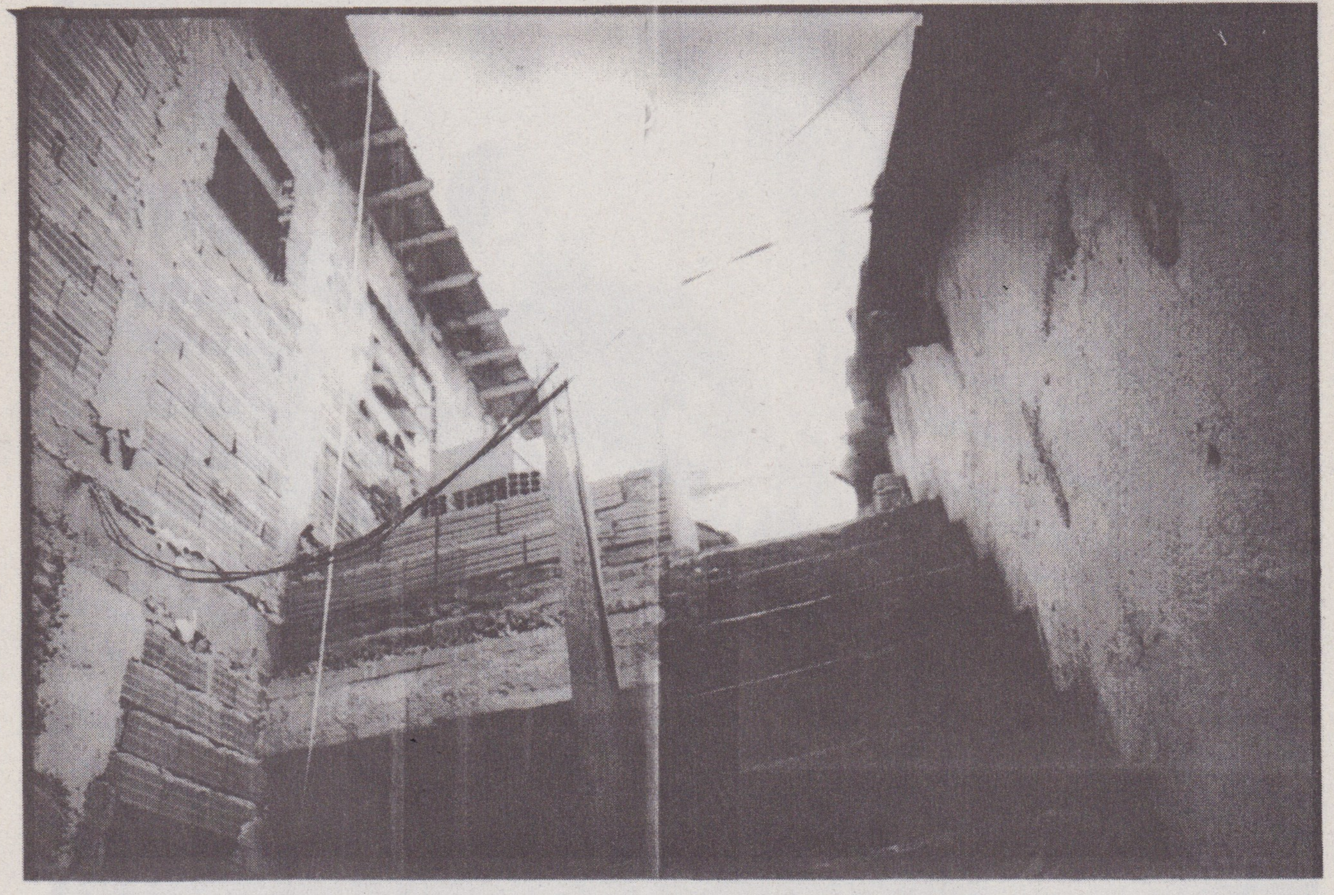
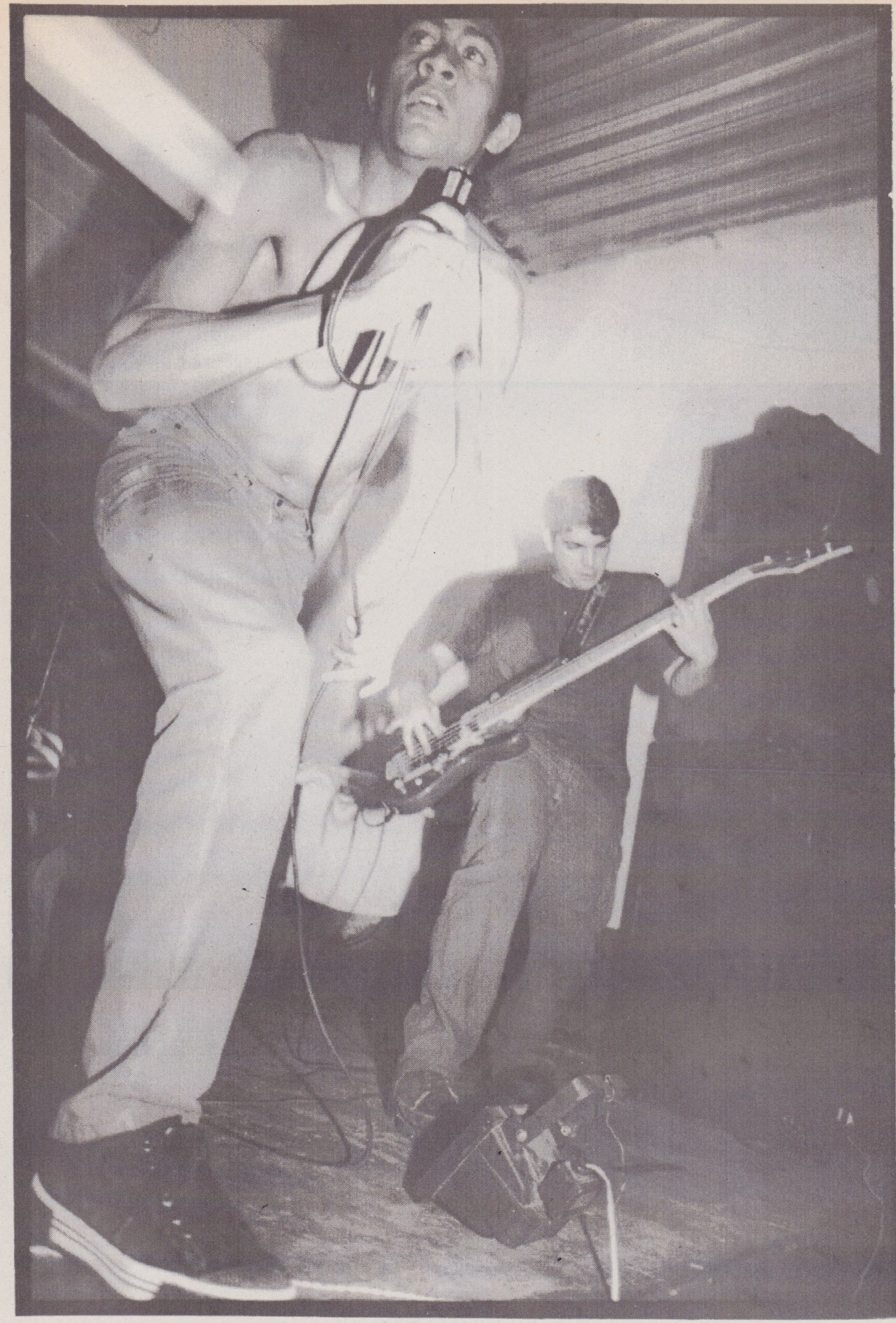
GUAYAQUIL
ECUADOR
david77@mixmail.com

A Casa Comuna punkhouse (São Paolo, Brazil)



photos by kim bae

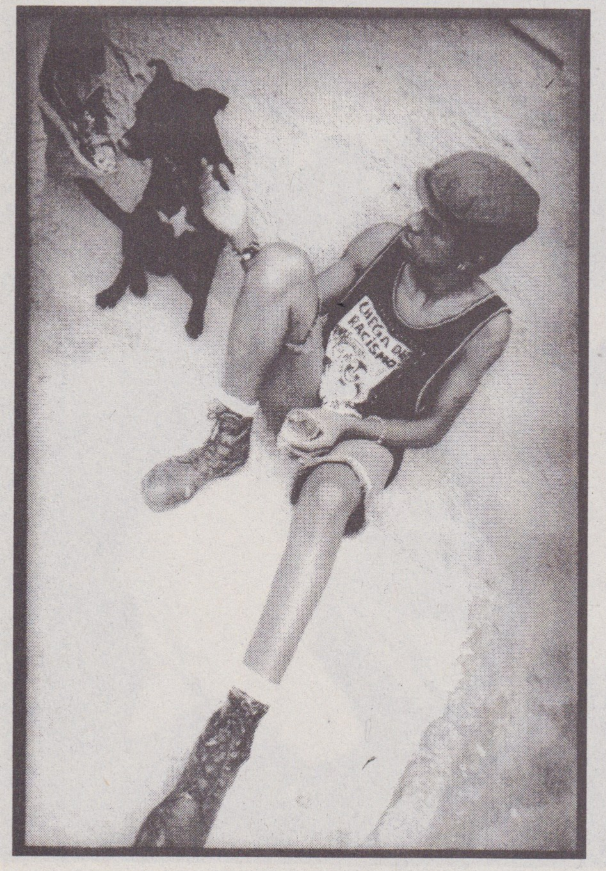


Previous page:
Pirexia (Las
Piedras, Uruguay)

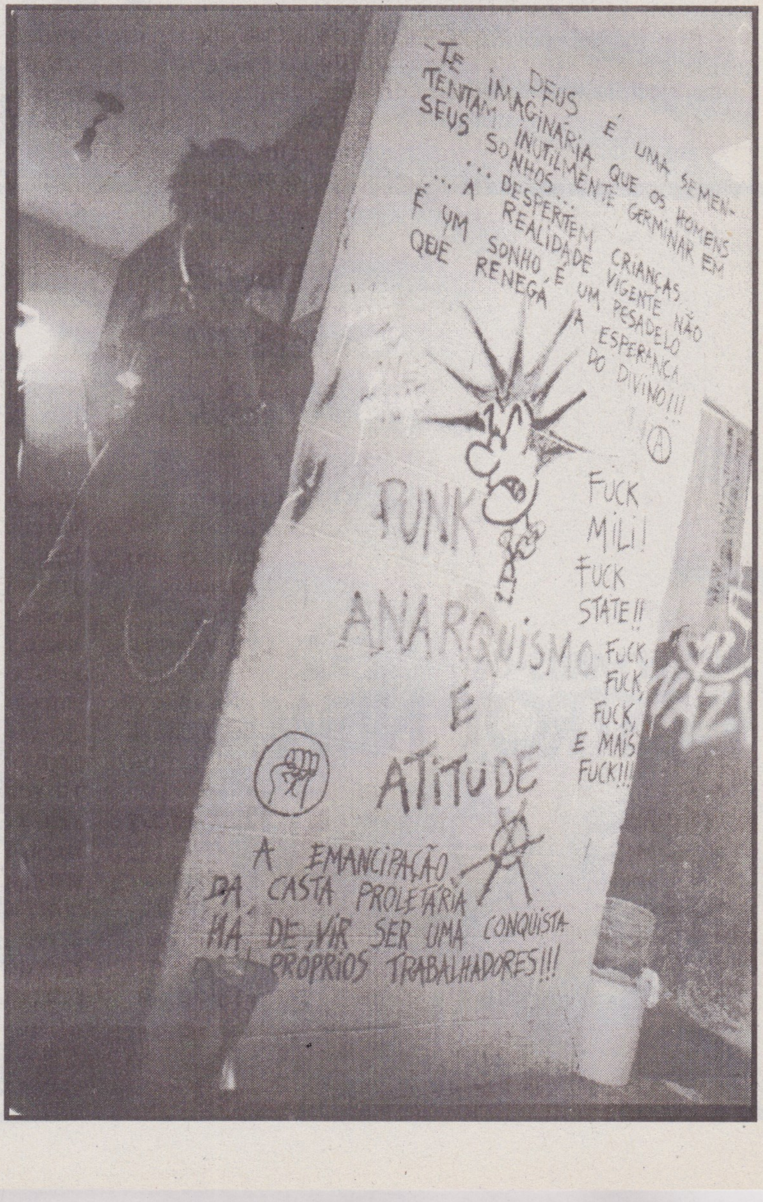
Top: Amor,
Protesto, e Odio
(São Paolo, Brazil)

Right: Tatú and
friend (Mogi Das
Cruces, Brazil)

DEIXEMOS O PRAZER
NOS TOMAR POR
INTEIRO...


CHEGA DE RACISMO

Clockwise from top: Execradores
(Guarulhos, São Paolo, Brazil); crowd at
show (São Paolo, Brazil); Fumasa with
friend (São Paolo, Brazil


DEUS É UMA SEMEN-
-TE IMAGINÁRIA QUE OS HOMENS
TENTAM INUTILMENTE GERMINAR EM
SEUS SONHOS...
... DESPERTEM CRIANÇAS
... A REALIDADE VIGENTE NÃO
É UM SONHO, É UM PESADELO
QUE RENEGÁ A ESPERANÇA
DO DIVINO!!!
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FUCK MILI!
FUCK STATE!!
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, E MAIS FUCK!!!
ANARQUISMO É ATITUDE
A EMANCIPAÇÃO
DA CASTA PROLETÁRIA
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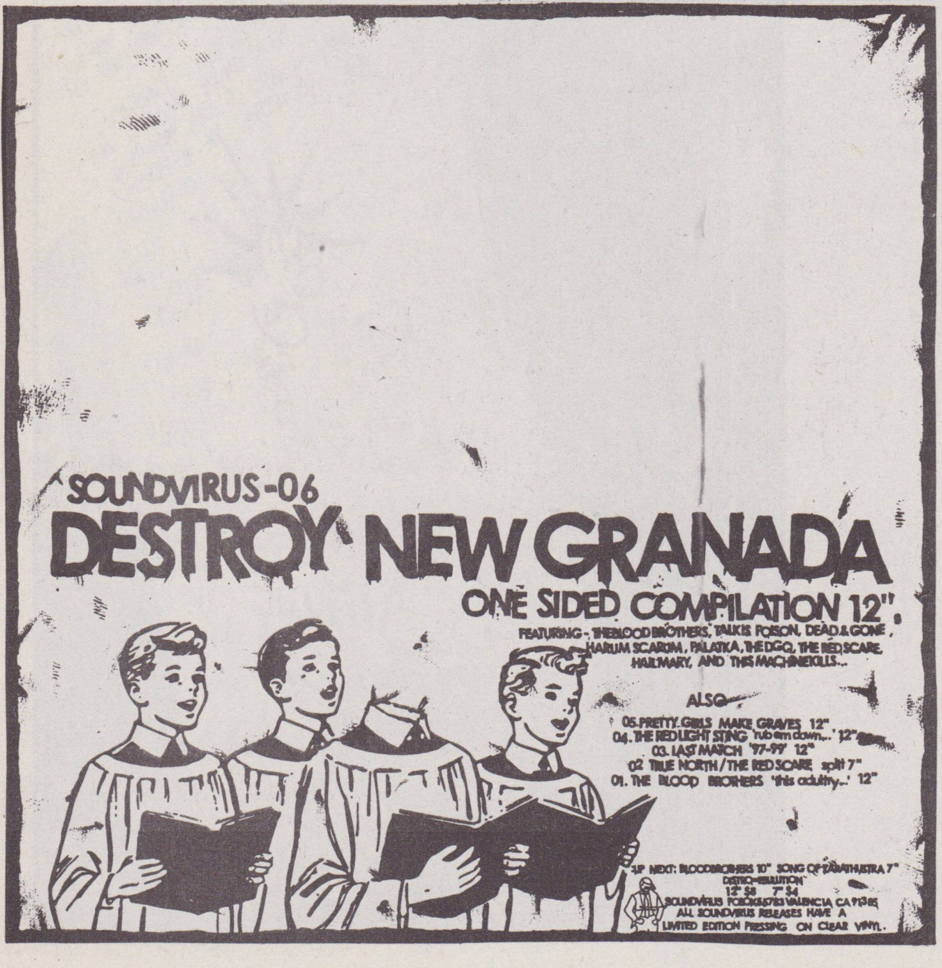

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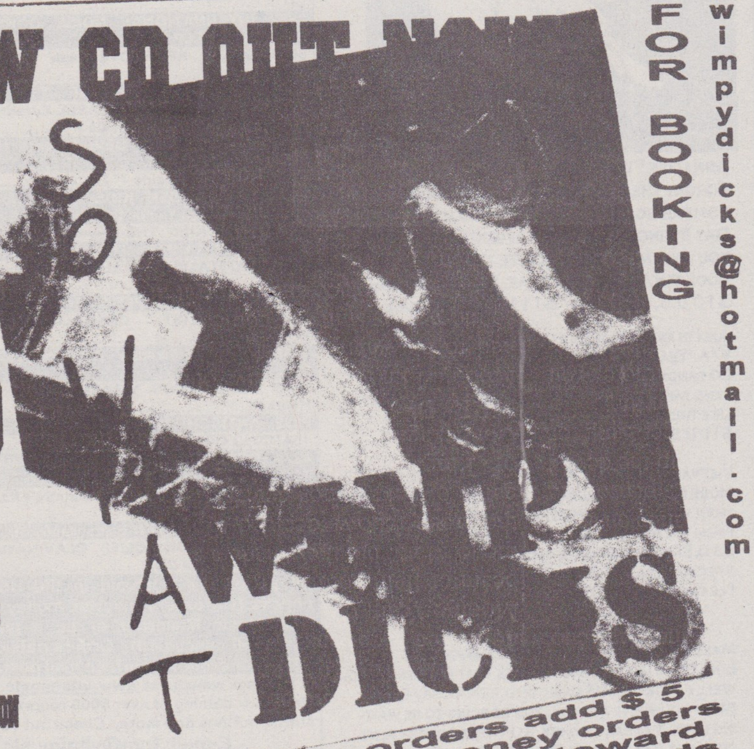

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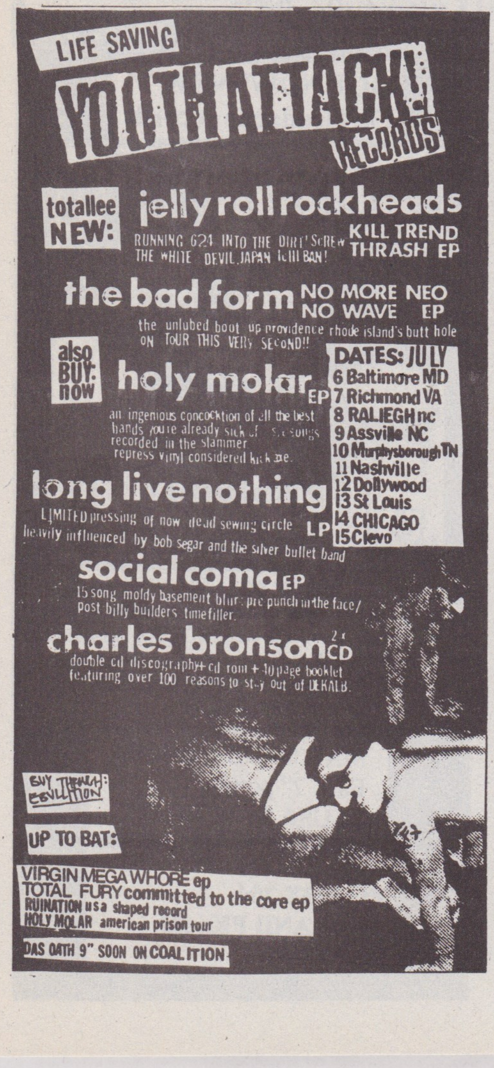

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BOOKS

Lifers • Jeff Somers

149 pages • $13.95
Creative Arts Book Company • 833 Bancroft Way • Berkeley, CA 94710

Lifers is a fictional account of three "Gen X" guys who attempt vengeance on their mundane jobs by committing grand theft. Their original motivation is to make enough money to quit the stifling office environment altogether, but even when they realize they can't exactly retire on the intake, they continue plotting. The idea of putting one over on the boss is just too good to resist.

The book opens with Dub, our main man, sitting in a bar, just having pulled off the heist and certain of his impending arrest. Since he believes his two friends must have been arrested to stand him up like this, he grimly recounts the whole endeavor to some pitiful barfly. The idea was hatched months before the crime, and the plan unfolds from there. It's not a particularly clever or difficult rip off, so a backdrop of their social lives is interspersed with the gradual preparations for the big day. The three become closer—sort of—sharing stress and secrecy, but not much else. The focus is at least as much on personalities and relationships as it is on the action.

As soon as I saw the "Gen X" description on the back cover I was put off, and the assessment did not improve from there. This book was so annoying that it was difficult to write even the brief summary above without panning it. Since I want to be supportive of the independent press, I thought it deserved at least a plot description, but any feeling of generosity ends there.

The characters, for starters, give you no reason to care what happens to them, nor do they seem to give a shit about each other. Yes, I couldn't resist calling this book Losers, because that seems to be about all they have to bond over. I wondered why they had any social life besides each other, because they were insufferable bores occasionally attempting to be suave. The dialogue wants to be witty banter, but since those Gen X-ers can be so darn nihilistic, it comes across heavy and gratuitously insulting. I think the author was trying to write lovable cynics, but these guys don't seem to care about anything enough to even be cynical—just bitter and aimless.

The brief moments that I was interested in the characters was when they had dating prospects. I cared more about whether Dub got laid than whether he got away clean from the heist. I think I was hoping that if he got some, he wouldn't be such a loser anymore.

The writing style was grating as well. The author seems like he's trying too hard—he spells out every small detail. Instead of getting a sense of the setting, you feel like he's drawing your attention to things that are either too obvious and a given, or too trivial to warrant any concern. The reader ends up not caring about what he's trying to describe. It's too much to muddle through and not pointed enough to keep you interested. He'd do much better to select fewer, and improved, descriptives.

Also, the book begins with the urgency of an imminent bust, but that sense is completely lost by the third chapter. If this pressure was underlined throughout the book, it might be a decent action read, but its brief passing seems to be a cheap ploy to keep your attention.

And lastly, I should point out that there is nothing punk in this book (unless you count a couple lines of NOFX quote). That's not what makes it bad, but in case you were considering checking it out just to read about other punkers, you'd be disappointed about that, too.

Unfortunately, I couldn't find anything recommendable about *Lifers.* I was underwhelmed by the slow pacing and by the author's distance from the subjects. I was completely turned off by his feeding the notion that "today's youth" is angry, but aimless and ineffective. And the writing seemed more like a rough draft than a completed novel. Spend your fourteen bucks elsewhere. —Nellie Nelson

Like Hell • Ben Foster

191 pages • $10
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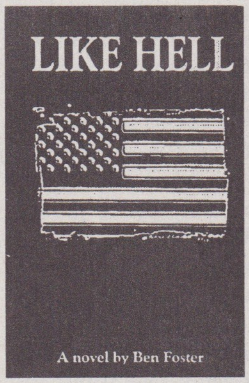

Like Hell is a fictional coming of age tale of Chicago punk rocker Joe Pagan. The story begins with Pagan fresh out of high school, full of apathy, a six-pack-of-Budweiser-a-day habit, and a residence on the floor of a dirty punk house in Chicago's Wrigleyville neighborhood. From these go-nowhere beginnings, his band the Pagan Icons is spawned. The novel follows Pagan and his band through three US tours. With each tour, the band gains more popularity, girls, money and eventually lands a #1 top-40 hit as punk rock becomes mainstream. In the end, The Pagan Icons break up and the main character withdrawals from the punk scene feeling that he has nothing in common with it any longer.

The story and character development make *Like Hell* a fast and entertaining read. Anyone who was involved in punk rock, read MRR in the early nineties, and was around before Green Day signed to a major label will relate to this book in some way or another. However, the thing that makes Like Hell the most interesting is that the story seems to be more of an embellished autobiography of the author Ben Foster (a.k.a. "Ben Weasel") than an entirely fictional tale. Foster denies the book as an autobiographical account of his life. Nonetheless, if so, there are elements and characters within the book that stand out as being drawn directly from his own life experiences. For example: within the book Joe Pagan writes a monthly column for a publication known as Punk Bible (much like his column in Maximum RocknRoll), his band's records are released on a label from Berkeley California owned by someone he calls "the Hippy" (could this be Lawrence Livermore and Lookout Records?), and his band tours the country in a Nova (as Weasel did with Crimpshrine?).

Either way, fictional or not, the outcome of the book serves as an intelligent commentary on the punk rock subculture itself. The punk scene is quite intolerant of those that do not follow its beliefs, and as a result, Foster is accurate in displaying within the pages of this book that it has tendency to devour its own. For outsiders and those unfamiliar with the punk rock subculture, this novel could also serve as a good peek through the keyhole of what's been happening for the last ten years and why the punk scene has evolved to where it is today. —Andrew Scott

Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative

Daniel & Gabriel Cohn-Bendit
242 pages • $16.95
AK Press • PO Box 40682
San Francisco, CA • 94140-0682

OBSOLETE COMMUNISM
The Left-Wing Alternative
DANIEL & GABRIEL COHN-BENDIT

This is a reprint of an immediate response to the May '68 uprisings in Paris. Immediately thereafter Daniel Cohn-Bendit ("Danny the Red") and his brother Gabriel ("Gaby") were "inspired" (to the tune of a large advance) to write down the details of "The events of May" from the perspective of insiders and furthermore, to analyze those events as radical scholars.

In this day and age there is an ideological camp that would doubt the effectiveness of writing and publishing an account of a radical action within a capitalist context. In his own words (from the introduction) Danny puts his response to that question best "Who was I to refuse this golden opportunity of taking aim against our whole society, of saying what no one has been able to say for so long, of explaining the full importance of the French revolutionary movement, not only in the immediate past, but also in the future? For, as far as I am concerned, the revolution is not yet over." Clearly the debate was framed a bit differently in those days.

The book is organized in thematic units (chapters). The first two chapters are near-autobiographical detailed descriptions of Danny's involvement in the student uprising, and is understandably inspirational. Cohn-Bendit was directly involved in nearly every important event from the March 22 Movement (where students of sociology at Nanterre rejected their discipline, and the institutional motives from which it resulted) to the end of the May (at which time Daniel was deported from the country). The story told is not particularly personable (especially given the translation from French) but hits most of the major event bullets of the time and does a good job of placing them in their socio-political context.

Next the authors (although clearly, Gabriel is the scholar and Daniel is the activist) tackle the strategies of the opposition (or more clearly the strategies of what is to be opposed). First up is the State, specifically the France of General de Gaulle, which is reviewed for its strengths (army, police, judges) and its weakness' in dealing with the student movement. The analysis distills to the opinion that as soon as the protest movement began to rely on illegal tactics (which was soon, if not immediately, upon its formation) that the State lost its effectiveness because it could not find any "ringleaders" to convict and could not lose face by allowing the illegal activities to go unpunished. Which led it to find some vehicle that it could negotiate with, which it found in the body of the communist parties (specifically the CGT). This permitted civil negotiations that resulted in real victories with some of the parties involved in the unrest (in this case the workers aligned with the CGT) and the alienation of those groups not involved in the negotiations (that is the students).

With the enemy named, the authors pursued a further investigation into the practice of the French Communist Party and CGT in May and June, its Stalinist ideology, and the history of the Bolsheviks and their political rivals. This examination is, surprisingly, the most interesting about this book. While it may appear that the sense of adventure would carry over from the telling of the story of the barricades, the story was cluttered with its own intricacy. This was also a story told very quickly after the events of May, and it shows, whereas the analysis of the historical arc of the French Communist parties is clearly a work started before the Paris revolt. It is couched in an academic voice, but its conclusions are of great help to any leftist attempting to trace their way through the tension of party politics and practice.

While this book is an important piece of a rounded understanding of the events of May, it is also important to place its authorship. While in the late sixties the Cohn-Bendit brothers were university students and were considered the leaders of the student protests they grew into more bureaucratic roles. Gaby became a professor associated with the (Holocaust) Revisionist movement. "http://codoh.com/viewpoints/viewfaurjgcb.html" Danny the Red became a politician and currently serves as a member of the Green Party (now called the Green Alliance) on the European parliament as a member of the committee for foreign affairs, security, and defense policy, the committee for basic liberties and internal affairs. He has publicly stated support for such things as euro currency, the EU's eastward expansion, and the bombing of Kosovo. —Aragorn

2024 • Ted Rall

96 pages • $15.95
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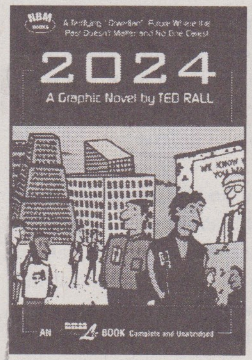
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From *Maximum* columnist/cartoonist extraordinaire Ted Rall comes a frightening look into the not-too-distant future. In Rall's modern take on Orwell's novel *1984*, the world has become overrun by massive corporations, privacy has been sacrificed in lieu of protection, and the health of the people is measured by economic indexes and productivity. In order to convince the people of Canamexicusa to accept this corporate dictatorship, the powers that be blind them with technology and entertainment, and they spend their energy on consumption, casual sex, and drugs. Essentially, 2024 is a starker version of 2001. The difference is only in degree.

Much like the original, *2024* follows a confusing and disjointed story line in order to allow the reader to experience the same confusing world as its characters. The story, told through Rall's familiar illustrations, follows the path of one man as he does all he can to avoid thinking in any way. His days are filled with the constant click-clack of keyboards and the quiet hum of the ever-present web TV. His conflict begins when he becomes involved with an equally disinterested woman. The couple spend their time having mindless sex and feigning boredom. When their forbidden relationship is discovered by the puppet populist party, he is forced to admit the pointlessness in any life that takes away from the strength of corporations to maintain profitability.

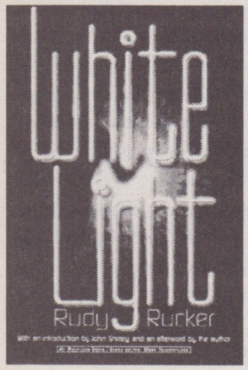
What makes Rall's *2024* so convincing is that the exaggerations are not so great of a stretch. *2024* takes the world we currently live in and turns it up to eleven. In a world where our thoughts and actions most often revolve around consumption and distraction, where the same corporations responsible for selling us the product own the media through which it is advertised, where foreign affairs most often act as puppet shows behind which major corporations maneuver to ensure their ability to maintain profitability. The information age that has held everyone in awe has resulted in a world where the ability to manufacture information has shaped our past.

Rall's graphic novel is not, however, a dark work. It is filled with humor and ironic understanding of the ways in which power is maintained by the powerful by numbing the minds of the subjects they rule. The larger struggles of corporations against corporations and alliances against alliances are only a background upon which the personal struggles of the characters are played out, as they struggle to decide how to spend their income and protect their investments.

Anyone familiar with Rall's artistic style will enjoy the bleak grimness and biting humor present throughout this book. *2024* does an excellent job of both respecting and paying homage to *1984*, while at the same time allowing space for its relevance to the world we're living in now. Maybe I've become one of the mindless zombies of 2024, but the great graphics and sharp humor held me totally in awe. —Casey Ress

White Light • Rudy Rucker

269 pages • $13.95
Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 West 14th Street,
Room 503
New York, NY • 10011


White Light
Rudy Rucker
With an introduction by John Shirley and an afterword by the author

Of all the writers who were labeled as "cyberpunk" in the Eighties and Nineties, Rudy Rucker is one of the few—perhaps the only one—I've ever been able to take seriously. This may be because he doesn't. Whereas Gibson and most of his colleagues tended to produce writing that sounded more like the prattlings of a bunch of priggish fashion victims (especially once they had moved beyond the works that made them famous) than literature, the definitive stamp on Rucker's work comes from a well-developed sense of irreverence and whimsy, rather than a carefully-constructed 'tude. This is particularly evident in his most well-known works, the series comprised of Software, Wetware, Freeware, and Realware, in these he creates devices kinky enough to make Gibson green with envy, while maintaining a playful sense of humanity.

White Light actually predates the Software series, but has been out of print for years until finally being reprinted by Four Walls Eight Windows. The press release and cover copy make repeated comparisons between Rucker and Lewis Carroll, a connection that's not wholly incorrect, both Rucker and Carroll are mathematicians and make full use of that background in their books. Also, *White Light*, the story of Felix Rayman, an alienated math professor in a small town who astrally projects himself out of his body and into another dimension where he encounters Albert Einstein, Donald Duck, the mathematician Georg Cantor, and other more metaphysical personages, is about as far down the rabbit-hole as you can get.

But nevertheless, a more accurate comparison would be with the works of Philip K. Dick, especially Dick's VALIS trilogy. Like Dick's work, *White Light* focuses on a loner who has become so unattached from the social realities of day-to-day life that he ultimately breaks loose from the physical reality as well, discovering that it's only a mere aspect of the whole picture.

But whereas Dick's novels tended to become more tedious and pedantic the deeper he dug into his ideas, *White Light* maintains a solidity that always eluded Dick. Whereas the VALIS books sometimes seemed like shaky frameworks for Dick's lectures on metaphysics, reality, and Gnosticism, *White Light* maintains just the right blend of oddness and familiarity to make it a totally believable world. After a certain point, it doesn't seem strange that the main character's companion should be a giant beetle, or that he should find himself wandering through the pages of a Donald Duck comic. You come to accept those as the rules of the game, and this gives the novel its disturbing edge. There is a real poignancy, for example, when after lying down in a graveyard and leaving his body, Rayman is seized by the desperate ghost of a woman who died in childbirth and, mistaking him for her baby, tries to drag him into her grave. The first emotional connection Rayman shows in the book is with the ghost, Katy, and guiding her into the afterlife is the first thing he does that's not for the sake of his own ego.

For the most part, I've gone on a moratorium from science fiction, having become pretty fed up with reading too much crap focusing on the technical fantasies of gearheads. But ironically, Rucker's mathematics background allows him to appreciate the paradoxical nature of math (especially at the higher levels), and interweave it with the paradoxes of human nature. That's what his fellow "cyberpunks" should have paid attention to him for. —Chris Hall

Beneath the Paving Stones • Edited by Dark Star

$15.00 • 120 pages
AK Press • PO Box 40682
San Francisco, CA • 94140-0682

BENEATH THE PAVING STONES
SITUATIONISTS AND THE BEACH, MAY 1968

Beneath the Paving Stones is the Beach (originally "Sous les Paves, la plage") neatly sums up the Situationists, who were the driving force behind the May 1968 popular uprising in France. For years I've been trying to nail down a definition of "Situationism," since it played such a huge part in shutting down a major European country for a couple of months. If a book can qualify as a definition, then here it is. *Beneath the Paving Stones* is made up of three major "pamphlets" ("novella" is a more accurate description of their length) as well as a great analysis of the 1965 Watts riots written within five months of the riots. The crown jewel is an entertaining blow-by-blow of the 1968 uprising written day by day from the perspective of being on the street in the thick of the action. There are also many Situationist slogans and graphics (in their original French, unfortunately for us non-Francophiles) and great photos of the action.

Famed for their snappy slogans and their often dense yet ultimately readable critiques of Capitalism, the Situationists can be summed up as combining Marshall McLuhan's 1967 The Medium is the Massage with post-Socialist left-wing theory. Accurate analyses of the downside of a commerce-driven culture are combined with blistering critiques of rampant, almost unchecked Capitalism that, while it was bad in 1968, is completely and insanely out-of-control in 2001 America. Like Orwell's *1984* and Huxley's *Brave New World*, the Situationist body of writing is tragically even more applicable today then when it was originally written.

"Almost everyone has always been excluded from life and forced to devote the whole of their energy to survival... the elements of this survival... [are] in the form of technological comforts... The organization controlling the material equipment of our everyday lives is such that what in itself would enable us to construct them [our lives] richly, plunges us instead into a luxury of impoverishment, making alienation even more intolerable as each element of comfort appears to be a liberation and turns out to be a servitude. We are condemned to the slavery of working for freedom." [p. 38]

Such wordy analysis is common to utopian schemes ("bolo'bolo" called this part of modern existence "The Planetary Work Machine"), but today's reader has to remember that such theory was played out on the streets of France by more than goatee-wearing, latte-drinking, smacked-ass pseudo-revolutionaries—the working class (as prophesied by every modern leftist political theorist) took to the streets and the classrooms at the behest of such analysis.

The book's title, *Beneath the Paving Stones*, the Beach, points out the layer of societal, capitalist crust that lies between us and a revolutionary, utopian society (among other metaphorical meanings). As the afterword points out, the photos of cobblestones (a.k.a. paving stones) being ripped out of the Parisian streets to be thrown at the police show that sand lies under the streets, adding physical literalism to rhetorical fancy.

Famed Situationist writer Guy DeBord's look at the 1965 Watts riots is sure to give literalists nightmares since he jumps directly from the violence, looting, and arson of the actual riots into the overall meaning of the riots in terms of modern society's oppression of all Americans: "The American Negro has no fatherland. He is in his own country and he is alienated: so is the rest of the population, but the blacks differ insofar as they are aware of it. [italics his]" DeBord then goes into a fascinating breakdown of how mainstream America has an attract/repulse response to the black population in person and in the media.

The Situationist's collegiate-based critique of consumerism and full-blown capitalism eventually drew in popular support from most French workers and unions, shutting down large parts of the country and encouraging an explosion of learning and creative thinking on the parts of the working and collegiate classes of France.

In weeks of riots, strikes, marches, factory occupations, and the conversion of Parisian universities into egalitarian educational facilities, the Situationists faced strong opposition from the conservative older Gaullists (and their police and army) as well as many dogmatically blinded communist groups. The hardcore Communists were shocked to find that their allegedly vanguard parties were way behind the cutting edge of the actual revolution that took over the French cities and countryside in 1968. Most of the extra-spiteful rhetoric in Beneath the Paving Stones is aimed at the main Communist party which dissed the uprising until it became so successful the commies had to join in, exposing their hypocrisy and opportunism for all to see.

In conclusion, this book is only missing two things: One, a historical review of the May 1968 French uprising with accompanying timeline and tie-in with the other Summer 1968 European uprisings. Two, a full French-English translation for all graphics and photos and a more readable, flowing translation of the original Situationist pamphlets reprinted in "Beneath the Paving Stones." Other than those two items, this well-laid out book is essential for anyone curious about recent radical left uprisings—how many times can we reread Homage to Catalonia or endure Profane Existence-style rehashings of the British Poll Tax Riots or grimace through Slingshot love letters to the Zapatistas? Here is the theoretical meat behind the street action of the potatoes, to mangle the drab yet popular carnivorous meal as a metaphor for leftist words and action. On second thought, I'll leave the clever sloganeering to the Situationists... —Jesse Luscious

How to Rock and Roll • Sam Tracy

112 pages • $12
Black Kettle Graphics • PO Box 411373
San Francisco, CA • 94141

HOW TO
ROCK AND ROLL
A CITY RIDER'S REPAIR MANUAL
BY SAM TRACY

This is no ordinary reference manual. Sam Tracy fleshes out what was originally a pamphlet by the same name into a detailed repair guide for the righteous urban cyclist. Whether you're a timid, occasional rider or a seasoned messenger, the intent here is to make you less dependent on your large chain retail shop, and to help you know your own "swank little ride" better. The tone is brimming with enthusiasm for this most efficient and enjoyable of all vehicles, and with hatred for "fossil-burners", fluffy high-end gear, and bike thieves (naturally). I can get behind all that, no problem, and the writing is funny and clever to boot—yup, I'll be biting his lines for some time to come.

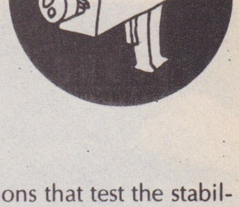
The first four chapters break it down into detailed descriptions of how your wheels, drivetrain, brakes and frame work for you. He doesn't get to general maintenance until the fifth chapter, because he wants you to be familiar with the basics first. Despite this intention, I didn't find that to be the most useful or enjoyable approach. Manuals aren't meant to be a gripping, cover-to-cover, sequential read, even ones as radicalized and "zipped out" as this. I would have much preferred referring to a particular section when that bike part needed attention. I did, however, learn new things about even the most rudimentary subjects (such as changing a flat), so whichever way you read this, it is totally worthwhile to have read the section pertaining to what you're fixing.

Even though I would recommend this before any other bike manual, I am ambivalent whether a text alone can help you really master the more difficult techniques, like derailleur adjustment or wheel-building. I'd say, take classes on bike repair (often free at some bike shops!), learn stuff from friends who are better mechanics than you, and then have this book on hand when you're ready to tackle what you've been shown. Keep in mind that this is subjective advice, since I learn visually and practically much faster than I learn from the written word. If you learn well from what you read, you may be all set here, because Tracy does give excellent, detailed descriptions of pretty much every useful component.

The only real negative criticism I have is that I wish this book had more pictures. Yeah, my reading skills suffice for an adult level, but I think text is less monotonous with illustrations, and especially so for a manual. For example, not every reader will know, at the outset, what the difference between caliper and V-brakes is. Even though the descriptions of these are very well written, having a sketch or photo of all the various types of brakes gives you the idea much more quickly (important in this case, because the cables on caliper brakes often have a "V" shape). Also, I would like to have seen pictures of things like more exotic braking systems, all the types of bottom brackets, threaded/threadless headsets, etc. The thousand words are always there, but in the case of a guide like this, the picture would be worth even more.

That doesn't excuse you from getting this book. Even if you are a beginner or trepid cyclist, it will help ignite the fire of bicycle reverence. Those already converted to the school will find an abundance of invaluable information here. And for everyone else, well, you should see what you're missing, cuz this book is punk as fuck and helps you with the most liberating form of transportation. —Nellie Nelson

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

ROCK AND ROLL REALITY

I don't really understand the fascination with "reality" TV. I guess most people are naturally voyeurs, but the people that get picked for these shows are people I'd never want to hang out with in a hundred years, never mind watch on television. I like my TV completely over the top in a **Melrose Place** way. People I'd never meet, doing things nobody would ever do, wrapped up in unbelievable situations.

So it comes as a complete surprise to me that I obsessively watched a "reality" show called **Bands On The Run**. Four terrible bands go on tour with VH1's camerapeople following them all the time. The idea is simple enough see how many people you can get to come see your band play and how many CDs, t-shirts or what not you can sell. That's what every band does on tour, right? The only difference is these bands suck, they make about a thousand dollars a week, plus have a van, a daily allowance for each member and hotel rooms all paid for by VH1, and then they bitch about the way things are going. I can't help but wonder where these bands actually play that they get treated like kings. Imagine if your band went on tour and you didn't have to sleep on people's floors or in the van and people went to see your band no matter how bad you are. That would be pretty unreal. That's probably why I like it.

If you need insight into the way a real band exists, you want to see **Todos estan muriendo aqui** (Everybody Here Is Dying), a documentary about Mexican female punk band Las Ultrasonicas. Shot on video by the band's guitarist Ali Gardoki, it focuses on the everyday reality of a band trying to make music among the various obstacles that come up. The great aspects being that this band is cool and they are normal people. **Todos estan muriendo aqui** starts out with a simple band practice. The bass player Jessy is learning a song and drummer Jenny takes a call from a booker. He wants them to play a show. They say they will do it if he gives them beer and $30. Now that's more like it. He agrees. After Jenny gets off the phone, they are all laughing. You can just tell they would have played the show for nothing, but their boldness and attitude got them something extra. We get introduced to the band members one by one. Jenny, the drummer, works in an office were she's doesn't really tell people about her life. She hates dressing for the office and makes fun of her office look, quickly shedding her clothes for a sweatshirt and sneakers. Jessy, the bass player, works at a bank and has a great attitude about playing in the band. She likes the way when you plug in you make noise. She likes the bass because "I like the fat strings and the color black" and "There are enough good musicians. I want to play bad". Suzy, the singer, is a single mother who sells clothing. She likes to work and hopes that someday her daughter will sing too. Ali, the guitarist and filmmaker, is making the documentary for a class. She also works as a sound assistant for commercials and loves playing the guitar.

The band encounters some situations that test the stability of the band and the commitment of the members. It is fortunate for us that the guitarist is also the filmmaker because we get to see the true behind the scenes of the band. Tere, the keyboardist, is mad when she hears about a show the band is playing that no one told her about. She confronts the band at a rehearsal. The band claims that someone put them on the bill without asking, but Tere doesn't believe them. There is shouting and name-calling typical of band disagreements. Tere then yells at Ali to put the camera down so they can talk about this. She doesn't want to, but finally does. Fortunately, the camera is left on so the audience can continue our fly-on-the-wall perspective on the band.

The scene in Mexico is very sexist. During one of Las Ultrasonicas performances the men in the audience yell out "get naked" and "fucking fat drummer. Less legs, more music." The band members take it in stride, passing it off with a simple explanation that they may have been yelling stuff at them, but everyone was paying attention to the show. The booker for one of the few nightclubs in Mexico City explains that people aren't used to see an all-female band. Men in Mexico are very macho, so in order to change their attitude toward Las Ultrasonicas, you have to change Mexican society. The boyfriends of the band members aren't even supportive, giving their "honest" opinion that Las Ultrasonicas are a terrible band.

Las Ultrasonicas have their groupies too. A couple of punk rockers appear on a TV talk show "Otro Rollo" and perform an acoustic version of a Las Ultrasonicas song "Dance Monster". Men at shows gush about how great Las Ultrasonicas are. A female fan proclaims her admiration for them by saying she will carry their drums for them if it means that they will keep on playing. All their shows seem well attended.

The camerawork on **Todos estan muriendo aqui** can be a bit wobbly at times, but it is worth it for the overall effect the film gives you. That is the attitude. Do it. Play rock and roll and make a film. It's great to see a band that's just there to play and have fun. Las Ultrasonicas play a very primitive garage rock. Some of their songs are "Dance Monster", "Give Me Beer" and "Come In My Mouth" giving you an idea of where they are coming from. Their theme song has great silly lyrics: "You are going to feel like puking, you are going to get crazy". The world needs more bands like Las Ultrasonicas.

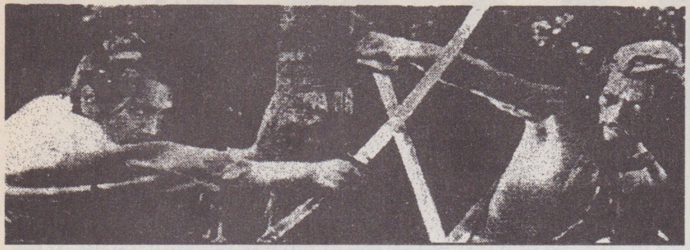
For a very similar view to **Todos estan muriendo aqui,** check out the **King Brothers American Tour 1999** video. Hopefully, you were one of the lucky ones who got to see this amazing band—one of the best bands I've ever seen. The tour video comes across in the same way as their performances: spastic, energetic, and out of control. There are live clips from each stop on the tour interspersed with their view of America along the way. **King Brothers American Tour 1999** is mostly just music, but it still manages to tell the tour story. There are testimonials from blown away fans and enthusiastic audience members. I even make a brief appearance. The sound at times may be difficult for those with sensitive ears, but if you missed them play or you just want to relive the experience, you've got to see this. It's kind of depressing when I see King Brothers playing in a garage to four people and I think about those bands on the run playing to hundreds. At least those four people are having a great time. The truly great bands are always overlooked. —Carolyn Keddy

Want these videos? Las Ultrasonicas: aliexpress@yahoo.com
King Brothers: Vutch@d2.dion.ne.jp or www.intheredrecords.com

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send me a copy c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760.

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



HIGH CRIME IN FARAWAY PLACES

If **The Limey** was to your taste, you may enjoy the more stylish and intense British crime thriller, **Sexy Beast**, a breezy character study that after twenty minutes or so enlarges into a troubling gangster flick. When the opening credits play over a paunchy, pasty-white middle-aged man (the Stranglers' "Peaches" playing in the background), you know you're in for something offbeat. Gary "Gal" Dove (Ray Winstone) enjoys the easy life in Spain's Casa del Sol, where the sun has a private parking spot over his roomy villa. He's got a beautiful wife, no kids to worry about, and money enough to retire in sedentary bliss for life. When a boulder rolls down the hill, over his head, and into his swimming pool—the kind of rock that flattens cartoon characters—he doesn't recognize literary foreshadowing when he sees it. Within a day, they learn that Don Logan (Ben Kingsley) is in town.

Given a choice between Don Logan and a boulder, you'd pick the boulder. Trim as Gandhi, Logan is the holy man's photographic negative, a sadistic, driven monster who can't seem to let a sentence out without saying "fuck" six times. Before Gary retired as a robber, Logan was his boss. Now Logan wants him to do another heist. Logan has all the stability of Travis Bickle from **Taxi Driver.** (Kingsley even does a Bickle homage while shaving). Skinheaded and goateed, he isn't the kind of person who takes rejection lightly. Dove goes into a shivering fit; it's Case del Sol, so it's not the temperature. He tries to explain that he is, after all, retired. He tries to get that across, but Logan won't take no for an answer. Neither will Dove. Not a good situation. Logan wins (after a fashion) and the heist goes on. The job, sadly is something of an anti-climax—an underwater, overnight excavation from a bathhouse to an especially rich treasure trove of safe deposit boxes. Much more interesting is what happens afterwards, when Logan's chief associate comes to believe that something fishy is going on with Dove, especially as Logan seems to have unaccountably disappeared from the face of the earth—just after the pair's final meeting. The red hot core of **Sexy Beast**, however—what makes it all worthwhile—is Ben Kingsley's performance, which is incisive enough to draw blood. He dominates every scene, and when he's not on screen, you sense a palpable loss of energy. That is, if you exclude Dove's embarrassing dream sequences, in which he's pursued by a freakishly apelike creature in the desert (a not-so-deft, way-bizarre metaphor for Dove's criminal past coming back to haunt him). Director Jonathan Glazer may have struck out with his surrealism, but the realism makes for a reasonably entertaining time.

Director Dominik Moll has even better luck with his psychological crime drama, **With a Friend Like Harry**. Michel (Laurent Lucas) scrapes together a decent income teaching foreign languages at a local college, has three noisy daughters, irritating parents, and a marriage that's starting to lose its sheen. Harry (Sergi Lopez) is swarthy, ambiguously rich, has a sporty, air-conditioned SUV, and a sexy girlfriend he claims is "the perfect" match. If you subtract the Bernard Hermann musical score, **With a Friend Like Harry** comes off as a remarkably Hitchcockian concoction, something like a French **Strangers on a Train.** You really don't realize how cunningly it's put together until after you've had a chance to think about it. It's good just for being so unassuming. Michel can't figure out who this stranger is, but Harry remembers *everything* about Michel. A childhood soccer accident started it all; since then, Harry—whose memory is as flawless as his life—has been Michel's secret admirer, the sole breathless fan of his creaky college prose and poetry. In fact, Harry can recite Michel's entire output by heart—and almost does. Michel is too harried just being a parent to worry about unearthing past history. From here on in, there's no getting rid of the guy. When Michel's hot, noisy car finally dies on the road, Harry spares no courtesy. He not only cheerfully takes on chaperone duties, but detours to a new car lot and buys Michel a brand new, candy apple red SUV with climate control, power steering—the works. For Harry, it's all very simple: his friend needs a car, which he can provide; it's mathematical, the shortest distance between two points. To Michel and his wife, it's a little creepy. They detour to Michel's country fixer-upper before a mandatory visit to the parents, (Michel's mom and dad, in his absence, have installed a new bathroom in their place—tiled in garish pink. You begin to wonder which—Harry or the Michel's parents—are more of a nuisance to this beleaguered family.) Meanwhile, Harry's behavior is getting creepier. Sometimes, he'll stay up all night in the kitchen just staring at a wall. He's getting a nervous tic. And his perfect mate, Plum (Sophie Guillemin), is starting to get on his nerves with all her talk of having kids. And now, Harry begins to insinuate himself in newer, more sinister ways. We begin to suspect why he's so wealthy, and at whose cost. The flexible, intangible concept of "boundaries" pops up again and again in this film, and is exploited with such cleverness and wit that **With a Friend Like Harry** gradually becomes your friend. Anybody can identify. While simple, the story is subtle, fun, believable, and chilling.

Director Tsui Hark (**Peking Opera Blues, Once Upon a Time in China**, and so on) relies more on the action formula. Pronounce his name "Tsui Hark" or "Choy Hock"—whichever way you want. Just don't miss his movies. Fans of escapist entertainment will love his latest, **Time and Tide**, an affirmation of much of what we've come to look for in HK actioners (sans maybe the cheesy melodrama and Canto-pop soundtrack). After a drunken one night stand, lesbian cop Ah Jo (Candy Lo) gets pregnant by Tyler (Nicholas Tse), who's getting on the bad side of warring triad drug factions. (It's a relationship whose general preposterousness is lost in the telegraphic narrative.) He's friends with the standard invincible hitman, Jack (Wu Bai), the resident expert on snappy gunplay and last minute escapes. Complicating matters: the intrusion of a sadistic hitman, Miguel (Jovenito Couto Remotigue), who's out to eliminate our heroes as a favor to a Latin American drug cartel. Once the preliminaries have been set up, the plot is a cinematic time bomb, set in motion by that first pregnancy, and sealed nine months later in a climactic gun battle in a busy train station. Unlike **Harry...**, which offers its generous mine of entertainment in a single viewing, it may take a couple of times to appreciate **Time and Tide's** details, which shoot past us so fast we barely have chance to react. Scenes like a car chase in a parking garage (where a car door can rip off and shoot like a frisbee straight into a concrete wall), or an acrobatic fast-forward chase along the side of a Hong Kong tenement. Scenes like these have made some compare **T&T** to a video game, which sometimes isn't a bad analogy. This comes at a price. As we're dizzied by the spectacle, we care less about the characters. It's maybe a little less frenetic than Hark's underrated domestic joyride, **Knock Off**, but we're in the same ballpark. (In the film before that, Hark vaporized Rome's Coliseum, so he's no stranger to mayhem.) In the climactic scene, cops storm a building where Tyler is midwifing Jack's baby, bullets whirring and bodies dropping everywhere, with a very pissed off Miguel on the loose. **Time and Tide** just pours it on, and once you think it's run out of juice, it squeezes out even more. Nobody said a movie has to be credible to be entertaining. **Time and Tide** tries hard, frequently works, but rarely gives you the time to think about how silly the whole thing is.

—Steve Spinali

Reactions? E-mail me at spinali@postmark.net

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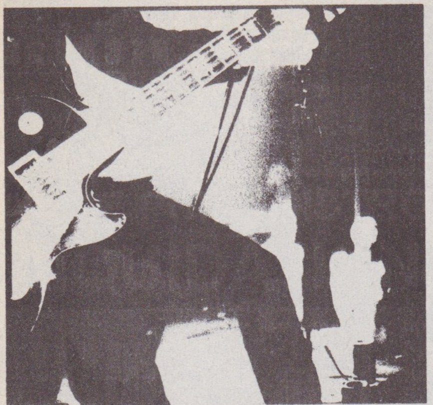

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ADDICTION 64 &
VOLVO
PONCHO ESTRADA

ADDICTION 64/PONCHO ESTRADA - "Volvo" split CD

Split CD from two new Aussie bands, each with three tunes each and each more different from each other than possibly imaginable. ADDICTION 64 is clearly your good times ska band with the requisite horns and the "om-pah" lockstep rhythm here, nothing too special here. PONCHO ESTRADA, on the other hand, is pretty swanky heavy-swirl pop. Imagine a heavier MEGACITY 4 or or FUNERAL ORATION or something like that. Good tunes, nice impassioned singing and just full of that stirring anthemic shit. Very melodic and hooky and *I do like that*! So folks, in this round, PONCHO ESTRADA walks away with the medal. Do pay them some heed, okay? (JY)

(Care Factor, PO Box 248 Glen Iris, VIC 3146 AUSTRALIA)

AFFRONT - "People Who Live In Glass Houses" CD

This is fairly decent macho, old school hardcore. Sounds like they really listened close to those early '80s DC and Boston bands. They pull it off convincingly enough, with extra gruff vocals and singalongs galore. This should be big with certain crowds. Being a sucker for good covers, I did dig their version of DEPECHE MODE's "Enjoy the Silence". Very cool rave up of it. Not a bad CD overall. (BG)

(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

ONE PEOPLE ONE MIND FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT
AHIRO

AHIRO - "One People, One Mind, Fight, Fight, Fight" EP

Fuck yeah—everybody welcome Asian Man aboard the thrash ship. Actually, pop thrash might be a more accurate term. Not only is this Japanese band named after their singer, which is a great thing in and of itself, but this is a fine record, with scrappy production and good, spontaneously spastic songs. But alas, no lyric sheet. Here are clues: "We Work All Day," "Why Can't We Be This?" I'd pick this EP (apparently their first recorded effort) up in a second. (AC)

(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, brucelee@pacbell.net)

AN ALBATROSS - "Eat Lightning, Shit Thunder" LP

Holy shit. This has to be one of the strangest things I've heard in a while. Which includes the trance record made with the sounds of elective surgery (imagine mixing with the sound of liposuction—weird!). To describe this would be simply impossible. I can describe the components, but you've got to hear it to recognize the brilliance. A grindcore band with electronics, keyboard and guitar. Which isn't to say it's some wimpy black metal crap—this is hardcore, of the peeling paint variety. Plus the freaky samples, and organ. And the wall of noise. Whoa. It's gotta be something about long winters in PA which drive people to such depths of despair and depravity. Awesome—hands down, this wins as the most interesting, engaging and challenging record I've heard in a while. Where's my damn reviewer copy! Ha. (TM)

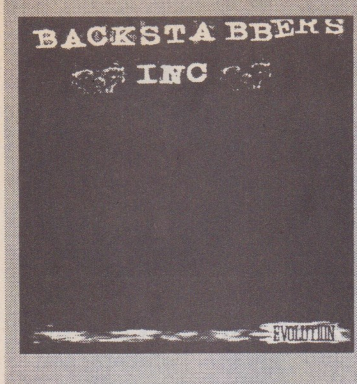
(WHEN HUMANS ATTACK!, 356 Birdsong Way, Doylestown PA 18901, beaudk@comcat.com)

SWELLBELLYS
ASSERT
UNITED
FRONT
.ep

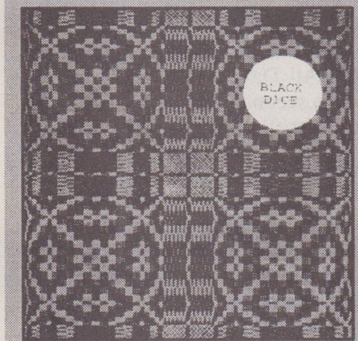
AMERICAN HEARTBREAK - "Postcards from Hell" LP

.....nope....I don't like guitars that sound like this.....Marshalls, Gibsons...all chunky and such...... I call it that "store bought" guitar sound.... Hmmmmm, and for the music? Pop-punk done modern style....like JAWBREAKER meets PARASITES meets J CHURCH with a little bit of DEGENERATION...... not really my cup of piss..... boy do I need a fuck in the ass right now...... (SW)

(Radio Blast, PO Box 160 308-40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY, radioblast@t-online.de)



THE BEAUTYS
THING OF BEAUTY



ANAL CUNT/FLAGHENBRAND - split EP

You know, some things just aren't funny. Song titles like "I'm Glad You Got Breast Cancer, Cunt" and "I'm Glad Jazz Faggots Don't Like Us Anymore" make me want to find these fuckers and...ARGH!! Fuck these lame jock pieces of shit! *This is NOT HUMOR!* And I know I'm probably saying just what they want me to say, and that pisses me off even more. But what makes me even more angry is the fact that apparently there now are bands like FLAGHENBRAND following in the footsteps of such ideocracy. As for the music, I would much rather listen to DISCORDANCE AXIS—a band whose words actually mean something and a band who does whatever ANAL CUNT and FLAGHENBRAND are trying to do musically and does it ten times better. BAH! *totemo aho!* (SP)
(RSR)

ANTI-PACIFIST – "Anti-Pacifist" EP

Real slow oi from LA on the aptly named German label Dim Records. I don't know about you, but a skinhead band calling themselves "anti-pacifist" sounds a little dodgy to me. This is pretty bad, shitty generic plodding oi, imagine RED ALERT on a fucked tape deck that plays too slow and you get the idea. (Sounds like a cool Japanese girl band on 45 though.) Definite possible extreme right-wing association wanker potential. (AD)
(Dim, Postfach 11, 96232 Ebersdorf, GERMANY)

ASSCHAPEL - "Total Worship" LP

Uh, I am not sure what to say here. Fiercely dark and distorted hardcore with really powerful vocalists. They have definitely taken a musical influence from bands like HIS HERO IS GONE. The catch is they also have one of those funky Moog keyboards as well, which I found generally distracting in most of the songs. I mean a couple of times it all jelled, but I don't really need a dose of keyboards with my grind/hardcore. (RC)
(Twitch, 2207 Elliot Drive, Nashville, TN 37138)

ASSERT/SWELLBILLYS - "United Front" EP

Fuck, it's the '80s all over again at *MRR*: thrash records galore, peace punk reissues, and now this split from two bands that sound like they would be right at home on a *Punk and Disorderly* compilation. ASSERT is a little bit more melodic of the two bands, but that doesn't mean they aren't just as powerful as the more hardcorish SWELLBILLYS. I just wish this record had come with a lyric sheet. (JF)
(Intimidation, 7 Viewforth Square, Leven, Fife, SCOTLAND, intimidationrecs@blueyonder.co.uk)

BACKSLIDE - "Oi! Fuck 'n' Destroy" EP

OK strasse punk with strong vocals and a full but slightly cheesy (in that endearing way many Oisters tend towards in the studio) guitar sound, although the songs are lacking in the hook department. What hooks there are (such as in "Bastards of the Scene") tend to get worn out before the song's end. (DD)
(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA, dss@telecom.at)

BACKSTABBERS INC - "While You Were Sleeping" CD

Prepare to be demolished by the crazed, heavy brand of thrash/hardcore that BACKSTABBERS INC have mastered. I didn't know quite what to expect from this, but, as usual, my assumptions were wrong. They have the eerie dark tone that easily reminds me of HIS HERO IS GONE and, even more specifically, the ECLIPSE 10" I reviewed a few months back. However, BACKSTABBERS INC up the ante with (for the most part) faster songs and a certain degree of technical wizardry similar to bands like LUDDITE CLONE or BURNT BY THE SUN. Very, very Good. (SP)
(Thrash Art, PO Box 725, Providence, RI 02901, soundculture.com)

BACKSTABBERS INC - "Evolution" EP

Whoa. First thing is the production—way thick. And recorded in my former hometown, Rochester NY! Crazy. Band is from Maine or New Hampshire it seems, so not sure how that developed. Actually, the studio seems to be in New Hampshire. Whoa. Regardless, kudos on the production. Awesome. They describe the record as "audible terrorism", which is certainly a start. Raw, distorted hardcore jumps out immediately—with the stadium guitar punch that kicks so much harder. Multiple vocalists, including one who sounds like the guttural vocals from grindcore of years past. Anger, pain and frustration dominate—if those emotions had a soundtrack, I'd guess it to be near what you've got here. Over far too quickly. (TM)
($3.50 ppd: Cadmium Sick, 350 Massachusetts Ave #226, Arlington VA 02474, distortboston@hotmail.com)

THE BEAUTYS - "Things of Beauty" CD

Good girl fronted pop punk. The singer's voice kinda reminds me of whatsherface from the REVILLOS... but not as over the top and cartoonish. The male back ups really make this out standing. Not much else to say... still in awe of the CONNIE DUNGS CD... (BM)
(Cheetah's, PO Box, 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704, cheatsrecords.com)

BLACK DICE - "Peace in the Valley" EP

Sure, I guess I get it but it still is neither funny nor insulting. I'm sorry, did you say eight dollars? And if you think this review is vague and annoying, then go ahead and spend the eight dollars and listen to BLACK DICE, put me to shame. (PA)
(Three One G, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177, threeoneg.com)

THE BLAST ROCKS - "You're Fired" CD

Fans of GERTY FARISH take note... BLAST ROCKS takes a fuzzed out guitar accompanied by simple casio melodies, plastic trashcan beats and a BLATZ/B-52's male/female vocal sparring to create a unique sound. These exuberant kids display an innocent quality juxtaposed with a street/urban savvyness that is showcased well by the lo-fi, minimalist style. The *MRR* copy is accompanied with an entertaining promo sheet every CD should have. I wonder if S.P.A.M. records and THE BLAST ROCKS are ready for major label money that'll surely come their way with the brilliance of this CD. See what the buzz is about! (HM)
(S.P.A.M., PO Box 21588, El Sobrante, CA 94820-1588, blastrocks.com)

the BLAST ROCKS!!!
ROCKET RACER
you're FIRED.

BLOCKO - "Wager" EP

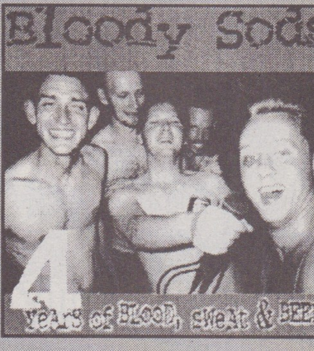
One sided, only two songs... if I'd paid for this, I'd feel ripped off... However, the two songs we get are both that perfect, buzzy, infectious UK pop-punk that always gets me going. A little bit BROCCOLI, a little bit SENSELESS THINGS, a little bit LEATHERFACE, but all excellent stuff. Right up Ray Lujan's alley. This is severely limited, so get a move on. (AM)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK)

(DA) BLOODY GASHES - "Pedal to the Metal" LP

Another Canuck obscenity, great. The dumb album name had me poised to trash it 'cause I'm just that shallow but my fears of a LUNACHICKS redux were unfounded. This is damn decent noise-rock with the emphasis on the noise. I hate band comparisons so just picture this record on the noisy end of the Shimmy Disc label circa '92 if your brain still has room for those old files. The bass runs the show and the guitars wander over and toss a pineapple into the tuba from time to time. Sludgy. I'll bet these gals and gents are loud live. (RW)
(Total Zero, PO Box 32046, 901 Ste. Catherine E., Montreal, Quebec, H2L 2EO, CANADA)

BLOODY SODS - "4 Years of Blood Sweat & Beer" CD

They're not English, they're Georgian, though they're ugly enough (apologies to fine-looking Brits everywhere), and they seem to like beer. Drunken hardcore, with covers of CIRCLE JERKS, ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE, BLITZ, and SQUINT (CLINT) BLACK. No frills, just five shirtless fellers raging through the dark side of Southern hardcore with a mean buzz on. P.S. 37 fucking songs!!! (RY)
(Madskull, PO Box 57159, 1040 BB Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)


Bloody Sods
4 years of BLOOD, sweat & BEER

BOTTLES AND SKULLS - "Never Kiss the Wasp" CD

I was hoping the album title was a Henry Pym/Ant Man reference, but no such luck. Instead, B&S offer nine tracks of raging angry East Bay punk rock with metallic guitars and a double-stuff hardcore helping of mosh pit mayhem. I give 'em extra credit for the wah-wah guitar on "Forgive Me" and the SLAYER-esque solo on "Let's Ditch." They sound like they really mean it! Includes a couple of bonus answering machine messages from Bay Area punk show booker extraordinaire Scott Alcoholocaust. (JG)
(Cheetah's, no address. bottlesandskulls.com)

BOTTLES AND SKULLS

BOUNZ THE BALL - "C.D.V." CD

Very, very, very, thick sounding metallic hawd-kaw from Austria. Very New Yawk sounding. Songs about friendship, tattoos, and fighting for respect. Haven't really been into stuff like this for nearly a decade. KILLING TIME, 25 TA LIFE or maybe SHEER TERROR might be good reference points for you. If this is your thing you cannot go wrong. Me? I like my hardcore with studded jackets, not basketball jerseys. (MT)
(Voice Of Life, PO Box 1137, 04701 Leinsnig, GERMANY)

BRIGADA FLORAS MAGON - CD

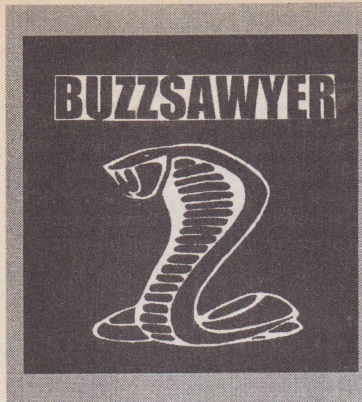
I really like the EP these folx put out a few months back and am stoked to get to throw in my two cents about this red anarchist skinhead band from France. Mid-tempo yet quite catchy Oi! with traces of second wave (a la Two Tone) ska thrown in for good measure. Lotsa sing along choruses, accompanying songs singing the praises of left wing working class struggles world wide. Really good stuff in my book, and this shit beats all that "apolitical" and "traditional" Oi! stuff anyday of the week. Take a fucking stand for christ's sake! Red and Black on the attack! (MT)
(Insurgence, 2 Bloor St. W. Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontatio M4W 3E2, CANADA)

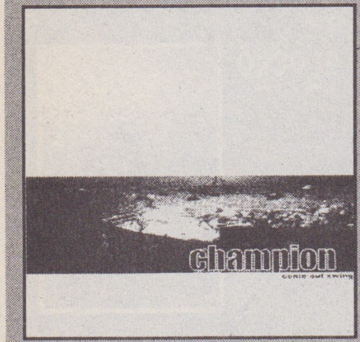
BROKE AMERICANS - CD

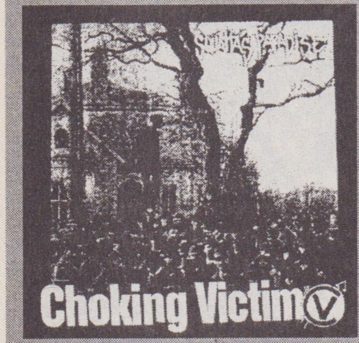
"Your mother is a whore, your sister is a slut..."—this is how the BROKE AMERICANS begin their ten-song heavy metalled-punk CD. This sucks so fuckin' bad. It reminds me of the LA hair bands in the '80s. The vocals and the the masturbatory metal guitar licks make me wanna spit up a hairball. Oh god, now I'm hearing some ska thing happening too....Jesus Christ and the lyrics are so fuckin' dumb I feel like I'm losing brains cells by the seconds. Oh fuck make it stop! Ahhhhh. (DL)
(no address)

BUZZSAWYER - "Disgrace Jones" EP

Decent record, in a sloppy garage rock fashion. Production on the weak side, or maybe they intended it to have that "live" homemade sound. You never know with these crappy speakers. Anyhoo, good rock and roll stuff that doesn't hurt, but may not leave a lasting impression. Sounds something like the NEW BOMB TURKS kid brothers in a basement somewhere in ...Maryland? (RY)
(Regal Beegle, PO Box 13 Frostburg, MD 21532)







the connie dungs

CADILLAC BLINDSIDE – "Allegory of Death And Fame" CD

A six song EP from these emocore boys. I really liked this band's first full length and this is pretty strong also. Somewhere in between HOT WATER MUSIC and more pop stuff like the ANNIVERSARY and the GET UP KIDS. Good, although I was ready for a new full length. (RL)
(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604, fueledbyramen.com)

CELLOPHANE SUCKERS - "Too Much Temptation" LP

German band doing the Aussie-Detroit old school thing and doing it remarkably well. Band that first came to mind upon listening to this was the perpetually underrated NEW CHRISTS from Australia with the singer from this band having more than a passing resemblance in style to Rob Younger. All that you've learned to expect from the genre: head splitting guitar skank, big hooks, etc. IGGY, RADIO BIRDMAN, the right reference points to make the oldster rockandroll dude in us happy. Even outright title stealing in songs like "TV Day" (or "TV Eye"?). Good record, worth your much-competed for attention. (JY)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160 308-40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY, radioblast@t-online.de)

CHAMPION - "Come out Swinging" CD

So this is the guitar player from TRIAL's new band, and this is very much in the same vein—sans the excellent lyrics. Mid-tempo CHAIN OF STRENGTH style hardcore, and you really can't go wrong with that. Ten years ago I would have eaten this up like a Mission District burrito, but these days I'm just not posi enough. Where's the anger? Where's the rage? Where's my goddamn burrito? (MT)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

CHARGE 69 – "Vos Lois Ne Sont Pas Nos Regles" CD

Mid-tempo French street-punk. This is similar to most European Oi!/punk, in that it only sounds good if you're drunk—in fact it is the soundtrack to falling over into a puddle of what you hope is beer at some shitty punk gig in some shithole of a town. Lots of beer-house group chanted backing vocals and catchy tunes. They sing in French and there's no lyric sheet, so I don't know what they're saying, but I guess there's some amount of disgruntlement at society and a certain amount of y'know... pride in being a punker and all. Possibly a reissue, search me. Alright. (AD)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

CHARGE 69 - "Region Sacrifiée" LP

Thank goodness there's a few bands that can think of two digit numbers other than "77" to append to their names. Maybe CHARGE 69 chose "69" because they're French, and...never mind. At any rate, this is fine, energetic, sing-along (if you know French) "rue punk" ("punque?"), namedropping the "UK Subs" just to give you an idea of their program. As a bonus, these garçons actually know how to write songs with hooks. Downside: the instro "Scream" just goes round and round and the three other tracks on side B (all recorded live) suffer from thin sound that doesn't work so well. (DD)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, mosh@knock-out.de)

CHARGE 69 - "Apparence Jugée" LP

This is an extremely welcome reissue of the first CHARGE 69 LP originally issued on Combat Rock, which is now very hard to locate. These French punks have a verve and a lust for punk that is truly inspirational. Ever since their Patchwork debut EP, these guys have been taking the punk world by storm! These guys (two punk rockers, a skinhead, and a Chaos punk for good measure), have the English No Future Records sound down to perfection! The music is sung in French with influences from KOMINTERN SECT, TROTSKIDS, BLITZ and ANGELIC UPSTARTS. This is very good stuff! Follow this record immediately with the newest offering, the "Vos Lois ne Sont Pas Nos Regles" LP. You must acquaint yourself with this upper echelon of French punk! (BR)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716,46527, Dinslaken, GERMANY)

CHOKING VICTIM – "Crack Rocksteady EP/Squatters Paradise" CD A digital formatted reissue of the two EPs released by this New York squatter punk band. While many would like to call CHOKING VICTIM's sound ska punk, I have always thought that wasn't quite accurate. I'd more likely say that CHOKING VICTIM sounds like a more fucked up early RANCID. Lyrically, CHOKING VICTIM basically just crafted songs about hating the "man" in all his various guises. A good release. (JF)
(Tent City, 101 W.23rd St, Box 2341, New York, NY 10011)

CLAMPDOWN - "Down in the Cell" 45

Fuck Yes!! Listen up you skins and punks! This Japanese skinhead outfit has a brilliant new single for you! CLAMPDOWN starts off with the title cut "Down in the Cell" with a vengeance and this shit rocks hard! CLAMPDOWN sing: "No matter what people say/I'm just doing what I want/I'm paying the price for what I've done/I'm doing my best/But sometimes it goes wrong." "Such a Life" has all the same knuckle-busting furor—this is great skinhead music sung with conviction. The rhythm section and back-up vocals push this fucker to the brink of destruction. Excellent! (BR)
(Bricks, 1-13-14, Zeze, Ohtsu, Shiga, 520-0815, JAPAN, bricks@x.age.ne.jp)

CONNIE DUNGS - "Eternal Bad Lick Charm" CD

When I first came to work for *MRR* about three years ago, the CONNIE DUNGS were one of my first reviews.... This is apparently their last recording or something but they really aren't the same cutesy dumb pop punk band they were three years ago, the singer still sounds like a cross between Cartman from South Park and Pat Termite from the BEATNIK TERMITES, but now it sounds like he's

just one fucked up guy. I read the booklet explaining the break up of the band. Jesus Christ, the guy has more hang ups than even I do. This is far from cute, or dumb, this is some serious emotional rock and roll. It's amazing how this band progressed. This is awesome. My jaw has dropped and I am marking out. Hey you art rockers and Johnny Thunders wannabes take note of this record, you will get your fix of torment, anxiety, and general bitterness right here. (BM)
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

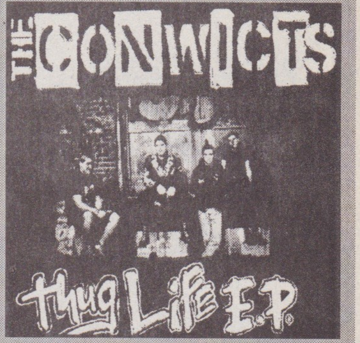
A SOCIETY WHERE THE LAW UPHOLDS EXPLOITATION, AND ORDER
CONTRAVENE
CHAINS THAT CONFINE US TO OUR SLAVERY AND INJUSTICE. IF WE BE

CONTRAVENE - "Insecurity" EP

Yup, there's a circle around the "A" in their name, and the cover bears more than a passing resemblance to any number of CRASS record graphics. I doubt they'd take it as an insult if I stated the obvious, that these folks owe a huge debt to English peace punk scene of the '80s. Having said as much, CONTRAVENE are are surprisingly adept at rocking extra hard as they are busy spreading the word on issues destroying the planet. Shelly the singer is most definitely their secret weapon, as her voice is raw, raspy and chock full of righteous anger. The songs have a good drive to them, and their hearts seem to be in the right place (even if they can veer too far into slogan-land lyrically). This is worth giving a listen. (BG)
(Contravene, PO Box 533, Waddell, AZ 85355)

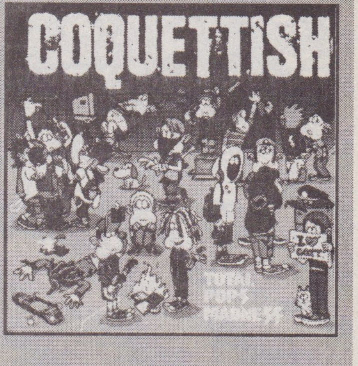
CONTRAVENE/SVART AGGRESSION - split EP

Dark and heavy-handed anarcho peace punk from CONTRAVENE—and, with the opening collage of political speeches and the atmospheric drumming, it sounded a lot like DJ SHADOW. But a minute later it's full on ripping female vocals over AMEBIX-style hardcore. She reminds me a lot of the lady from NAKED AGGRESSION. The lyrics are the key thing here—lots of information on important issues like racism, vivisection, and other unfortunate things. More of the same from SVART AGGRESSION, but gloomier and sung in Swedish. Very powerful, and the production makes it even more so. (RD)
($3 ppd: PO Box 533, Waddell, AZ 85355)



THE CONWICTS - "Thug Life" EP

Lots of old school punk style is thrown around creating a mix of raw demo quality punk. Strong vocals and a lot of "fuck you" attitude round this out. Not the best, but I definitely see some potential here for some stronger releases. (RC)
(Millicent, c/o Simon Masiewicki, 6922 Seven Locks Rd., Cabin John, MD 20818; multimania.com/conwicts)

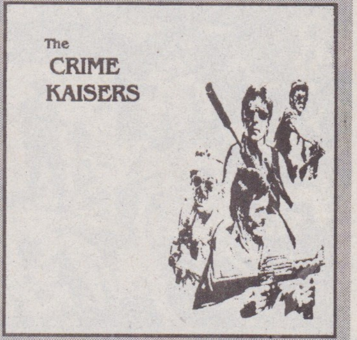


COQUETTISH - "Total Pops Madness" CD

These Japanese kids are so dialed in every note and instrument sounds perfect, and their vocals sound dead on American English. CQTT, as they are called, blend sugary sweet melodies with blazing hardcore and tight splashes of ska. It's amazing how immaculate their delivery along with the nearly overproduced tunes really showcases their mature musicianship. Don't get lost in my dawdling, CQTT rips through seven songs in nine minutes. Hot Stuff! (HM)
(Coquettish, cqtt@boy.interq.or.jp)

CRAMPS - "Off the Bone" LP

I have to admit to never having been much of a fan of the CRAMPS. Their fans always seemed brainwashed to me—more like followers than fans—and that scared me. This appears to be a bootleg of an LP that was originally released in 1983 (and which is, apparently, not a part of the vast MRR collection). If you don't own any CRAMPS material, this is an LP to pick up; it's got some of their absolute best stuff and well represents their gothabilly punk sound. Tracks include "Human Fly," "The Way I Walk," "Surfin' Bird," "Garbageman," "Drug Train," and "Goo Goo Muck." (It doesn't come with the 3-D glasses needed to properly view the sleeve.) (KK)
(Legion of the Cramped, 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, FK3 0HJ, Stirlingshire, SCOTLAND)



CRIME KAISERS - "How Does It Feel/I Don't Like"

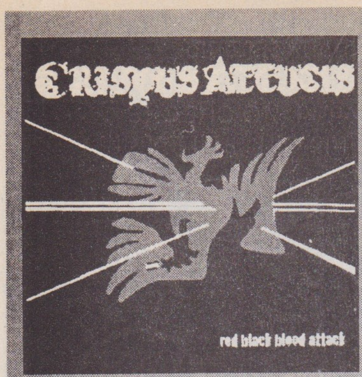
"The CRIME KAISERS are: Crazy, Sexy & Cool", or so the back of the sleeve claims...which would make 'em useful acquaintances and fun on dates. "I Don't Like You" is lean and hungry, very classically "American" as in God, Guns and Guts. "How Does it Feel" is a smidgen slower and punchier, and the band break up the guitar barrage enough to allow the keyboards equal time. Short version: they're good, real muscular and earnest in the same way as the CHINESE MILLIONAIRES, BASEBALL FURIES, CELLOPHANE SUCKERS, or any number of like-minded bands. (JH)
(Incognito, Senefelderstr 37A, Stuttgart, GERMANY, incognitorecords.de)

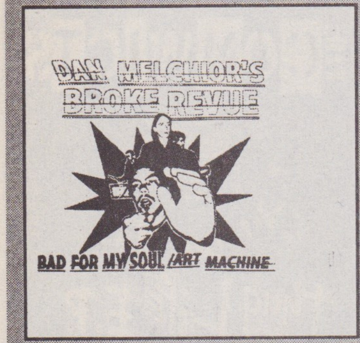
CRISPUS ATTUCKS - "Red Black Bood Attack" LP

Think that's "Blood" Attack, ouch. Things like that just tear your guts out. I've somehow managed to get every CRISPUS ATTUCKS record assigned to me for review. Not that I mind, and they've all been good—but a strange coincidence. Hardcore of the basic variety—there's a pride in function over fashion with these guys. They play straightforward thrash, and there's nothing to apologize about that. Short songs, quick pace, and breaks which chop things up. Fifteen songs, short and sweet, some select samples (not enough to be annoying). There's not a ton of variety with CRISPUS ATTUCKS, but y'know... some people eat the same thing every day. Solid, uncompromising hardcore. (TM)
(Paco Garden, PO Box 18455, Denver, CO 80218, pacogardenrecords@hotmail.com)

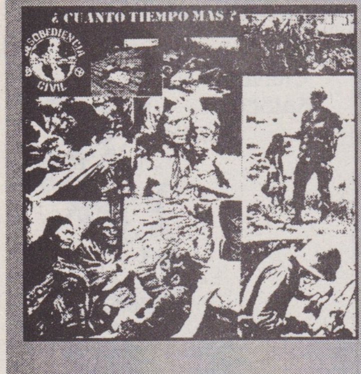
CROW - "The Door of the End" LP

Here is the latest release from Japan's own CROW. They keep things simple with a pulsing mid-tempo punk attack. Their music has always fell to the dark side of things with heavy production





deathcheck
(can dance)



and powerful vocals. The songs are pretty long, leaving room for only three songs here. Add a couple of guitar solos and some quality artwork and you have got yourself a fine release. Unfortunately it is on purple vinyl and limited to 600 fucking copies. Damn! (RC)
(Crow, no address)

CROW/ARTIMUS PYLE - "Release From Agony" - split EP

Those who know me know my love of these two exceptionally powerful and amazing hardcore bands. I mean for the love of fucking burritos, the drummer of CROW is named IRON FIST!!! And was in GISM ta' boot!!! Throw in their on tha' money cover of CRUCIFIX's "Blind Destruction" and I'm fucking sold. Driving d-beat hardcore that flattens your fucking face like it's been run over by a steamroller and then pealed off the ground and hung out to dry. Flip it over and we have local heavy weights ARTIMUS PYLE—who return once again to the overwhelming intensity that made my jaw drop to the floor on their Prank twelve inch. Simply amazing and thoroughly crushing. I'd put them in the same school as ANTISECT, so you older fucks get my drift, and I'll say FROM ASHES RISE so you younger kids catch on to tha fucking groove! Fuck yes. I still wanna know who killed dove?! (MT)
(Mangrove, ACP BLDG 3F,4-23-5, Koenji Minami, Suginami-Ku, Tokyo 166-0003, JAPAN)

CRUDE - "Madly" LP

Well the first song is not really necessary, I mean I like the Pirates of the Caribbean and all, but I don't need the soundtrack. Besides that, this band plays ultra fast, crunchy, heavy hardcore with the dual vocals effect. The vocals are mostly deep screaming and growling. The guitar is fast and rather straight ahead punk. The fuzz is somewhat overwhelming at times and actual parts are sometimes hard to pick out, but if that's how the kids like the grindcore then let them have it. (PA)
(Dynamite Kids, P.O. Box 447, B-9000 Gent 1, BELGIUM, pyrrhus@pyrrhus.be)

DAN MELCHOR'S BROKE REVUE - "Bad for My Soul/Art Machine"

New York band on In the Red records. Some nice hillbilly-meets-GIBSON BROS type singing and that tweaked, twangy guitar that you've learned to expect from bands of this ilk. This is more "gentler" (for lack of a better word) stuff that grooves and struts quite nicely in a world of lurch. Both songs here have that undefinable sputter and spit that marks all the old blues/rockandroll stuff. They do have it. Lend them an ear. (JY).
(In The Red, 1118 W. Magnolia Bl. PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506)

THE DEADITES/THE HELLIONS - split EP

The DEADITES have a heavy organ, Sixties, garagey thing for a couple ditties. Their third tune is a decent version of the BIG BOYS' "Let's Play God." The HELLIONS have more of a heavier rockin', macho, eerie thing going on "It's Alive" and an enthusiastic chorus on a generic punk riff in "Give Up." A cool EP. (HM)
($3 ppd: Center of the World, 1760 Gross Rd, Dallas, TX 75228, thehellionspunkrock.com, thedeadites.net)

DEATHCHECK - "(Can Dance)" EP

Punk, punk, punk. Queer girl-fronted, fuzzy, anti-formula pop, out of step liberation punk from Germany. It's kid of an ASTRID OTO thing, especially, strangely enough, when the boy sings. Cathartic, but practical lyrics about coping with depression and coming to terms with yourself in a world bent to crush your punk rock spirit. Good stuff. (AC)
(A. Boitel, Burgstr. 52, 37073 Göttingen, GERMANY, boitel333@hotmail.com)

DESOBEDIENCIA CIVIL - "Cuanto Tiempo Mas" EP

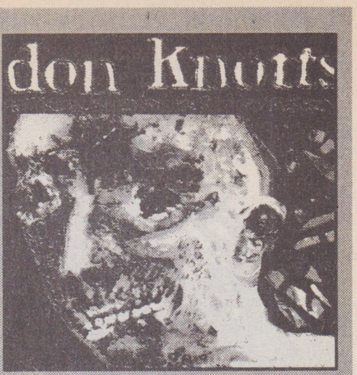
Rough and unpolished hardcore from this Mexican band. The graphics are black and white, a bunch of political info and their lyrics (all in Spanish). There is the word "vegan" and both the anarchy and equality symbols sprinkled throughout, so make of that what you will. The songs are basic, straightforward hardcore with dual vocals on the choruses. I'd like to say more, but like so many here in the U.S., I only speak English. (TM)
(Desobediencia Civil, c/o Noe Cruz, Apdo. 13-517, C.P. 03501, México D.F., MÉXICO)

DESOBEDIENCIA CIVIL - "No Hay Libertad Sin Desobediencia" LP

You know, it's always dumbfounded me how American punx will know all about and give huge props to bands in Sweden, Germany, or wherever else, but always seem to know nothing about about mad thrashers which lie just south of the border. I mean the fucking punk scene in Mexico City alone is probably one of the biggest in the world. So, chalk this up as yet another band you should pay attention to—fast dual-vocaled hardcore that would go perfect right next to CÓLERA, RATOS DE PARÃO or such modern scorchers as ABUSO SONORO on a mix tape. DOOM cover and plenty of black and white graphics so you know I'm down. So what are you waiting on poseur? (MT)
(Cryptas, Cruz V. Luis, Apdo. Postal #16-052, CP: 021011, México, D.F., MÉXICO)

DEVIL IN MISS JONES - "Headbanger" 10"

Whoa. This is a bit out of what I normally get, which is certainly cool by me. Eight songs which rock in a catchy punk, tinge of rockabilly way! Slow enough I can tap my foot! Strange. A obvious sense of humor, and the pace is usually quick which keeps thing catchy. Some sarcastic shots at things like SFTRI, Americans (they're German) and technology. Some of the songs drag a bit, but when they're actually playing, it kicks ass. They could probably gain a lot from some editing (even the short songs seemed too long) —but that may just be my ADD speaking. Funny punk, emphasis on the funny. Not WAT TYLER funny, but really, who is? What does it say about me that "Mysterious" was my favorite song here? Hmmmm. (TM)
(Sounds of Subterrania, PO Box 103662, 34036 Kassel, GERMANY)



DRUNKEN WAR
ARMAGEDDON ON TAP

Eterna Inocencia
Boda
Pourquoi
attendre
la
defaite
pour
commencer
la
lutte ?

DIRT BIKE ANNIE - "Night of the Living Rock 'n' Roll Creation" EP

With DIRT BIKE ANNIE you know exactly what you are getting: good old solid pop punk. Now, you know what separates DIRT BIKE ANNIE from all the other pop punk bands out there? It is a simple thing called enthusiasm, and that is one thing that this EP has in abundance. Really, "Night of the Living…" may well be the best thing by this band that I have heard. A flat out bounce around the room winner. (JF)

(Knock Knock, 394 Hewlett Ave, Patchogue, NY 11772)

DISCHORD - "Fuck Copyrights" EP

Awesome DOOM inspired crust from Brazil! Great lyrics and liner notes to boot addressing everything from "the scene," commercialism, and barcodes!!! I'm so fucking down! Did I mention their is an ABUSO SONORO cover too? If this your thing, acquire at all costs! (MT)

(Insane Society, PO Box 6, 501 01 Hradec Kralove, CZECH REPUBLIC, barvak.insane@worldonline.cz)

DOG TOFFEE - "Killer Rock 'n' Roll" 12" EP

I don't know what DOG TOFFEE is, but I sure am enjoying it. Yes, once again the island of bad teeth has given us Yanks another musical gem. This record doesn't hold back—from start to finish it's an assault of in your face rock 'n' roll—well, it slows down here and there for some melody, but don't let that discourage you. These English boys have been compared to theE DEVIL DOGS with MISFITS-style vocals. I think that description nails it. Too many bands do this style of music poorly. Get this and save the money you would've blown on the rest. (AS)

(Radio Blast, PO Box 160 308-40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY, radioblast@t-online.de)

DON KNOTTS - "A Black Day For Mayberry" EP

Twelve songs of super spastic thrashcore from Michigan. The tempo alternates between total blur and slow heavy grind parts. Throat grating vocals take total charge on songs like "Surrogate Test-Tube Baboon Hearted Baby Trapped In A Well" and If You Don't Have A Boyfriend, I'll Take You To Long John Silvers". Come on guys who can you have song titles like that and not include the lyrics. Bummer. Anyway you should check this fine release out and for those who care, this particular record came on snot-orange vinyl. (RC)

(Friction, PO Box 6605, Grand Rapids, MI 49506; frictionrecords.com)

DRUNKEN WAR - "Armageddon on Tap" CD

Man, I am not feeling this one iota. Sloppy drunk hardcore (for real!) with insane echo on the vocals, like the first ADOLESCENTS LP. Boy is this lousy. The breakdowns and ominous chants ("Do... you... want to die? NO!") make this sound like something that would have been rejected from the P.E.A.C.E./WAR compilation. They even have samples of bombs dropping! Steer clear, folks. You've been warned. (RD)

($7 ppd: Sam Awry, 413 S. Titus Ave, Ithaca, NY 14850)

D.SAILORS- "Mind Dressing" Picture LP

This is the last piece of vinyl I have to review and I am so happy to say that every piece I got this month was good. D.SAILORS play smart, intelligent, melodic punk from Germany that would sound right at home on a label like Fat or Hopeless. What makes D.SAILORS interesting is that I can't tell you what bands they might sound like on the above labels. In a genre filled with NOFX and FACE TO FACE ripoffs, D.SAILORS manage to sound fresh and original. Hell, they can even pull off the ska-ish song and not sound stale. (JF)

(Vitaminepillen c/o Ralf Schmidt, Lambertusstr.20, Selfkant-Hongen, 52538, GERMANY, info@d-sailors.de)

DUMBSTRUCK – "And We All Fall Down" LP

Super-aggro pissed-off thrash from Old Blighty. This is as hard as Mykel Board in a NCAA locker room. The singer's a big fella and he can really belt out the righteous smackdown; Jehovah Witnesses, over-population, poser punk, and Nazis are just some of the targets of his indignation. Features the guys from RIPCORD on guitar, bass, and drums. 625 continues to release cool fast shit, I like this stuff when it's more punk than metal, and this (to me anyway) is way better than most of the (over-rated) hardcore that came out of England in the late eighties—NAPALM DEATH, DOOM, DEVIATED INSTINCT, BOLT THROWER etc., etc., etc. The words to "Conflicting Agenda" are particularly apt with the upcoming Holidays in the Sun fiasco—"I guess punk can't be dead, Not at $25 a head!" Rippercrust! (AD)

(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA)

THE EAST BAY CHASERS - CD

Uuggh! This is not the kind of music I'd ever listen to. I'm out of my element. Can't understand what this is supposed to sound like, or what would be good about it even if I did. Has a real over-produced melodic sound that would probably go over big on Extreme MTV. I think my neighbors across the street at the "SUBLIME house" were listening to this at their 4th of July BBQ (not really). I really shouldn't provoke people...but this, to me, seems like the kind of shit people who don't really know anything about punk rock outside of PENNYWISE might like. (RY)

(Industrial Strength, 2824 Regatta Blvd, Richmond, CA 24804)

ETERNA INOCENCIA/BODA - "Pourquoi Attendre la Defaite Pour Commençer la Lutte?" CD

BODA hail from France and play a mix of punk styles. At times they come across sounding like one of those so called melodic hardcore bands, while the majority of the time they come across as

THE EVAPORATORS
HONK THE HORN

FIELDS OF FIRE
KEEP IT ALIVE

WANNA' MEET the FLAKES?

DIG THIS, 'TARDS!

a pretty straight up, fast, screamy hardcore band with some metal influences. ETERNA INOCENCIA play a poppy but fast punk rock that could at times also be thrown under that heading of melodic hardcore. They really do kind of lack the hardcore element though. The vocals are all sung and the songs often lack power due to the guitar being low in the mix. (PA)
(Sanjam, 9 Rue des Mesanges, 35650 Le Rheu, FRANCE, SanjamRec@aol.com)

THE EVAPORATORS - "Honk the Horn" EP

If you don't know the spastic, pop genius of the EVAPORATORS, here's a great place to start. Be blown away by the twangy guitar, pounding drums, and infectious melodies of this veteran troupe. As an amazing bonus this EP features interview clips with TOMMY LEE! Another must for your EVAPORATORS collection. Simply essential. (HM)
(Nardwuar the Human Serviette, PO Box 27021, 1395 Marine Dr, West Vancouver, BC CANADA V7T 2X8, nardwuar.com)

THE FALL OF JULIUS - "Kissing Ass = Contracts" EP

I wanted to like this way more than I actually did. They've got the muddy production and mixup of GUYANA PUNCH LINE and the screamo aspect of FINGERPRINT—it's good, but the vocals just aren't doing it for me. It's intense, but not powerful. I was confused by the Raymond Pettibon-style art and song titles like "Kissing Ass = Contracts," since it felt pretty incongruous with the semi-angsty vibe I caught from the music. It seems like there's some serious untapped potential lurking in there. (RD)
(Bjorngatan 3, 553 37 JKPG, SWEDEN)

FIELDS OF FIRE - "Keep It Alive" CD

Their "one-sheet" says they can't be easily classified—but it's my job to do so, so here goes nothing. Really good, really catchy hardcore—and while they are a little more posi than I normally like, I can dig this. Maybe UNIFORM CHOICE and some elements of later B'LAST could give you a reference point. Let's just call them Nard-core and get it over with. Would probably like it a lot more if it wasn't a CD, just my own prejudice. I could do without the goddamn guitar solos though. (MT)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

54 NUDE HONEYS - "Drop the Gun" LP

Bass-heavy all-goil Japanese garage-rock with the emphasis on the rock. But not rawk, if you get me. Kinda surfy leads, flat vox and neutral production do not help the proceedings. Think of a more slicked-up HECK. The cover will sell this, just like the RAMONATURES LP. (RW)
(Mademoiselle, PO Box 19049, London, N7 7WU, UK, mia5@hotmail.com)

FIRST ALERT - "On Secret Mission" 12" EP

This Japanese band poses with a moped on the lyric sheet and sings in English, so I guess they're telling us they're mod. This starts off quite promising with "There's No Tomorrow," which is reminiscent of All Mod Cons-period JAM. The remaining three tracks aren't quite as melodically concise, but it's clear that their style is on the softer side of mod. There's some nice slashing guitar bits (as on "Parade Ground"), and some snatches of good melody. Pretty decent outing. (SS)
(Time Bomb, Toporo 51 Bldg., 2-18-18 Nishi-shinsaibashi, Chuo-ju, Osaka 542-00086 JAPAN)

FLAKES - "Bad Girl/Hangup"

Local boys made bad the FLAKES spin out another fun single suitable for drinks, parties, bar mitzvahs, knockabouts, gang-ups, and repeated listenings. Both tunes are rough and raw in the best sense of both terms, real catchy and quick to the punch...reminds me of the NEW YORKS DOLLS this time around, maybe 'cause of the noisy guitar leads and off-the-cuff charm...never seen 'em, though I hope to correct my mistake post haste. One of, maybe, four Bay Area bands worth crossing the train tracks to see. (JH)
(Lipstick, 1154 Powell St., Oakland, CA 94608, flakes@ihateclowns.com)

FLOCK - "Sane of Eyes" CD

Rockin' hardcore punk from Japan that shares more in common with LIP CREAM than GAUZE. Totally solid and worthy of putting on a mix tape to blast from your boom box while riding around town on the bus sneering at old ladies and extending the two finger salute. (MT)
(Flock, Ryosuke Kuronuma, 23-11-12 Tsushida, Morioka Iwate, JAPAN)

FLOORS – "Dig This, 'Tards!" CD

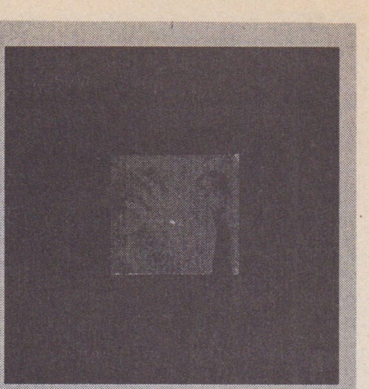
Sounds like the kinda punk rock-slash-hardcore bands that I was watching play in living-room parties maybe ten or eleven years back. The guiding principle of those gigs was to get together and spill drinks in the name of bleached crew-cuts and teenage angst, and that's a quality that the FLOORS own in spades. Not sure as to the vintage of this material, though all clues indicate that at least some of this material dates from '89 or thereabouts. "I Just Wanna Get Drunk", "Nothing to Do With Anything" and "I'm Gonna Puke" sum up their approach nicely. (JH)
(Truth, PO Box 1963, Santa Fe, NM, russtruth@aol.com)

THE FOAMERS - "Six Pints None the Wiser" CD

The FOAMERS mix up some street punk and ska with genuine concerns and issues of a UK punk's life (the pursuit of thrills, happiness, and beer). At times I hear faint traces of CITIZEN FISH in the ska tunes, but the trombone/trumpet mix adds new elements and works nicely. Check Bruce's column for further insights into this English (?) band. (HM)
(Tent City, foamers.com)

FORGOTTEN - "Ask No Questions" 10"

Fast and furious street punk for the mohawked kid in you. The vocals remind me of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS or even RANCID, but the music is way faster than those old-timers and has a touch of the now-requisite metal influence (check out the rippin' leads). It's not really my "thing," but it's definitely high-energy stuff for the kids. And I give 'em kudos for the hand claps on "Conflict." "Young punx, they go to heaven/All of you can go to hell!" (JG)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)



FRAMMENTI - "Corrono Ginocchia Sbucciate" EP

The first song starts with somewhat of a PEGBOY twist to emo hardcore then runs through a couple slow, quiet breakdowns and some chunky heavy parts, then ends with another catchy riff. The next two songs are a little more hardcore in that emo sort of way, with fuzzy guitars (one doing some rather intricate leads) a mixture of singing and screaming and uptempo songs. They also have somewhat of a poppy feel to them as well though. The last song is an acoustic number with spoken vocals. (PA)
(Love Boat, Via Lumumba 2, 46029 Suzzara, Mantova, ITALY)

GAS DRUMMERS - "Proud to be Nothing" CD

Wow, these Spaniards are fast, tight, and pop prone. They rival FRENZAL RHOMB in versatility, musicianship, and pop sensibility. A special treat is a P.P.M. cover done well, but the DRUMMERS'd have a hard time slipping a crappy version past the P.P.M. dude who recorded this CD. A pretty amazing CD. Check it out. (HM)
(Slide Chorus, PO Box 3396, 28080 Madrid SPAIN, slidechorus.com)

g.a.s. drummers
PROUD TO BE NOTHING

GASOLINE - "Fake to Fame" CD

An interesting combination of garage and soul with a touch of GUITAR WOLF. I have been transported back to the early Sixties, but my time machine was malfunctioning and everything sounds distorted and very alien. I am dancing even though my feet don't know which way to go. It's a great feeling. (CK)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

GASOLINE
fake to fame

GAUZE/KURO - "Live" EP

OK, number one, it's limited to 200 copies so good fucking luck tracking it down. Number two the sound quality is horrible. Still, stick one of my favorite bands of all time (GAUZE—come to think of it they should be one of every bodies faves!) with classic Japanese punx KURO and you got a record everyone is going to want even if it sounds like shit. Man this could have been so good—at least the energy is there even if the sound quality ain't. Good luck and happy hunting. (MT)
(no address)

THE GENRAL FOODZ - "Sick of the World" LP

This late-'70s, early-'80s Boston-area band is lovingly documented in this, Volume 16 of the American Lost Punk Nuggets series. The band's punk is tempered by a sound that's not unlike a raw JEFF DAHL, with tunes that straddle the line between punk and club rock. Their lyrics are funny and irreverent, and they must have been a terrific club band (a few of their live performances are preserved here). Their legacy is best remembered by "Scream," though their debut single has tight and good, topped by decent cover of "Love Potion #9." KBD junkies take notice. (SS)
(Genral Foodz, c/o R. Domenici, 375 Main St. #244, Woburn, MA 018101)

THE GILJOTEENS - "Without You" EP

So, here's some nice '60s style beat music from Germany. The title track sounds, for all the world like the MONKEES playing "For Your Love", along with a bass break swiped straight from "My Generation". It actually sounds a lot better than it reads on paper. The other three songs are a solid mix of mid-tempo jangly R&B and cool organ driven ballads. I might consider this the surprise hit of my reviews this issue. (BG)
(Screaming Apple, Dustermichstrasse 14, 509 39 Kohn, GERMANY)

THE
GILJOTEENS
WITHOUT
YOU

THE GOBLINS - "Carry On Screaming" CD

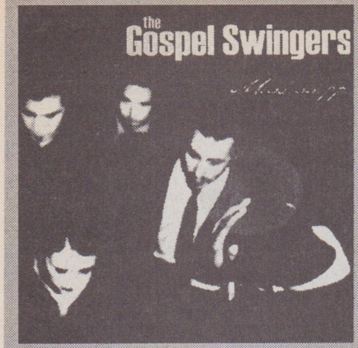
Bullshit BLINK 182 style pop punk. OK, maybe it's ever so slightly harder, but man is it a fine distinction. This is way too professional and saccharine for my palate. I've really nothing to say about such listless crap. Supermarket punk, anyone? (BG)
(Slide Chorus, PO Box 3396, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

GODLESS WICKED CREEPS - "Smile" CD

At times this band has a very rockabilly sound, and at other times it sounds like the SUPERSUCKERS. They have slicked back hair, tattoos and a stand-up bass. They are from Denmark. (DP)
(Lucky Seven, Vindegade 101, DK-5000, Odense C, DENMARK, luckyseven@ diehardmusic.com)

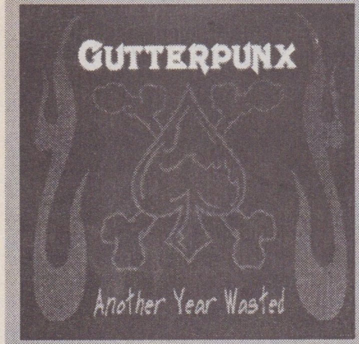
GODSTOMPER/HE WHO CORRUPTS - split EP

Well by now most of you should know what GODSTOMPER sounds like. They are a two-man mixed bag of manic thrash and grind. This time around they poke fun at emo in their lyrics and cover art. On the other side you get HE WHO CORRUPTS, which is apparently ex-KUNG FU RICK. Well all I know is they crank out some crazy grindcore that is chock full of some nice time changes and plenty of blast beats. While their tunes were pretty damn good, they were still a were a bit rough. But you can just tell, that in no time they are going to be kicking your sorry ass from one release to another. (RC)
(Blind Date Hatequater, Marcel, Steinackerstr.2 79117 Freiburg, GERMANY; blindate@hotmail.com)



GOSPEL SWINGERS - "Mississippi/Los Muertes"

Rootsy stomp somewhat in the neighborhood of the KNOXVILLE GIRLS but without their mysterious edge. Good band, great sounding record, but neither of these songs is quite single material. I'll be waiting for the album. (DD)
(In the Red, 2627 E. Strong Pt., Anaheim, CA 92806)



GUTTERPUNX - "Another Year Wasted" CD

Imagine a band that combines the driving repetition of MOTORHEAD and ANTISEEN with the drinking sensibilities of GANG GREEN. What we've got here is a decent, barely memorable CD of thickneck hardcore with choruses you can raise your Pabst Blue Ribbon to. (RD)
(Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr, Clarkston, MI 40346)

HATE MAIL KILLERS/TRON - split EP

Both sides of this split are very poorly produced, and I am constantly cringing to make it to the end of the each side. Cringing. I sure hope this is a joke and these guys don't take themselves seriously. Judging from the insert, I can say for certain that they don't. HATE MAIL KILLERS have a subpar thrashy sound, which isn't that bad until Alvin from Alvin and the Chipmunks makes a guest appearance (and no, I was not playing it at the wrong speed). Again, cringing. TRON is even worse, their side being so badly recorded that the final result is a bunch of bassed out fuzz and cookie-monster vocals. This is just horrible. (SP)
($3 ppd: Tortured Flag, 6676 N. Bendel, Fresno, CA 93722)

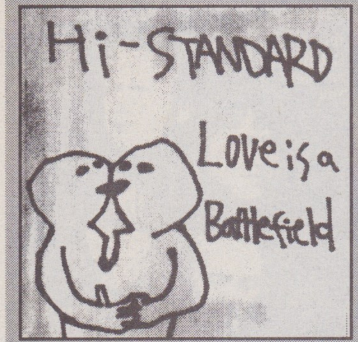
THE HELLIONS - "Radio Holocaust" EP

Featuring a bunch of dudes with previous punk rock experience, the combo falls a little short in my opinion. It's fine on paper: faster-paced punk rock, decent vocals, decent energy, tight, well produced. The songs themselves just aren't very good, that's it. That is it. The songs aren't any good. (KK)
(Turkey Baster, PO Box 222059, Dallas, TX 75222-2059)

highscore.1997-2000

HIGHSCORE - "1997-2000" CD

Man. If I didn't know Max, I'd guess he was on speed. Can't believe how much that guy puts into things—the bands, the label, helping out here and there. Crazy. This is a collection of material from this German band—containing their EP, LP, comp tracks and songs from their demo tape. Thirty two songs in total, with the pace being "fast". Great photo of a crowd singing along in the CD booklet, which seems to fit. Lots of choruses which would be perfect for that. Energetic, tight and ultimately, a solid listen. You'd never guess this was recorded over a two or three year period— they have a sound, and employed it to maximum effect. The breaks are incredibly tight—some amazing songwriting at work there. Another keeper—loved that sample before "For the Kids 2". (TM)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142)



HI STANDARD - "Love Is a Battlefield" CDEP

Ok, everyone should know by now how violently ill pop punk makes me (everyone except those sadist *MRR* staffers who keep assigning me this crap). As much as I hate to admit it though, every so often something honest and valid musically creeps out of this ugly little niche. I'm thinking of bands like BIG DRILL CAR, PROPAGHANDI, and GAMEFACE. Well, I guess I gotta (begrudgingly) add another name to the list. I'd heard some earlier material that was aggressively decent, not great, but this four song EP is a real cut above most anything else in this genre. It's got a real enthusiastic energy, cool three-part harmonies and a good attention to details. It's a nice, big sound they conjure, and hooks galore, as well. The singer reminds me of a happier Keith Morris for some reason. It'll take a while to get their cover of ELVIS's "Can't Help Falling In Love With You" out of my damn head. (BG)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

HUDSON FALCONS – "For Those Whose Hearts and Souls are True" CD

The DROPKICK MURPHYS may be the most popular street band but I think these guys may be the best. With their hard as nails production, ripping songs, and a working class social political theme, these guys are on fire! With fourteen songs that don't let up from a guitar heavy mix, these guys are a breath of fresh air in a crowded genre. (RL)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333, hudsonfalcons.com)

HUEVOS RANCHEROS - "Longo Weekendo Fiesta" LP

This record is chock full o' surf-styled instrumentals recorded live in 1995. These are not, however, clean-cut white boys trying to revive the sixties. This is rock 'n' roll, motherfuckers. Covers of LINK WRAY, VENTURES, and a few others I could not identify. If you would like surf music to be a little more alcohol and testosterone soaked, this is for you.(DP)
(Lucky, PO Box 4636, Seattle, WA 98104)

IDENTITY THEFT - "New World Odour" CD

OK, this I can tolerate. IDENTITY THEFT has this interesting fusion going on between melodic-rock a la SCHLEPROCK or SAMIAM and some sort of new-school screamo influence that is particularly evident in the more "hectic" parts and abrasive background screaming. On the whole, IDENTITY THEFT leans more on the earlier than the later, but keeps things very original and blends these two different schools of music together very nicely. A good release. (SP)
(Deplorable, PO Box 191, Balmain, New South Wales 2041, AUSTRALIA, identitytheft.com)

INSTANT AGONY – "Out of the Eighties..." CD

Re-release of their four EPs and a load of bonus demo tracks. This band was part of the whole Punk and Disorderly/Riot City era in England during the early 80s that launched a thousand mohawks. They were never really big players in the spikey scene, not getting signed to Riot City, Secret, or No Future, I could have sworn "No Sign of Life" was on one of the Punk and Disorderly comps but I just checked and it isn't, it must have been the Viva La Revolution comp. Anyway— this is of virtually no relevance to anyone except their few and far between aging fans, and possibly fans of the CASUALTIES. (AD)

(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Street,Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA UK)

INVISIBLE MEN - "Come Get Some" LP

This would probably be classified as garage rock. It's got the essential organ and the tunes are of the blues based rock 'n' roll variety. Yet there's something different about this band. The sound is clean and a bit thicker than most garage bands. The thing that really throws me off is the early '70s metal sound that seems underlying in many of the tunes. NEBULA + an Estrus Records band in the blender = the INVISIBLE MEN. (AS)

(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

JR EWING—"The Perfect Drama" 10"EP

I do love a good ten inch........... record, you perverts! Ah, the old jokes are the best. Norway's JR EWING fucking rule. That's all there is to it. Sheer unadulterated rock power, scratchy fucked-up Telecasters, and tonsil-tearing vocals combine to make a concoction that pleases high-kicking hardcore fanatics and head-bobbing emo mathematicians alike. I think I'm moving to Scandinavia. I hope there's something to eat besides reindeer pizza. (AM)

(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW, Den Haag, NETHERLANDS)

KIDS UNITED/MCCARTHY COMMISSION/AUTOTROPHIS - split CD

You know, Timojhen mentioned it in his reviews and I'm gonna restate it, there's almost too much good hardcore punk coming out right now to keep up, so think of this CD as an aide in your struggle to keep tabs on what the kids are up to. All three are solid mid '80s style punk that is speedy, catchy and with no trace of metal to be found. KIDS UNITED win for me on this one, I mean they cover I HATE YOU—so you know they got a place in my heart... the only concern I have with throwing this project my full support is the AUTOTROPHIS song "God's People Have Been Tampered With," with all its references to drinking from "…the Lord's chalice…" and other Christian mythology, that combined with my pet peeve of God on the thanx list (what did God ever do to help da fuk'n punx?). Sorry, churchie shit just doesn't sit well with this punker. As RAMBO says, "no circle pits in heaven," fool. (MT)

(Nancy Boy, 3143 Olympia Place, Philadelphia, PA 19145)

KING BROTHERS - "In the Red" LP

KING BROTHERS are one of the best bands I've ever seen. They were so good the first night I saw them that I went to see them two more times that week. They are loud, noisy, screechy, energetic and out of control. All the best things about rock and roll. Their first album is a total sonic ambush on your ears and it was completely catchy. I found my self singing along even though I don't know Japanese. Absolutely fantastic. For their second album, they get a little melodic, in the best sense of the word. There isn't as much distortion, but there is enough to make me happy like on the ultra-noise-fest "Big Boss". Yes, more high end, please. They even get a bit psychedelic. Amazing. (CK)

(In The Red, 118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506)

KING KHAN & HIS SENSATIONAL SHRINES - "Spread Your Love Like Peanut Butter!" 10"

Some real wyld sounds for discriminating connoisseurs. Six tracks from the (self?) proclaimed "Maharaja of Soul" that will have 'em cutting rugs in all of Mumbai's toniest night spots. "Got the Itch", "Took My Lady to Dinner" and "Do the Slap (Part I & II)" are persuasive and punchy, choppy guitar backed with horns and organ in the finest traditions of '60s soul of the Tamala/Motown variety, while "What a Shame" is calculated to get you cryin' in your beer (or warm sake, if that's your thing). They almost remind of JAMES WHITE & the BLACKS what with the andrenaline-injected soul sounds, busy horns, and wigged-out rants and raves... Got no clue as to the secret identity of the King of Khan himself, but let it be said that he sports one of the most-impressive conks this side of ESQUERITA or the STRAY CATS at their strayest. (JH)

(Sounds of Subterranea, PO Box 103662, D-34036, Kassel, GERMANY)

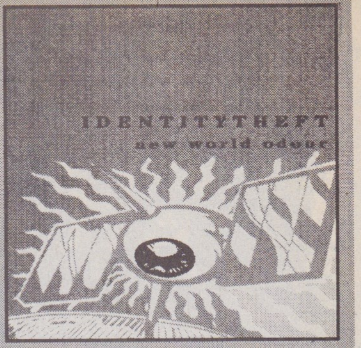
KUNG FU MONKEYS – "School's Out, Surf's Up, Let's Fall In Love!" CD

Although these guys are geek core and proud, they really remind me of the UK bubblegum pop scene. This could almost pass for SHOP ASSISTANTS and PRIMITIVES type of stuff, except for the fact that this is an all guy group. This is some fun sugar-ee stuff. (RL)

(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330, topsyturvey@worldnet.att.net)

THE LADDERBACK - "Introductions to Departure" CD

At first, I picked up on a slight MOSS ICON/NATIVE NOD influence with the long talking-over-the-pretty-guitar part, then the LADDERBACK went into something that had me thinking a little more of bands like of POLICY OF 3 or GROUNDWORK. Unlike those bands, the LADDERBACK has obviously benefited from a huge amount of time in the studio (with all the obvious punches and overdubs) and really good production. This could be a good thing (and for most people it is), but for me, the unpolished roughness of the aforementioned was what made their music great. the



INSANE
AGONY
OUT OF THE EIGHTIES
PUNK SINGLES & RARITIES 1981-8

KIDS UNITED
mccarthy commission
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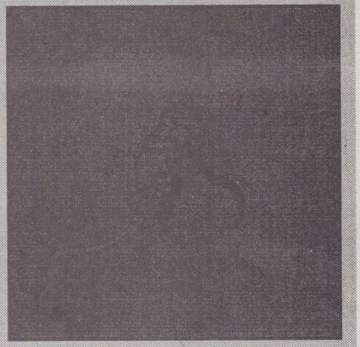
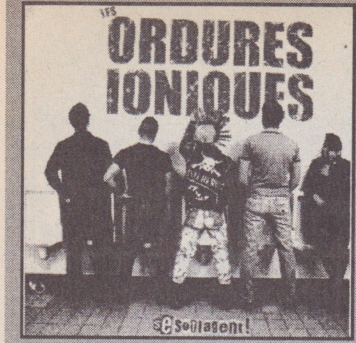
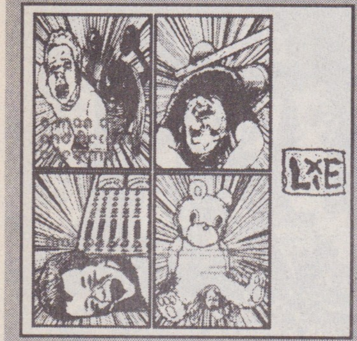




LADDERBACK has some really good songs here both structurally and technically, but that certain something seems missing. Don't get me wrong, these guys know what they're doing, and I would surely recommend them to friends who are into this sort of thing, but as for me...well. (SP)
(Bifocal Media, PO Box 50106, Raleigh, NC 27650-0106, bifocalmedia.com)

LÄRM/PANDEMONIUM – split LP

This is fucking unreal. LÄRM and SEEIN' RED for review in the same month. LÄRM, as most of you know, made the land speed record for hardcore and set a precedent that few could rival. Both bands are blitzing '80s fastcore from Holland that... well... if you're reading this review, if you're even reading this magazine, you've probably got a pretty good idea what to expect of this bootleg. 36 songs (!) with ranging sound quality, but overall decent. LÄRM is live, as is some PANDEMONIUM, and both bands do what they did best. 250 copies, so good luck. (RD)
(no address)

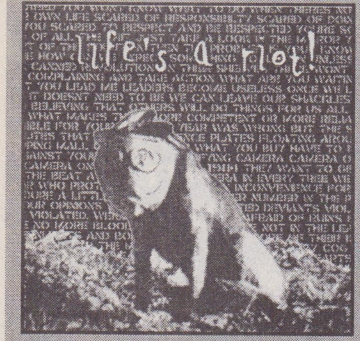


LES ORDURES IONIQUES – "Sesoulagent" CD

Fairly typical speedy street-punk from Canada, what isn't typical is that they're from Quebec and sing in French. Male and female dual vocals (I like the girls voice better) and a lot of group chanted choruses which verge almost on yodeling at times. Sounds more European than American (for obvious reasons) and it sounds more happy than it does angry... This is okay, kinda like the TOY DOLLS meet the EXPLOITED. Fourteen songs and not one of them about hockey - what's up with that? (AD)
(Ordures, 552,7e Ave, Vaudrill-Dorlan, J7V 3A6 QUEBEC CANADA info@farmer.qc.ca)

LIE - "Full of Lie" CD

Right on! Here is a discography of Japan's own LIE. This CD covers their LP and a multitude of splits, comps and EPs. Theses guys are on top of the pack in the Japanese "Bandana Thrash" scene. And in case you have never heard LIE, they crank out some blazing fast madcap punk fucking rock that will make your head spin. Pounding drums, buzzing guitars and charging vocals...what more could you ask for? No slow....all GO! (RC)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)



LIFE'S A RIOT - "Scared" EP

Man I'm so fucking stoked on this–fervent yet melodic female vox'd anarcho punk from Finland. Think of DIRT or maybe something modern like BURNING KITCHEN or LOST WORLD. Awesome lyrics and killer tunes from these ex-DIASPORA, PAX AMERICANA, and YUPPIECRUSHER folx. I'm so fucking down with this. Man what is it with Finland these days? MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, WASTED and now these folx? Totally great stuff!!! (MT)
(Les Nains Aussi, c/o Nicolas Retiere, 5 Rue Buffon, F-38000 Grenoble, FRANCE, les_nains_aussi@libertysurf.fr)

LIFES HALT/WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? - "Start Something" split LP

These last few months, the rockin' thrash—and hardcore records have been piling up from an unexpected torrent. It's fun to watch. And like any sudden change in the weather, everybody has to comment on it. These two bands are progenitors of the thrash resurgence, by wholeheartedly going back to basics (as someone around here put it last night) both in style and attitude. And while I would characterize that attitude as youthful enthusiasm, it avoids aping the slogans of good old days, and manages instead to communicate the politics of grownup positive DIY punks in 2001—see especially WHN?'s "Positive Youth: It's Not Just for Kids Anymore." I love it—sometimes it's pretty rewarding to get older in punk, when people start showing their lessons learned. Gorgeous insert includes all the words, motherfucker, and elucidating but to-the-point contextual remarks. LIFES HALT's "Now I Get It," which smashes "it's just a joke" homophobia, and their "Public Enemy is Right" are brilliant. I hesitate to compare the rock ratio between the two sides, though I'm leaning toward LIFES HALT for the wall-of-sound thrash quotient and WHAT HAPPENS NEXT for the snappy remarks, they both make the grade (grade X!) on both counts. Black matte sleeve easily preserves your fingerprints for the FBI. (AC)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

LIKE PETER AT HOME - ":volumen:" CD

This is disgusting... This seriously sounds like a slightly harder STONE TEMPLE PILOTS mixed with a little MOTORHEAD and a lot of bad songwriting. Are you sure this is the right CD? Is someone falling asleep at the sluice gates here at Maximum or what?!? (SP)
(Overcome, BP 80249, 35102 Rennes Cedex 3, FRANCE, overcomerecords.com)

LIVING UNDER LIES - "Out of Fuel" EP

Three-fourths of this band recently transplanted to Portland from Milwaukee, but apparently not to retire. Shadowy imagery and heavy, slow-to-mid speed, dark hardcore are layered over clear-minded political songs. Rather than talk theory (or spout rhetoric, however you'd like to phrase it), LIVING UNDER LIES communicates its politics with songs about very specific, illustrative current and past events, which is far more interesting to me. "Out of Fuel" discusses the smarmy underbelly revealed by the current energy crisis. "Coney Island" is about a particularly sordid small chapter of history, once again relating to power (keep the double entendre), when Topsy, a disgruntled circus elephant, was publicly electrocuted as part of Edison's campaign to promote DC electricity. I reckon these guys have an illuminating (somebody stop me, please) live show as well as a fine EP. (AC)
(Primary Thoughts/Discontent, PO Box 4995, Portland, OR 97208-4995)

LOUSY - "Best Wishes" LP

Scrappy punk in the mode of early-LOCKJAW (UK), with growly, laryngytic vocals and the sound of street punk—even though the lyrics are mostly along the lines of personal protest and general youthful angst. However, with little in the way of change of pace tunes, their style gets old after a while. Even when they cover the MOTORHEAD chestnut "R-A-M-O-N-E-S," it comes out uniquely lousy. That's to say, the song isn't lousy—it's possibly the best tune on the record—it just sounds uniform. About average for the style. (SS)

(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

MALONEY'S TOUCH - "Don't Kill Us " EP

.......old late '70s NY punk....not bad....pretty fuckin' punk...yeah, lost punk rock from the olden days.....collect it, love it, suck your mother's dick with it..... (SW)

(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 Roma, ITALY, tiscalinet.it)

MARY TYLER MORPHINE/MUNITION - split CD

MTM plays five run-of-the-mill punk rock songs with some pop punk tendencies. With the female vocals the songs sound similar to RED #9 at times. On the whole, though, the songs are pretty flat. MUNITION plays five songs as well, but are somewhat better than MTM. They have a pop punk sound with a bit of an edge, which is helped out by the raspy vocals. The songs are mid tempo and filled with pretty basic power chord riffs but they can be catchy at times. Five years ago they probably would have been said to have an East Bay pop punk feel to them, but nobody really knows what that is supposed to mean anymore. The CD does benefit the Chicago Coalition for the Homeless. (PA)

(Failed Experiment, failedexperimentrecords.com)

MHZ - "Action Figure" EP

Mad Midwest nerd-core. Not too many links in the chain from BORIS THE SPRINKLER or perhaps the VON ZIPPERS. Enthusiastic as grown men can be about (I would assume) things like comic books, '60s sci-fi, and hot-rod movies, '70s TV superheroes. Good clean punk, created to elude the young emos and crusties and, like it or not, us old farts can relate. (RY)

(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038 Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

MONKEYSHINES - CD

DIY release from a Santa Fe rock band that one might file squarely between FLAT DUO JETS and Bleach-era NIRVANA. Seems like it was recorded at different times with different people over the past three years, which could add to the schizophrenic feel throughout. Maybe it's just the coffee, but I keep thinking of JASON & the NASHVILLE SCORCHERS (whose first single is great) when I listen to this. Might make more sense after a few beers.... (JG)

(Truth, PO Box 1963, Santa Fe, NM 87504)

MORAL HAZARD/CHUPACABRA - split EP

What a great fucking month for records!! Here's another winner for you all. MORAL HAZARD cranks out the powerful crust while ripping at the corporate influence in the classroom through things like Channel One. Solid crust, with intelligent lyrics and tons of resources listed is always a winner in my book. On the other side we have CHUPACABRA who rip through two tracks of amazing passionate punk. Dual male/female vox combined with slashingly-fast anarcho punk and introspective lyrics–it's a winner in my book! (MT)

(Gasmask, PO Box 2626, Portland, OR 97208, ginger@ioinc.net)

MY NAME IS SATAN - "Refuse to Kneel" CD

OK, I can't go any further into the review without mentioning that MY NAME IS SATAN is a really dorky band name. With that said, let me also say that this five piece cranks out some serious metal core. Dense production and crushing riffs take charge as the vocalist screams his head off. The music tempo is rather slow, but they occasionally go off with some fast hardcore moments. This sort of metal mayhem is generally something that would end up in my column, but this time around they slipped through. Check it out...it is a crusher. (RC)

(Control, PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Dublin, IRELAND)

NERVEBREAKERS – "Hijack the Radio" LP

The second hand keeps spinning, days turn into months, and the punk rock reissue engine keeps chugging along, unmindful of year or decade. Here goes: the NERVEBREAKERS were an early punk band out of the North of Texas best remembered for their mondo-retardo single "My Girlfriend is a Rock" (which appeared on Bloodstains Across Texas) and as one of the SEX PISTOLS' opening acts during their one-and-only tour of the American South in 1978. An ugly bunch of weirdos that made the DEAD BOYS look like movie stars by comparison, the NERVEBREAKERS were simple, 4/4 meat-and-potatoes punk that covered "Stepping Stone" and the TROGGS in their live sets and never strayed too far away from bar-band rock 'n' roll. Not especially essential, but worth it if you're a completist or hold a special fascination for Lone Star p. rock. (JH)

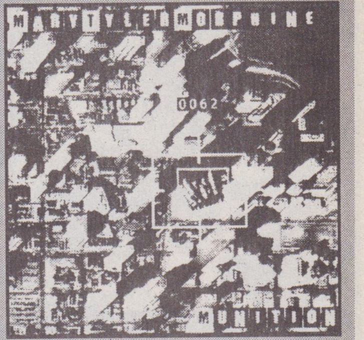
(Rave=Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 Roma, ITALY, raveup@tiscalnet.it)

NEW TOWN ANIMALS – "Is Your Radio Active?" CD

The latest Canadian version of 1977 retro punk. Going for that BOYS meets the VIBRATORS sound, these guys pull it off pretty good. Reminds me a little of the BRIEFS too although if I never see another pair of square sunglasses I'll be all the merrier. A good new band with some catchy fun songs. (RL)

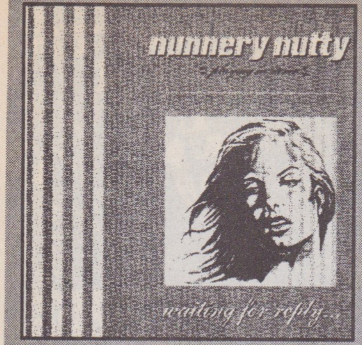
(Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y6, CANADA)

MALONEY'S TOUCH
2
DON'T KILL US



MONKEYSHINES

THE FESTERING WOUND
OF CORPORATE DOMINANCE
HAS BLED ITS WAY INTO
OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS
MORAL HAZARD



NUNNERY NUTTY - "Playing on Stereo" CD

Hey, okay, they're from Spain. But did anybody explain how hard it is to take a band seriously if they have "nutty" in their name (rock band rule no.133 I think)? And serious, these guys are indeed. Best described as Spanish emo-tinged punk rock performed by earnest, short-haired young men. And of course they're emo 'cause they insist on doing that start-stop prog rock thing. Good songs, ace musicians and pretty damn tight. I hear everybody here from STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, GOVERNMENT ISSUE, INTO ANOTHER, etc. Pretty decent stuff and performed with raw conviction, man. (JY)

(Slide Chorus, c/ Pez n 14 - 28004, Madrid, SPAIN)

orange juice from the crypt
a dinner with us

ORANGE JUICE FROM THE CRYPT - "A Dinner With Us" EP

These ANGRY SAMOANS fans from Italy sure like their spaghetti! One of the guys even has a few strands stuck in his mohawk. Four songs leaning towards the HC end of the spectrum but still staying firmly in the catchy punk rock mode. These guys might just win the worst band name award this month. (JG)

(Scarey, c/o Carlo Calemme, Via Galliera, 32/1, 10025 Pino Tse (To), ITALY)

OUT COLD/VOORHEES - split LP

Gotta love this—Bruce grabbed me as I picked this out and said "OUT COLD kick ass!" Yep. I couldn't believe how amazing their first LP was. One of those experiences where you get a record, then listen to it daily for months. They're still working the same stuff—ferocious hardcore, over the top delivery and an abundance of hooks. Totally amazing stuff—if you've not been chasing their releases before now, you should start. Spiteful, hateful East Coast hardcore. VOORHEES are the UK band of no small reputation—spiteful and hateful is the genre, just a different continent. Both bands have no flab—this is quick, angry and effective. It's also a reissue of a CD that was on the Blackfish from England. (TM)

(Deranged, available through Ebullition)

OUT OF COMMISSION
no way out

OUT OF COMMISSION - "No Way Out" EP

These five lads kick down eight songs of strong East Coast hardcore. You'll find screamed vocals, crisp guitars and somewhat negative lyrics that deal with topics like suicide and trying to find some hope at the end of this tunnel they call life. Solid. (RC)

(Heroin(e), c/o Merrick PO Box 2863 Worcester, MA 01613-2863; outofcommission.com)

OUTPATIENTS/DA STUPIDS - "Hardcore Classics #2" split LP

An excellent collection from the early '80s featuring two great western Massachusetts bands. The OUTPATIENTS' breakneck speed and energy and DA STUPIDS' outbursts of power and corruption. I hadn't heard either of these bands before, but both bands make tons of modern stuff look stale and pale. Worth picking up before you're sorry you missed out. (HM)

(Rave Up, via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 Rome, ITALY, tiscalinet.it/raveup)

PAGE NINETYNINE - "Document #8" CD

Funny that they'd start the CD with a quote about how punk rock relates to freedom, and mention playing sloppy. Nothing could be farther from the truth—they're wound up and talented. Excellent stuff—they're cognizant of the use of brevity, but don't employ sometimes and totally pull it off. I think most bands should have short songs, because their songwriting only supports short songs. My favorite song was the longest one, clocking in at over almost six minutes (whoa!), where they enter a pseudo MISSION OF BURMA repetitive trance that I listened to repeatedly. There's something deeper here which is hard to identify—this isn't your average spiteful hardcore band—there's a certain melancholy to the anger that increases it's impact. I guess poison and gunshots work in different manners to the same effect. Very, very impressive. (TM)

(Robodog, 12001 Aintree Lane, Reston VA 20191, andy@robodogrecords.com)

TLE BITCH 03 BEAUTIFUL 04 57 FRANKLIN 05 TACOMA HARBORS 06 MESSAGE
PAVERS
BEAUTIFUL
PAV

PAJAMA SLAVE DANCERS - "Surfin Sex Machine" LP

This is an incomplete compilation of songs from this somewhat obscure punk band from the early 80's. PAJAMA SLAVE DANCERS, who were from Western Massachusetts whip out some choppy fast punk that at times reminds me of the ANGRY SAMOANS. There is definiely a goofy edge here with song titles like "Jesus Skate" and "Trainwreck On Prom Night". While this is fun and rowdy it isn't necessarily mindblowing. Nevertheless, the collector nerd awaits. (RC)

(Mindless, via Montecuccoli 13 00176 Roma, ITALY, web.tiscalinet.it/raveup)

PAVERS - "Beautiful" CDEP

Hey, I thought I recognized that high octane, melodic and throaty voice. This is Scott from ALL's new project PAVERS take a more crunchy, aggressive approach than some of his previous work with the aforementioned ALL or GOODBYE HARRY (although, it's not a million miles removed from, say Allroy Saves). They seem to be doing two kinds of songs here. One being a more melodic punk style, the other more driving and angry. On "57 Franklin" they meld the two styles in a way that might point to where they want to go in the future. It's a fairly successful record, that sounds better and better after repeated listens. It's just too bad that the most catchy song here, "Little Bitch", has such ugly misogynist lyrics. Well, besides that blemish I'd highly recommend this. (BG)

(Boss Tunage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, ENGLAND)

PBR STREETGANG/MENSTRUAL TRAMPS - split EP

If this is a war between the drunk punx and the bloody cunts, the cunts win. MENSTRUAL TRAMPS are a spikes, studs, and fishnets hardcore band that could definitely hold my attention were I to see them live. Good cover of "Banned from the Pubs" by PETER & the TEST TUBE BABIES. PBR STREETGANG play the same style of music, and could be on the same bill as MENSTRUAL TRAMPS, but I would be outside drinking beer while they played. I am the last person to be accused of being PC, but "Pigtails," a song about raping and killing little girls sung in the first person, kind of turned my stomach. Bad cover of "In-Sight" by the DEAD KENNEDYS. (DP)

(Shitjack, 545 Broadway, Denver,CO 80203)

PBR STREETGANG
MENSTRUAL TRAMPS

THE PEOPLE'S WAR - "Making Enemies" EP

Fuzzy, heavy guitar, straightforward, fast drumming, part screaming, part growling vocals and short songs. Of course some of the songs have the mandatory, crunchy breakdown. The vocals are a little low in the mix and at times the guitar sound makes the songs seem just like a fuzzy mess. At there better times they play some catchy hardcore that borders on grind. (PA)

(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, NETHERLANDS, coalition_rec@hotmail.com)

the people's war.

PEQUEÑA ORUGA MECÁNICA - "Formas de Violencia" CD

Hardcore from Madrid, Spain. Sort of like a smoothie made up of HHH, MINOR THREAT, and SIN DIOS. Excellent stuff. Get out your fucking pens and paper kids and send away for ASAP! (MT)

(La Idea, Apdo. 18251, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

PERFECT DAZE – "Five Year Scratch" CD

When I heard of this upcoming release months ago I got all jazzed. Little did I know there would be so much unreleased stuff on this. From the movement that brought us SNUFF, MEGA CITY 4, and the SENSELESS THINGS, we have one of the originals. Great classic stuff of buzzsaw pop punk with everything released by these guys and then some. Awesome! (RL)

(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

PIEKTO KOBIET - "Niechciana Ciaza" LP

Metallic crust with female vocals from Poland ala NAUSEA or CALLOUSED in blender with some primo thrash metal. The title translates out to "Unwanted Pregnancy" and primary subject matter dealt with in the lyrics would be pro-choice issues, questioning the institution of marriage, child molestation, and animal rights. Totally raw production and pained vocals. Good stuff. (MT)

(DSM, PO Box 55, 58-260 Bielawa, POLAND)

PINK AND BROWN – " Final Foods" CD

PINK AND BROWN are a freaked out noise punk duo that play loud punishing bluesy guitars with lots of distortion and effects played over a great throbbing drum sound. They remind me of a cross between BANTAM ROOSTER and the noisier bits of STEEL POLE BATHTUB, or maybe a more punk ZEN GUERRILLA. Either way, PINK AND BROWN deliver one fucked-up kick to the head with this CD. (JF)

(ToYo, PO Box 17090, Oakland, CA 94601)

POINT OF FEW - "Silence" EP

God damn, this is good! POINT OF FEW come straight out of the Netherlands with some of the most heaviest, most passionate "thrash" I have yet to hear. The rhythm section is just incredible and at times reminds me of a faster TRAGEDY. But the vocals are really what makes me flip my wig: super-super-super intense and with that certain sense of conviction that really can't be put into words. Plus, with nine songs on one EP you can't help playing it over and over again. Superb. (SP)

(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, 625thrash.com)

POINT OF FEW

PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES - "3 Away" 12"

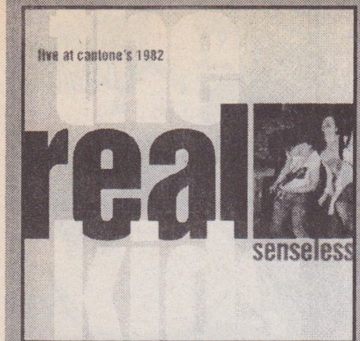
All right, this is the second band I've reviewed in as many months that has a SMITHS song as their name. Am I in on the start of some trend? It's not a good one, although for some reason the bands have risen above their nominal handicap on both occasions. PGMG have enough quirks to keep things interesting and enough power that they manage to transcend the pop-punk tag. They have a girl singing who sounds a bit Brit-poppy at times, like Justine from ELASTICA or maybe Wendy James. She's the high point of this band but they're no slouches musically. I guess this is what DISCOUNT could have sounded like if they were really, really good or something. Oooh I'm in a bitchy mood today, eh? I like this a lot. (AM)

(Sound Virus, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385)

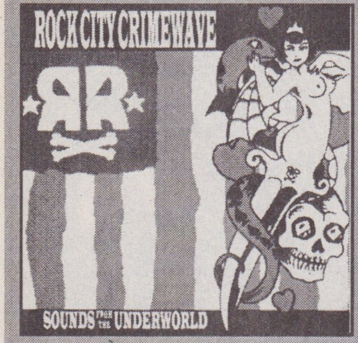
PSEUDO HEROES – "Betraying Angry Thoughts" CD

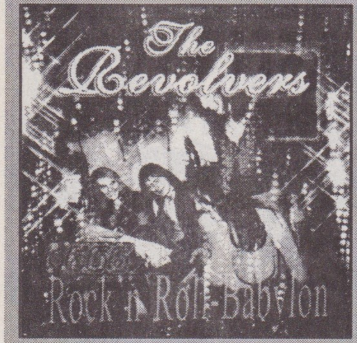
At first I thought this was one of those second rate LEATHERFACE clones that Florida has been spitting out recently. Then upon further listening I just realized that this band just worship at the altar of Lemmy and MOTORHEAD. Except that while MOTORHEAD could rock, PSEUDO HEROES don't. In fact I'd have to say that the worst track on the last MOTORHEAD record is better than the best track on this release (and that track is a cover of MOTORHEAD's "Iron Fist"). Look kids, if you are going to play unoriginal music, at least play it with a little passion. Ignore this record, but before you ignore the PSEUDO HEROES make sure it isn't the Pennsylvania band that shares the same name, because they are actually good. (JF)

(Theologian, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90264)



RESISTANCE 77
RETALIATE FIRST





PUSSYCAT TRASH – "The Brat Years: 1992-1995" CD

From the vaults of Slampt Records we have this vintage riot girl band, although they are neither all girls nor American. This is everything this UK band put out. Although 40 tracks of screaming and pleasantly sloppy playing is a bit much to take in one sitting, this does bring back the nostalgic memories of BIKINI KILL and HUGGY BEAR. Fans of the genre will dig this. (RL)
(Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow Street, Bayonne, NJ 07002)

REAL KIDS - "Senseless" CD

Live set from the legendary Boston attitude-mongers circa 1982. It has all the hits you would expect: "Common At Noon," "All Kindsa Girls," "Now You Know," "Outta Place," etc. so the only question is sound quality, which is good. So, you have a bookend for the Grown Up Wrong platter on this same label and a good energetic live set to tide you over until the next time they tour (?). (RW)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY, 10276, nortonrecords.com)

RED LIGHT STING - "Rub 'Em Down" LP

Six-song EP of well-crafted indie-synth punk with several pulse-quickening stabs at a Gravity or GSL sound minus the stagey screaming. The songs are all energy and effect without a really strong dramatic structure (ie: songwriting) but with a rougher production sound this could be my cup of tea most easil-ee. Put 'em on a bill with the PHANTOM LIMBS at Kimo's and I'll cover the drink minimum no problem. (RW)
(Sound Virus, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385)

REIGNING SOUND - "Break Up, Break Down" LP

....damn, this shit is smooth.....fuck, the first song is like the ANIMALS, real groovy..... these motherfuckers are good..... organ, hooks.....talent..... oldschool...... mellow rock!!!!! This stuff could get big and get played on a major radio station, no doubt about it.....if so, these guys will get the pussy they deserve...... (SW)
(Sympathy, sympathyrecords.com)

REMAINS OF THE DAY - "An Underlying Frequency" CD

Anyone who knows me knows my love for the amazingly large amount of good hardcore and punk flowing like water out of Portland these days. This record is no exception to that rule. Dark and forebodingly ominous grinding punk ala AMEBIX or such modern brutality masters TRAGEDY or FROM ASHES RISE. A totally crushing and powerful release. (MT)
(Crimes Against Humanity, 6200 78th Ave N. Apt #112, Brooklyn Park, MN 55443)

RESISTANCE 77 - "Retaliate First" CD

I always forget how enjoyable these guys are—uptempo singalong Britpunk, like a modern CHELSEA, without being over the top. I'm also picking up a slight POGUES influence. And the singer can sing! Good stuff that deals with the crushing boredom of daily living, and margaritas (they cover Jimmy Buffet). They also appear to have a loyal following of lager louts. Excellent toe-tapping stuff with superb production. (RD)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA UK)

THE REVERENDS - "Whiskey River" EP

Flavors of the GUN CLUB and Sixties rock appear periodically throughout these six tunes. I keep thinking how a bass guitar could pump up the power to this bassless trio. Maybe I just don't like some of the REVERENDS' guitar melodies and noodlings. (HM)
(Reverends c/o Umberto D'Agostino, via F. Rosazza 52, 00153 Rome, ITALY)

THE REVOLVERS - "Rock 'n' Roll-Babylon" EP

I didn't think I'd like this with the ultra hip lay out; topless big breasted girl getting fondled, "6666—Extra Evil" written everywhere, etc... but this is actually pretty rocking. The title track's longing for "a new rock 'n' roll band tonight," is a drunken phrase I've fallen asleep many a-time mumbling. Couldn't agree more. The world needs a new honest to goodness rock and roll band. The b-side original really didn't move me but the cover of the RONETTES "And Then He Kissed Me" really melted my jaded little ticker. Thumbs up to these guys. I want to hear an LP. (BM)
(Radio Blast, Bahstr.40 42781 Haan-Gruiten, GERMANY)

THE RIZZOS - "Phoning It In" LP

I'm having mixed feelings about this.... It's the guitar and drums combo that seems to be all the rage today and while it's a little too cute most of the time, at least these girls aren't nearly as draining to listen to as the WHITE STRIPES. It's on Sympathy so y'know it's kinda cute, kinda rocking, and the fem vocals are good (thank God). I've got huge problem with this—it's my whole deal with Kill Rock Stars all over again; what's so wrong with a bassist?? I imagine this really appealing to college girls but not me. Sorry kids no dice. (BM)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry, sympathyrecords.com)

ROCK CITY CRIMEWAVE - "Sounds from the Underworld" CD

I'm bored. Here you got hard-drivin rock 'n' roll with hints of billy and stoner rock, and it's not a good mix. The songs don't have any grip. You know how some nights no matter what you drink you just can't seem to get a fuckin' buzz on? Well that's what this band reminds of...overkill. (DL)
(Catapult, 368 Congress St. Studio 3 Boston, MA 02210)

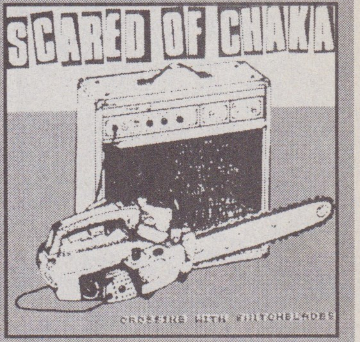
RUINATION/THEY LIVE - split EP

The matrix on one side of the record says "Apples," the other, "Oranges." And that couldn't be more true—THEY LIVE kicks it off with some sludgy almost-grindcore with rapid-fire time changes and Cookie Monster vocals. I like it OK, but if they've gotten better since they recorded it, which they claim to, I'd be interested in checking them out. RUINATION, however, absolutely kicks my ass. Energetic and spastic hardcore that's totally nihilistic—I love it. Felix Von Havoc is right—I feel like I'm in the middle of a hardcore Renaissance. Man, there's so much amazing shit going down—bands like POINT OF FEW, LIMP WRIST, TEAR IT UP, and now RUINATION bringing insane ripping hardcore that pulls out all the stops. Fuck, y'all need to check this out, even if that fool running Dead Alive Records never sent me the records and video I won off his online auction. (RD)
($3.50 ppd: Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

THEY LIVE
RUINATION
SPLIT SEVEN INCH

SAFETY PINS - "Punkassbitch" LP

Spain's SAFETY PINS have made the record I hoped they'd make. The last EP and "Vol. 1" covers thing were good, but this is great. And it's nice and long with lotsa songs. Muy fast and furious, but leaving plenty of room for lots of wanking, growling, screaming, and even a little twanging. Powerful-good punk rock. (RY)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

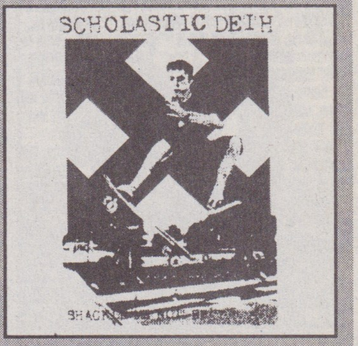


SCARED OF CHAKA - "Crossing With Switchblades" CD

This New Mexico band has always been a favorite of mine, and this new release doesn't disappoint. Not as raw and manic as they used to be, but rockin' nonetheless. The closest comparison I can come up with is WEIRD LOVEMAKERS. Always good to see live, which is what I'll be doing in about an hour. (DP)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91403-7435, scaredofchaka.com)

SCHOLASTIC DETH - "Shackle Me Not!" EP

You know what? All I gotta do is mention that this Max 625's new band, and most of you kids will eat this up without even reading further. But you know something else? This is my favorite thing the kid has done so far. Totally raw ripping fast catchy hardcore that has a total STRAIGHT AHEAD (Hell, Max's vox even sound like Craig Ahead's on some trax.) meets CHRIST ON PARADE feel-think I'm full of shit on this one? Listen to the song "Bookstore Core" and get back to me. Oh yeah did I even mention that the lyrics on this are amazing–promoting punk literacy, extending a big middle finger to mainstream skate culture (skateboarding is and should be a crime not a sport!), and keeping a scene built on positivity!! Did I even mention that this is ex-JÜD JÜD and BOMBS OF DEATH? (MT)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)



SCROTUM GRINDER - "The Greatest Sonic Abomination Ever" LP

That's quite an ambitious title. Personally, I'd have to say they're easily beat out on the sonic abomination tip by that CONCRETE BLONDE song that's always on the radio. What's going on? Although Florida's SCROTUM GRINDER built its house on metal, and metal's not what you would call my thing, this is abominable only in the best sense of the word. It's so pissed it's almost evil. I fucking love Michelle's harsh, relentless vocals, and the fact that at least one of the songs is a livid (and so justified) condemnation of Reagan adds fuel to any fire. Her crushing intensity is charged with politics throughout, and the huge sound of the band helps. My only complaint is that the production is pretty slick—although I don't entirely know what I'm talking about, I do know that clean production is good for the big metal sound, but can cause hardcore to shrivel and die. That doesn't happen on this record, and I think SCROTUM GRINDER is so fucking enraged they're probably immune, but just as a general principle, it's good to keep in mind. (AC)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

four hundred years
four hundred ye
seein red
ein red

SEA OF DEPRIVATION - "Catharsis in Disharmony" LP

Since when does Maximum review all these metal records? More importantly, why am I the one reviewing them? Anyway, life goes on. SEA OF DEPRIVATION plays a style of metal-punk fusion (light on the punk, heavy on the metal) that is sort of similar to LOGICAL NONSENSE but for the most part, much slower and just not as good. They also have this synthesizer on some songs that just brings too many bad things to mind. The music is good and tight, but it is just too boring and depressing for my tastes. (SP)
(Catchphraze, PO Box 533, Waddell, AZ 85355, catchphrazerecs_@hotmail.com)

SEEIN' RED/FOUR HUNDRED YEARS - split EP

Man, 400 YEARS covers "Burnin' Down the House" in a mildly amusing way, but the vocals make me wish he would've laid down some real tracks for the EP. Fucking rad shrieking, but I don't know how many times it could be listened to. SEEIN' RED, like their neighbors VITAMIN X, are Dutch speed freaks who totally demolish everything in their path. Amazingly good. It's always rough and frenetic, but they can pull it together for a good stirring chorus. Man, four tracks isn't enough to get a decent circle pit going in your living room—we need more! And calling all nerds: limited pink vinyl with hand-stamped labels. (RD)
(PO Box 1112, 39001 Magdebug, GERMANY)

SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA/SINCE BY MAN - split LP

"Burn the Fucking Rock Club to the Fucking Ground." What more needs to be said! I saw SEVEN DAYS not too long ago at my friend Sean's house in Oakland last time they were around, and was totally crushed. The songs on this split do their live performance some justice, but the constant repe-

tition of a few too many chugga-chugga parts and the similarly repetitive nature of vocals bang a little too hard against my head. Despite all that, the guitar work, and overall musicianship here is pretty amazing and I would definitely expect more to come from these guys. SINCE BY MAN has a similar sound, but fits a little more to my liking in the vocal category—mixing it up a little bit and adding a pinch of melody to the chaos. Musically, SINCE BY MAN have moments where they lean more toward the melodic screamo aesthetic that bands like EMBASSY and CONSTATINE SANKATHI were known. In all, both bands compliment each other real well and make for a good split. (SP)
(Harmless, 1218 W Hood, Apt 2, Chicago, IL 60660, harmlessrecords.com)

SHARPEVILLE - "At the Late Hours Before the Dawning..." LP
Solid, pure hardcore from Finland, but with twice times the heaviness and twice the creativity of most bands in this genre. The sound on this LP is just amazing, with a multi-layered guitar onslaught that just crushes and adds to the complexity and texture of this record. I especially liked the occasional clean channel guitar or bass lines swimming above everything else in the mix. Wear your ear plugs, kids, cause this thing is loud. (SP)
(Maximum Voice, Postfach 26, 04251 Leipzig, GERMANY, maxvoice@gmx.d)

THE SHUTUPS/MAURICE'S LITTLE BASTARDS - split EP
MAURICE'S LITTLE BASTARDS kick off their side with a speedy, unruly version of "Rampage."" Alternateen" is a hilarious look at alternative teens as is "Zeana." Lots of piss and sarcasm emanates from those little bastards. The SHUTUPS continue the enthusiasm and unbridled energy. More proof that Washington youngsters still have hope. Treat yourself to a decent 7" and pick up this gem. (HM)
(Maurice's Little Bastards, 7709 Fletcher Bay Rd, Bainbridge Island, WA 98110, jmocheeks@yahoo.com)

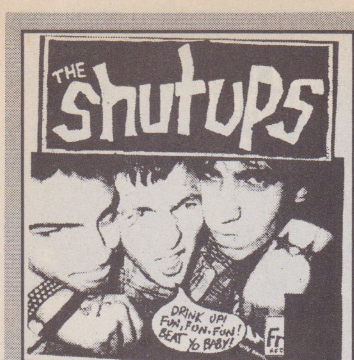
SIGNAL 3 – "Kingsley United" CD
Okay, I'm ashamed to say that I have no idea where Kingsley is, I went on the internet and narrowed it down to the Phillipines, Malaysia, or Michigan... Anyway, this is a skinhead band from Kingsley (wherever the hell it is) who play surprisingly good oi with vocals both in...their native tongue (good save) and English. this is better than a lot of the dreary crap that calls itself street-punk on these shores. I'm intrigued - I tried everything on the web and still zilch, (I bet there was a lengthy info sheet with this that I never got) maybe they're Hawaiian—yeah that sounds likely, they do sing about the "red, white, and blue" (then again don't most skin bands?) but then they also sing about being "Third World skins" which Hawaii doesn't qualify as (yet.) I don't know, it's still good, a TEMPLARS or REDUCERS SF for the South Seas. You should see them too, (they're so cute) they must have spent a fortune on imported British clothing. (AD)
(Miscreant, 5341 Vincent Ave, L.A. CA 90041)

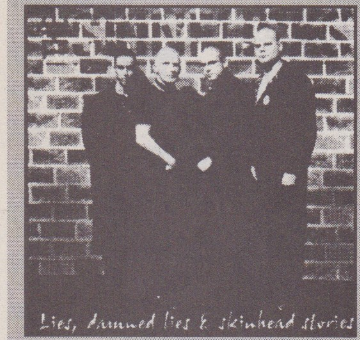
SILVER TONGUED DEVIL/CRIME KAISERS - split EP
SILVER TONGUED DEVIL from Pittsburgh, and the CRIME KAISERS from somewhere in South Germany pour their blood and guts into two songs each. STD (hey, nice initials, man) have been around a while, mostly rebel rousing around the Southeastern scum-punk scene, brown liquor drunks akin to ANTiSEEN and LIMECELL. The CRIME KAISERS bring a more garagey sound to the table (see their other review this month), but equally sick in the head. Awful good record, boys. (RY)
(Green Hell, Von Steuben Str. 17 / 48143 Muenster, GERMANY)

SIN DIOS - "1991-1997 Años De Autogestión Parte 1" 2xLP
Wow, what an impressive effort. It's not totally clear, but this collection appears to gather everything this band had recorded in the time period of the title. The music itself is up and down—26 songs is a lot to listen to in one sitting for any band. It's mostly dirgy political hardcore, but not the crustcore you normally associate with anarcho punk—at times it's pretty catchy, and there are even choruses you can chant along with. The distinctive thing about this package is the accompanying booklet, which has detailed explanations of each song, graphics, and lyrics printed in both Spanish and English (although the songs are sung in Spanish.) You don't see much of this type of DIY endeavor these days, combining hardcore music, anarchist politics, and non-commercial punk ethics in a big gatefold sleeve with a thick booklet, posters, leaflets, and Spanish Civil War imagery. It's inspiring to see that it's still happening. (AM)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272 Rennigen, GERMANY)

THE SKINFLICKS - "Lies, Damned Lies, & Skinhead Stories" CD
This is a fine example of modern day skinhead rock and roll. You get sixteen tracks of high quality street punk performed with intelligence and wit. The music is melodic and well crafted but still has teeth. Listen to "Lionhearts", "What I Am" and "Final Warning"—this is very good music! The SKINFLICKS are quite adamant about their tolerance of all races, ethnicities and sexual lifestyles—they oppose acts of violence against minorities of any kind. This top notch CD by these Luxembourg skinheads is very catchy—fans of GUNDOG and the STEAM PIG should give this a listen! (BR)
(Blind Beggar, Bogenstr 25, 66957 Eppenbrunn, GERMANY, oirecords.com)

SKINNIES - "Out of Order" EP
This thing came out just in the nick cos I was gonna drop a bill for their Kill the Beat 45, which originally came out on New Orlean's 'Lectric Eye records. I still might have to tho' since this release is not the perfect ball of wax the aforementioned is. First thing to note is that Rave Up fucked up because there are only five tracks etched in the grooves, not six as the picture sleeve and inner label





the skinnies
out of order

would have you believe. Side A has two tracks from the original 45: "Out of Order" is hard new wave, with the tinkling staccato piano in the background and the spastic faux mannered limey vocals, a compact classic. "(I'm a) Dullard" is a more trad' rockout. The third track, supposedly a raw mix from the N.O. Experience Necessary compilation is listed but nonexistent. The B-side consists of three live tracks from 1979, all of which suck. Like the NEXT and EPICYCLE, these guys had only one great 45 worth of songs in them, period. (HY)
(Rave Up, Via Monitecuccoli 13, 00176 Rome, ITALY)

SKUNKS - "Earthquake Shake" LP
Vol. 17 (!) of Rave Up's American Lost Punk Rock Nuggets series features the SKUNKS form Texas with a less mixed bag of results than usual. The six studio tracks all sound good, whereas the six live tracks (only two of which are also featured in studio versions) are at least clear although oddly mixed (sounds like a board tape). Songs are pretty consistently good and the band's solid hard rock roots are distinctly evident throughout (these guys could've been America's answer to the RADIATORS FROM SPACE: hell, maybe they were!). One of the most consistently enjoyable entries in the series. (DD)
(Rave Up. Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176, Rome, ITALY, raveup@tiscalinet.it)

SMASH UP DERBY - "Sounds of Self-Defense" LP
Whoa now, baby, this has got some fuckin' shake appeal. My pelvis is swinging non-stop and I gotta a big ol' smile on my face cuz this shit keeps hitting all the right spots. Yeah, I like what I'm hearing here. This is loud mother fuckin' get up and go rock 'n' roll mayhem. Remember how fun the DEVIL DOGS used to be? We are talking some hard fun, fun, fun outta Montreal, Canada. For a great fuckin' time try SMASH UP DERBY! This really is aces fellas. (DL)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr 14 50939, Köln, GERMANY)

SPLODGENESSABOUNDS – "The Artful Splodger" CD
A full length of new material from the band fronted by UK punk vet MAX SPLODGE. Mid tempo retro brit punk with a goofy fun bent. With its mixture of horns and sounds, this LP is a good release. Especially in an age of great old punk bands putting out bad new records, this holds up just fine. (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, captainoi.com)

STRONG INTENTION - "What Else Can We Do But Fight Back" LP
Pissed off hardcore from Maryland. Six Weeks consistently delivers this brutal shit— Mike Thorn loves it. He plays it at ten in the morning while I'm still having my frst cup of coffee. This record pretty much works better than the caffeine in my coffee anyway. STRONG INTENTION definitely has an East Coast flavor (like new yawk hardcore). The record's got straightforward, almost power-violence parts, hooks, and catchy mosh breakdowns. Good angry shit. Get some punk. (AS)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

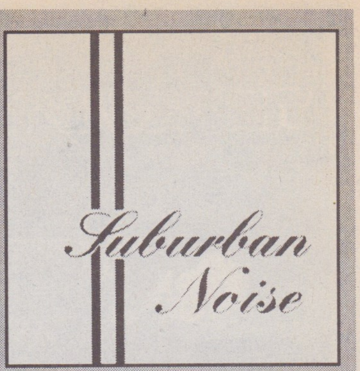
SUBURBAN NOISE – "Sunward" EP
Southern California influenced melodic punk from Italy. Double speed drumming, emotional vocals, and stop/start guitars—this is fairly typical, except—I don't mind it, it's actually quite ...nice. (AD)
(Terapia Intensiva, via Socrate 12, 74023 Grottaglie (TA), ITALIA)

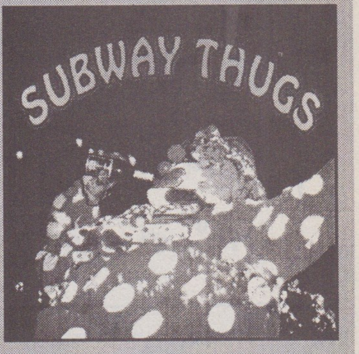
SUBWAY THUGS - "Who the Fuck are You?" EP
Mike, Greg, Rob, and Nick carved out a piece of Canadian skinhead history with their terrific skinhead rock 'n' roll unit the SUBWAY THUGS. For a couple of years these guys were the cream of the crop in the Vancouver, British Colombia, Canada skinhead/Oi! circles. Blind Beggar Records has issued a fine vinyl memory of this great band. Mike's guitar rings clear and Greg's voice is as rough as you remember it. Shed no tears for the SUBWAY THUGS, because their music lives on. (BR)
(Blind Beggar, Bogenstr. 25, D-66957, Eppenbrunn, GERMANY, beggarrec@aol.com)

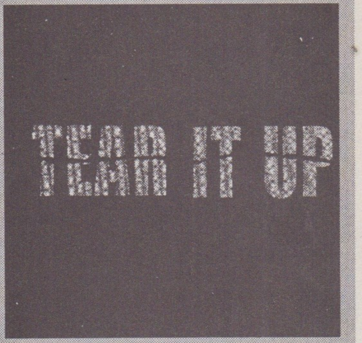
THE TANK – "Demonstrating Potential" CD
A five song CDEP from these pop punk vets. These guys crank out some strong later DESCENDENTS meets the ATARIS type punk. Certainly getting better with age, this EP ends much too quickly. (RL)
(Does Everyone Stare?, #910, 9825-103 ST, Edmonton, Alberta, T5K 2M3, CANADA, BLobsterT@aol.com)

TEAR IT UP - "The First Four Months" CD
And that's exactly what's going on here. The LP, the EP and a demo. New Jersey is represented in the hardcore wars—as I mentioned in another review, it's almost like there's too much good hardcore right now. Almost. Fast, aggressive and uncompromising—so many bands like this who grew up on the charismatic, fast hardcore of the eighties, and are returning the favor now. Like so much of this genre, it's pretty bleak stuff—there's nothing you'd turn to in this for solace, that's for sure. Quick, frenzied guitar attack—it's over in a blur of one minute songs. (TM)
(Deranged, available through Ebullition)

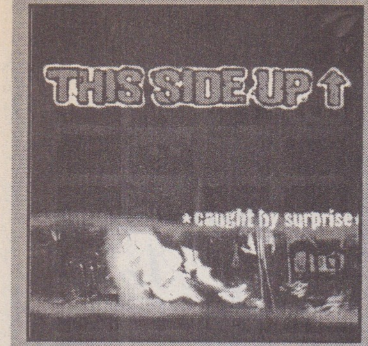
TEAR IT UP/E.T.A. - split LP
What more can said about these two bands. Both came roaring out of their basements and found a special place in the hearts of hardcore fans from day one. Both do the so-called "thrash revival" thing really well, sounding like out takes from the *This is Boston, Not L.A.* or perhaps *Flex Your Head.* Truth be told this is my favorite thing TEAR IT UP has done yet—I really wished this had been the first thing

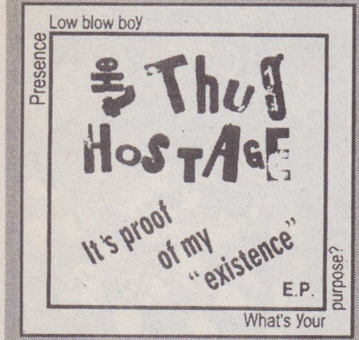


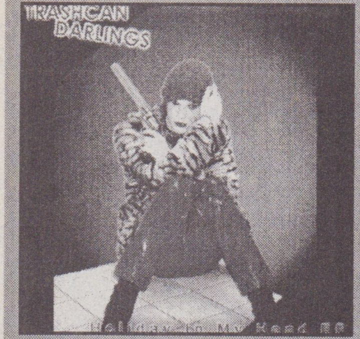




teen machine vs fuzzbubble







Turun Tauti
Laumasielut

they released as opposed to all their other stuff which pales in comparison. Much props for the song "Thrash Wagon." As for E.T.A., well the first EP had more of a traditionally dish sound to it if I recall correctly and this seems to jocking the American hardcore thing more—still it's pretty fucking good—everything from the catchy riffs, to the vocal delivery, to the raw production. Another winner from… (MT)
(Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)

TEEN MACHINE/FUZZBUBBLE - split EP
Wow this is a really good dose of power pop punk from Screaming Apple. Both bands deliver here, but the slightly more rockingness of FUZZBUBBLE wins this battle of the bands. Both bands are definitely on the same lines as the YUM YUMS and maybe at times even PSYCHOTIC YOUTH. This is good time music and baby, I'm having a good time. (BM)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichste. 14, 50939 Köln, GERMANY)

THEE BOSSMEN - "Tune Up Girl" EP
Wow. Put out by She's Gone in Texas, these rockers come from Kobe, Japan (and claim to be Kobe's first rock and roll band). Rock and roll is right—these dudes remind me of much of the punk 'n' roll that's coming out of Sweden these days. This is top notch stuff that is rock 'n' roll first and punk rock second. With a tribute song to former MRR deejay, Jon Von, how can you go wrong? How about a song about Kenny Kaos? (KK)
(She's Gone., 862 W. Collins, Denton, TX 76201)

THIS SIDE UP - "Caught by Surprise" CD
Fifteen songs (three previously released) of something in between pop punk and melodic hardcore (melodic? sure, hardcore? no). The mid tempo, wimpy, pop punk songs are by far their better ones. The vocals are sung somewhat clean, one guitar plays catchy little leads while the other sticks to the power chords and the bass and drums are pretty straight forward pop punk. The recording is not the greatest, though, and the whole record would be much cutter is they were all like fifteen years old. (PA)
(Goodwill, C.P. 15319, 00143 Roma Laurentino, ITALY, this_sideup@hotmail.com)

THUG HOSTAGE - "It's Proof of My Existence" EP
This is a Japanese band that would fit in well with the late '70s England pop punk scene, like 999 or the BOYS or SHAM 69. Right up my alley! (DP)
(Bricks, 1-13-14 Zeze Ohtsu Shiga, 520-0815 JAPAN, bricks@x.age.ne.jp)

THE TOKYOS - "God Save The Emperor" LP
Part of the American Lost Punk Rock Nuggets, this is a reissue of San Diego's THE TOKYOS circa '78. These SoCal kids were a rudimentary punk rock outfit in stripes and sunglasses. They spit out mid-tempo punk schlock like a less catchy version of the ZEROS. Cute record, but hardly vital. (DL)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176, Rome, ITALY)

TRASHCAN DARLINGS - Holiday In My Head EP
Here's Norway's answer to the TOILET BOYS, wrapped in red latex, lipstick, and loads of eyeliner. The TRASHCAN DARLINGS raunch it up with hi-energy punk n' roll, kinda like a boy version of JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS. Sporting ex-members of the HOLLYWOOD BRATS and THE BOYS, they bust out a pretty decent rendition of "Tumble With Me." If you have a pension for Euro rocker boys doin' the lipstick schtick, you'll lap this up, baby. (DL)
(East Side, PF 1246, 02943 Weibwasser, GERMANY)

TRIPSCOPE - "Stasis" EP
TRIPSCOPE's rhythmic wall of metal makes me think of more experimental modern rock bands like TOOL, but far, far more crushing. The occasional let-ups in brute force are punctuated by the strangest sounds—birdcalls, samples, tribal drums, eerie effects—it all adds to the madness and intensity. The lyrics are in German but translations are provided in a pretty booklet. If you like NEUROSIS, especially later NEUROSIS, you'll love this. (AM)
(G7, PO Box 1646, Osnabruck, 49080, GERMANY; g7_records@hotmail.com)

TURBO AC'S/DEMONICS - split EP
The TURBO AC'S side prevails between the two on this vinyl slab. Their song "Clean" is quite contrary to its name. After a listen, the song leaves you feeling kinda sleazy like the way a dude with a moustache and a dirty denim jacket looks—I'm gonna say that's a good thing. The Demonics side offers a poppy anthem, "Mopar or No Car," for your listening pleasure. Not really enough guts for my taste—the song just reminds me too much of a TV sitcom theme song. Not horrible, but not an amazing release either. (AS)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160 308-40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY, radioblast@t-online.de)

TURUN TAUTI - "Laumasielut" EP
From start to finish this thing just fucking smokes!!! Once again, more amazing hardcore punk from Finland–just what the fuck are they drinking and where can I get me some?! Hell even the reggae styled title track "Laumasielut" kicks ass in a CLASH sort of way before giving way to the raging hook filled thrash. A total resurrection of the power that the greats like RATTUS, TERVEET KADET, LAMA and KAAOS where able to produce while adding their own special flavor into the mix– and so the tradition continues on!!! Essential!! Fuck this is so good!! (MT)
(Raato Toropainen, Stålarminkatu 5 D 42, 20810 Turku, FINLAND)

TV IDOLS - "17, Desperate and All Messed Up" LP

I just scored a hat-trick, of Japanese bands that is. This is a vinyl version of the CD that came out on 1+2 Records a year ago. Great trashy punk from Japan. '77-style with lack of the pompous attitude the American bands seem to have. Short, fast, catchy songs. Any fans of TEENGENERATE, REGISTRATORS, or KING BROTHERS would like this. (CK)

(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14,50939 Köln, GERMANY, ScreamApp@aol.com)

UNIVERSAL - "A.K.A. The Mental Toilet" LP

I don't know what to make of this—it's pummeling and repetitious double bass-drum grindcore (apparently from Germany), but most of the songs' vocals are literally just "Uhhhh, uhhhh... UHHHHHH UHHH UHHHHHHHH." That's not an insult, or even an exaggeration. I honestly can't follow the lyric sheet. It sounds a lot like something Sound Pollution would've put out, but... oh, it's just so wrong! For thrillseekers and masochists only. (RD)

(Irisstrasse 19, 67067 Ludwigshafen, GERMANY)

UPRIGHT CITIZENS - "Make The Future Mine And Yours" LP

I'm embarrassed to say I'd never heard this band before, because they're fucking great. This is a reissue of their 1983 album, the second of several 12"s and LPs they put out between 1981 to 1985-ish, and any song on it could easily be an anthem for that era. Fast, raw punk rock, tackling the popular subjects like the bomb that was going to destroy us all back then, pseudo punks, nazis, alienation, and getting a kicking from hard men in the streets. The songs run together with nary a gap, just the way I bet they did live. One of the best things about the record is the photo collage of the guys in their studded leather jackets and 'punk for the weekend' hairstyles—you know the type—they could be combed neatly during the week but spiked up for gigs and photo shoots... pretty common for the period I think. Anyway, thanks to Ox for this reissue—it rules. (AM)

(Ox, PO Box 102225, 42766 Haan, GERMANY, ox-records@ox-fanzine.de)

URKO/MINUTE MANIFESTO - split LP

Two English hardcore bands split a platter. There's so much good hardcore around in the last couple of years, I feel like it's impossible to keep up. Angry, energetic, fast - there's been more good stuff this month than I could listen to in three or four. MINUTE MANIFESTO go a bit quicker, and have more tempo shifts, whereas URKO go for the pummel approach, again and again. You're not going to get anything to brighten up your day from either of these - URKO are about consumed with hatred, and the flip is slightly less focused, but still preoccupied with anger. Why is it unhappy people make such great hardcore?! Excellent stuff. (TM)

(Enslaved, PO Box 169, Bradford West Yorks, BD1 2UJ, UK, enslavedrecords.co.uk)

URINE SPECIMEN - "Raw" EP

Whoa, where the fuck did this band come from! Fast punk rock that musically and lyrically reminds me of early '80s peace punk. Topics covered include vegetarianism, isolation, military, and just being picked on for being different. Unfortunately, the MRR record files has no other listing for URINE SPECIMEN, and I want more because this EP just isn't enough to satisfy me! Limited to 500, so buy it now! What, still reading? Didn't I say now! (JF)

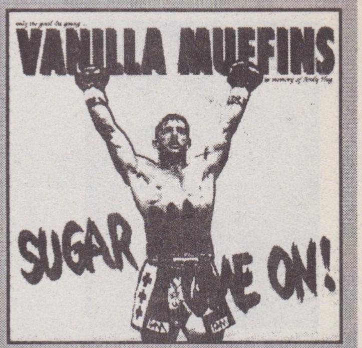
(Catchphraze, PO Box 533, Waddell, AZ 85355 akkuosma@freenet.hut.fi)

URINE SPECIMEN
RAW

VANILLA MUFFINS - "Sugar Oi! Come On!" EP

Is this an Oi novelty record? I really don't know. Three tracks of drastically overproduced sing-a-long pop punk with absurd lyrics, apparently taken from this Swiss band's double album "Hail! Hail! Sugar Oi!" They're no HARD SKIN, that's for damn sure. (JG)

(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)



VELVETONE - "Dark Blossom" CD

In a recent conversation about most sexually desirable rock figures (spurred by some VH1/MTV "Sexiest Moments of Rock" polluting the pizza parlor's TV), WANDA JACKSON rated high amongst those polled with inclinations towards females. She duets on her classic "Funnel of Love" with this kind of moody, at times swingish Deutschabilly band who are quite competent and easy to listen to but not terribly exciting. Forty years from now, I don't think any strangers are going to fantasize about fucking them. Interesting "Astronomy Domine"-esque intro/outro on "Endless Sleep," though (a statement no doubt fraught with meaning for simply scads of readers). (DD)

(Crosscut, PO Box 106524, 28065 Bremen, GERMANY, velvetone.de)

VELVETONE
DARK
BLOSSOM

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA - "Onnellisuus Ahdistaa" EP

Ah yes, I can always count on Fight Records giving us a nice dose of Scandinavian thrash. There is nothing new here. Just blazing fast tunes with just the right amount of distortion and angst. Simple yet effective. I love it! (RC)

(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere FINLAND; kolumbus.fi/fight)

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA

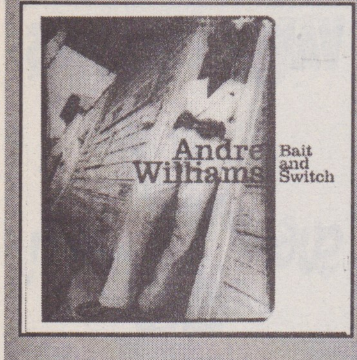
VOICES OF BELLEVILLE - "East Side" EP

Yes! This French skinhead record is one of the best releases this year in this genre of music! The VOICES OF BELLEVILLE come out of the blocks running hard on "V.O.B." the band's anthem song, with excellent gruff vocals, powerhouse bass, drums hammering, and perfect guitar playing. Song number two on face A is "Salaries" and this is yet another expertly crafted skinhead / Oi! anthem. The loping bass and drum lines serve to underscore the first rate combination of lead vocals and choruses. This is all sung in French with magnificent results! Face B has two more fine songs; the mid-tempo melodic Oi! of "Rien Regretter" and the catchy sing-a-long finale "Hoolie Hoolie." This is a truly

ESTRUS RECORDING COMPANY PRESENTS
WEDNESDAYS
ESTRUS
45 RPM
Spirit War

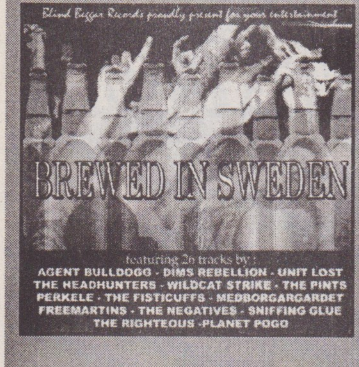
memorable record brought to you by Agathe and her Decadents and Corrompus Skinheads Records. (BR)
(D.C.S., c/o Agathe Valeton, 150, boulevard de la Villette, 75019, Paris, FRANCE)

WEDNESDAYS - "Spirit War" EP
I like punk rock that has a rock 'n' roll edge to it, but it has to be the right kind of rock 'n' roll. It's hard to describe exactly what the right kind of rock 'n' roll is. It's not so hard to describe the wrong kind of rock 'n' roll. These guys listened to way too much SUPERTRAMP while growing up. Too bad. Imagine watered down REPLACEMENTS with a touch more twang and you'll have an idea of what's going on here. (KK)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)



THE WHITE STRIPES - "White Blood Cells" LP
Shit, this is kind of a mess of an album. It's got flashing moments of the white hot brilliance of old, but gets quickly bogged down in too many half-baked attempts to break away from the garagey-blues tag they've been saddled with, but which is what they truly decimate competition at. That wouldn't be so bad if the results didn't sound so forced. It's a record every bit as schizophrenic as they are probably feeling, after so much drooling and scandal-hungry press. The '60s hard rock blues influence is definitely showing up again, but so is the weak show tune-y schtick, and some decent country pop. Maybe this record will win me over in a couple more listens, but I don't know... (BG)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

ANDRE WILLIAMS – "Bait & Switch" CD
It want it made perfectly clear that "soul" is not a quality I possess in surplus (at least in the Soul on Ice sense of the term). All I can do is covet it in other people, along with their houses, their cattle, their manservants and their maidservants. ANDRE WILLIAMS has soul, along with a dirty mind, a gutter mouth, and what I imagine to be a mean streak a mile wide. I've been keeping my ears on a couple of his recent "post retirement" releases that showcase his brand of bass-heavy R&B and soul, though I've usually dismissed them on musical grounds. Not so, this time around: Bait & Switch is a fine-sounding and well-assembled collection of new tunes that features musical cameos from none other than the great Rudy Ray Moore, Ronnie Spector (!) and even ex-VOIDOID Robert Quine on guitar. "Detroit Michigan" serves as the perfect introduction for a record that'll take from the peaks of "Soul Brother in Heaven & Hell" to the depths of "The Lie" and on back through Ike Turner's "It's Gonna Work Out Fine". Another fine conjuring act from the talent mine at Norton. (JH)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)


Blind Beggar Records proudly present for your entertainment
BREWED IN SWEDEN
featuring 26 tracks by:
AGENT BULLDOGG - DIMS REBELLION - UNIT LOST
THE HEADHUNTERS - WILDCAT STRIKE - THE PINTS
PERKELE - THE FISTICUFFS - MEDBORGARGARDET
FREEMARTINS - THE NEGATIVES - SNIFFING GLUE
THE RIGHTEOUS -PLANET POGO

YUM YUMS – "Singles 'n' Stuff" CD
A great idea from a great band. Apparently these power pop moguls have a lot more singles out than what I was aware of. Anyway, the best band currently doing power pop has a 26-song release with many great originals and a few classic covers tossed in. Fans of RAMONES, PLIMSOULS, and the US BEAT take note. If you dig the pop get anything this band has put out. (RL)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr.14, 50939 Köln, GERMANY, morten@nustad.no)

V/A – "Brewed in Sweden" CD
Fourteen Swedish Oi! bands, in fact you could say—a real smorgasbord of oi... DIMS REBELLION play catchy poppy streetpunk with keyboards. The NEGATIVES play great singalong oi similar to the REDUCERS SF, the HEADHUNTERS have the soccer crowd chorus thing down to a tee, super. UNIT LOST are tough pissed-off punk, MEDBORGARGARET let the side down with a stupid song about "welfare parasites"—dumb fuckers. PLANET POGO are cool; they dedicate a song "to the most fucked up country in the world where guns and fat people are as common as plastic bags are in Sweden." Throw in hair-raising choruses and up-beat melodic punk and you have the best band on the comp. Worst band on the comp must be the RIGHTEOUS whose name is misleading—they sing a delightful little ditty called "I'd Fuck Her" about "all the women out there who mislead us poor men," their second song is about being a Viking... other bands on here are AGENT BULLDOG, the FISTICUFFS, the PINTS, PERKELE (who are quite good actually), and SNIFFING GLUE. This is a good compilation. I'd never heard any of these bands before (except the best forgotten RIGHTEOUS) and I'll definitely look out for stuff from PLANET POGO. (AD)
(Blind Beggar, Bogenstr. 25, D-66957 Eppenbrum, GERMANY)

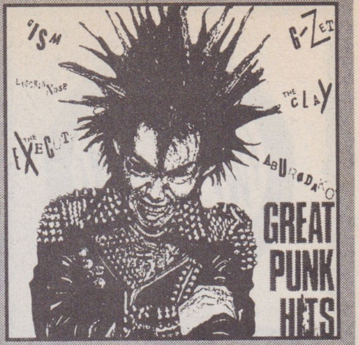
AMERICAN DEVICES
TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY
PHYCUS
CORPUSSE
DETROIT METAL

V/A - "Comic Inside" EP
Four bands on this comp 7". I will name them now: AMERICAN DEVICES, PHYCUS, DETROIT METAL, and CORPUSSE. None of them do anything resembling a particularly catchy, memorable, weird or noisy tune. Vanity press defined? (RW)
(no address)

V/A - "Deux Tardes Aux Citron Et Une Salade De Fruit" EP
I had a hard time trying to figure out just what this was, let alone know what the hell these people were singing about..I find such debacles very, very frustrating. Anyway, on the A-side we have a group called ISSO KEH, with a person named Boitel, playing some acoustic, male-female vocal, folk style stuff—they call it "campfire music." Interesting, but not very good. The B-side has a bunch of other groups that are very...errr......unique? I don't really know what else to say. There are a couple good moments on the record, but as a whole, this is a bit odd. (SP)
(Arndt Boitel, Burgstrasse 52, 37073 Götingen, GERMANY, thordis123@hotmail.com)

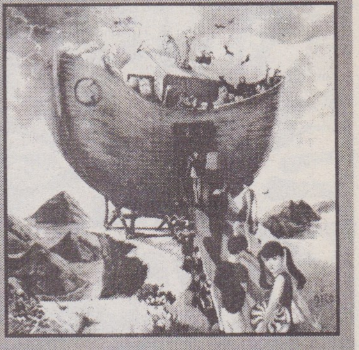
V/A - "Fuzz, Flakes, & Shakes Vol. 5: Keep Right on Living" LP

Strongest entry yet in this series. While still tending towards the melodious rather than the crude (too much so for the taste of some, but not for me), there are some amazing tracks here. Get your coat pulled by the fuzz guitar with buried roller rink organ of the 7 DWARFS' "Stop Girl," of the TOPSY TURBY'S (of "Hey Tiger" note) theme song, "Topsy Turby." I'm 'bout it! (DD)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, dionysusrecords.com)



V/A - "Great Punk Hits" LP

Boot of mega-buck Japanese punk rarity. The skinny: GISM, LAUGHIN' NOSE, EXECUTE, G-ZET, CLAY and ABURADAKO. All definitive early/mid-80's Japanese thrash. Good sound unlike some recent Japanese boots (the STALIN Trash boot was total shit...sob!) I heard my first hardcore records around 1984/5 and hated 'em, stuck with the VELVET UNDERGROUND and '70s punk. It took fifteen years of 'zine reading and the *MRR* collection to figger out the good stuff (SOLGER, VOID, NEGATIVE APPROACH etc.) and now I can actually pick out new bands that don't just scream in front of a blender-speed polka beat (OUT COLD, VIOLENTLY ILL, TOTALITÄR). If I'd heard this thing instead of whatever DRI-wannabes I was exposed to I might be sporting a sagging mohawk right now instead of a Gene Wilder doo. (RW)
(Boot, no address)



V/A - "It Takes Two, Baby" EP

A cryptic sleeve (depicting Meg and Jack White boarding Noah's Ark, guitars and drums in hand) is matched to a high concept: four two-piece bands showcase one track each, equaling eight legs per side and four eyes per track. The WHITE STRIPES' "Fell in Love With a Girl" is a high point that can be found on their new LP (reviewed elsewhere in this issue), and BANTAM ROOSTER, MR AIRPLANE MAN and RIZZO dish out their own brands of tasteful cacaphony. Two-pieces are the wave of the future, mark my words...the proceeds of record sales are that much easier to split, and you gotta take the novelty value into account. (JH)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

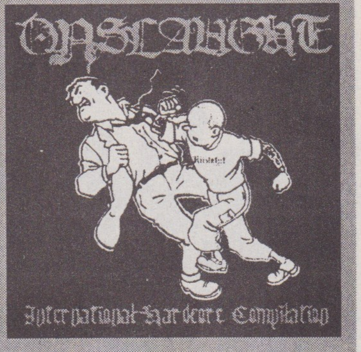
Last White Christmas

V/A - "Last White Christmas" CD

Fuck yeah! This is a live show taped back in 1983. And then it came out on BCT tapes in 1984. This has BRONTOSAURI, RAW POWER, JUGGERNAUT, STATO DI POLIZIA, PUTRID FEVER, DEMENTS, USELESS BOYS, WAR DOGS and A'USCHLAG. Who is playing what tracks is a bit hard to follow, because they had to cut a few songs because of the quality. So the songs on the CD do not match the track listing on the cover. But the quality of the songs that did make it on the compilation are surprisingly good and the bands are excellent. I don't really think that I can praise this release enough. Anybody who was into thrashy punk in the mid-'80s remembers BCT Tapes and what a vital function they played in getting foreign hardcore to our ears. Thanks for taking the time to put this stuff together and getting it out on CD. Thrash on! (RC)
(H.S.R., c/o Mike Pigott 14 McKinley Terrace, Pittsfield, MA 01201)

V/A - "Legend City" LP

Oh yeah! Finally, some great '60s stuff that hasn't already been reissued to death. This album comps a bunch of rare singles and unreleased tunes recorded during the prehistoric punk era of 1965-'67 in the urban-sprawling pressure cooker of Phoenix, Arizona. Styles run the gamut from crunchy fuzz punkers to shambling British Invasion rockers to moody minor-key tunes. Standouts include the two unreleased stompers by the HEARSEMEN from Tempe High School, the fuzzed-out '66 rockers by DESTINY'S CHILDREN, the folk-rockin' SOLID GROUND and the raw Merseybeat garage pop of the WILD FLOWERS (with Michael Bruce of the SPIDERS, who later became the ALICE COOPER group). Great pictures and historical liner notes round out this cool look at one early local rock scene. (JG)
(Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)



V/A - "The Night Is So ... Dark" LP

A pretty tame collection of obscure US pop bands from the mid '60s, appropriately subtitled "Moody, Fresh and Fuzzy." You get DIAMOND RINGS, INNSMEN, CONTINENTALS, SHADES, DOLPHINS, SITES N SOUNDS, MISFITS, YOUNG ALLEY CATS, TR4, SHILLINGS, RUN-A-ROUNDS, WILD CHERRIES, BENTLEYS and, my personal favorite, JIM CARTER & the SENATORS. (CK)
(Lanze, no address)

V/A - "Old Skars & Upstarts 2001" 2xLP

Here's a two-record compilation that should have been cut to one record to cull out all the shitty bands. Some of the bands whose material is mildly interesting: the HUNNS, the STITCHES, the CROWD, the WORTHLESS, THROW RAG, the U.S. BOMBS, the PUSHERS, the VIGILANTES, the RIVER CITY REBELS, Germany's brutal TROOPERS, SMOGTOWN, and the SPOOKY. Mr. Duane Peters and Disaster Records could have made this a more powerful compilation by eliminating some of the unnecessary bands. (BR)
(licensed by: Radio Blast, radioblast@t-online.de)

V/A - "Onslaught" EP

Fucking onslaught it right!! Twenty bands doing twenty trax on one little seven inch record. The legions of mad thrashers should take note, but, as for me, I just can't deal with so many blast beats anymore. The winners of this particular hardcore battle would be RUIDO, INSULT, MINUTE MANIFESTO, PRETENTIOUS ASSHOLES, YACOPSAE, and CHOREA. Proof positive that the power

violence/grind thing is still alive and kicking ass! (MT)
(G7, PO Box 1646, 49006 Osnabrück, GERMANY)

PASSING BELLS

V/A - "Passing Bells" EP

Here's a six-band comp from Finland, my favorite rock and roll hot spot of the moment. There's a diverse assortment here, covering several different styles. The first half passes without much to get too excited about—hardcore from SHARPEVILLE, poppy punk from DIASPORA, and a weird droning number from UNKIND. Side two is where things really heat up though. WASTED give us a blistering number in their RANCID-like style—possibly even better than any of the tracks off their great LP. The mighty MANIFESTO JUKEBOX follow up with (unfortunately) a cover, but it's a BORN AGAINST cover done with such passion and gusto that it only serves to remind me how amazing that band was. I can't believe that song is ten years old. Last up is HERODISHONEST who sound a little like MINOR THREAT. Not essential by any means—it would have been nice to hear another MANIFESTO JUKEBOX original. (AM)
(Passing Bells, Ritzinkuja 1 D 20, 20380 Turku, FINLAND, passingbells@hotmail.com)

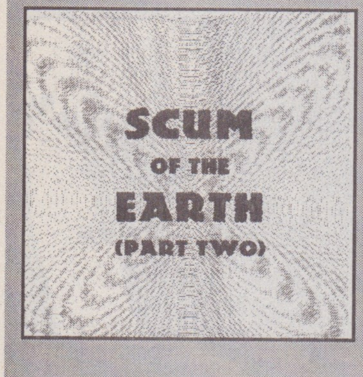
SCUM OF THE EARTH

V/A - "Pretty Ugly—Volume 1" LP

This plays like some really good late night garage radio show. Here collected is some Aussie beat and punk from 1964-1967 that's really pleasing to the ears. A great record to practice all those go-go dance moves. (DL)
(Get Lost!, no address)

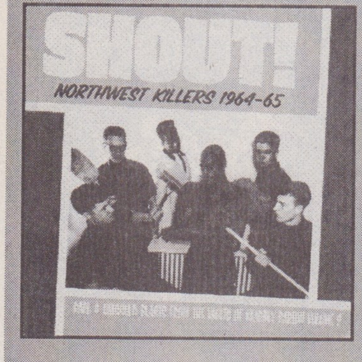
V/A - "Scum of the Earth" LP

Volume one, I presume, of many to come from this series. Yet another '50s/ '60s comp. Some pretty cool stuff that ranges from the hard psych stuff to lighter psych-pop stuff and a whole slew of unrelated 50's stuff as well. Many which I know have been on other comps. Good stuff I hear here includes the fuzz-driven MACH V and "If I Could". The very cool "Motorcycle" by the CHARLES, a tale of murdering motorcyclists to a driving twang guitar riff with a classic chorus. Also the very strangely titled "Train to Satanville" which sounds closer to a '50s epic COLLINS KIDS tune. Also included is the now infamous "Crazy Date" from the CRAZY TEENS which by now has made the rounds to more a few comps. And also the saxophone muzak on Quaaludes "Go-Go Kitty" from the NEW BANGS. You get everything here: surf, drag tunes, psych, etc. etc. Generally a good record to have just for all the different shit here, this is almost a best-of comp culled from other comps. But too much of a mixed bag for me. (JY)
(Crazy Teen, no address)



V/A - "Scum of the Earth (Part Two)" LP

Well fucking riiiiight on! Despite the annoyingly small amount of liner note info about the bands/tracks, this comp is a lethal mix of caveman garage, raw psychedelic, and fuzzed out R&B. There are 16 tracks, 16 bands of otherwise impossible to find vintage, razor-edged garage ruckus. This is one of the best collections I've heard in a while. Featuring the BUGS, the EVIL, STEVE PURDY & the STUDS, the SOUL MEN and many more. This selection really runs the gamut, from the touchingly aching to the convincingly psychotic. Isn't it time you spent some of your hard-earned money on something you might never've heard of, but will maybe change how you view music? (BG)
(Killdozer, no address)



V/A - "Stomp! Northwest Killers 1960-'64" LP

......rare and unissued blasts from the vaults of Kearny Barton....rockin' oldies...total Norton high fasion, big style....liner notes that read like a history book...enough lube here to take a road-cone up your ass....or your mother's ass... (SW)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com)

V/A - "Shout! Northwest Killers 1964-'65" LP

This is what I like to get from Norton. Music that caused raunchy dancing, rebellion and teenaged promiscuity. This is a compilation of mid '60s Northwest bands produced by Kearney Barton. INCREDIBLE KINGS, ELEGANTS, LEGENDS, CANADIAN VIPS, WOODY CARR AND THE EL CAMINOS, IMPERIALS, MR. CLEAN & the CLEANSERS, ECCENTRICS, LITTLE DADDY AND THE BACHELORS, NOMADS, LEGENDS. Extensive liner notes give the stories behind the bands. (DP)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords. com)

V/A - "Work It On Out—Northwest Killers 1965-'66 Vol 3" LP

Garage comp, number three is a series culled from the vaults of one Kearney Barton, a sound engineer who owned a studio in Washington state and recorded a wave of teen bands during the mid '60s garage madness - all of these tracks were never before issued on disc, which is the draw here. ROCKY & HIS FRIENDS start things off in a promising way with a "Hang on Sloopy" workout, and JET CITY FIVE with the well named "Huh" and some decent guitar, but then you get a few clinkers, surf milk and cookies, ballads, and other garage detritus for the rest of Side A. The flip again starts out promising with the JAMS instrumental "Speak of the Devil", which never quite veers enough out of control, but the rest of the side boils again into a miasma of uninspired madness, save the odd track. CASTELLS' "That's Where They Meet" is a near miss party classic and a cover of "Money" by RIGHT OF WAY adds to the original. Pretty tame stuff overall, and only sporadically memorable. (HY)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

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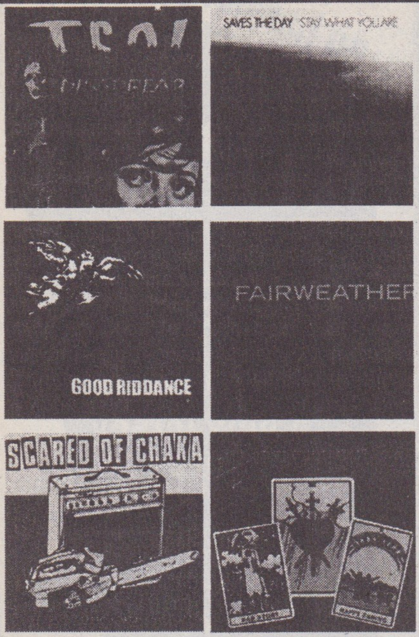
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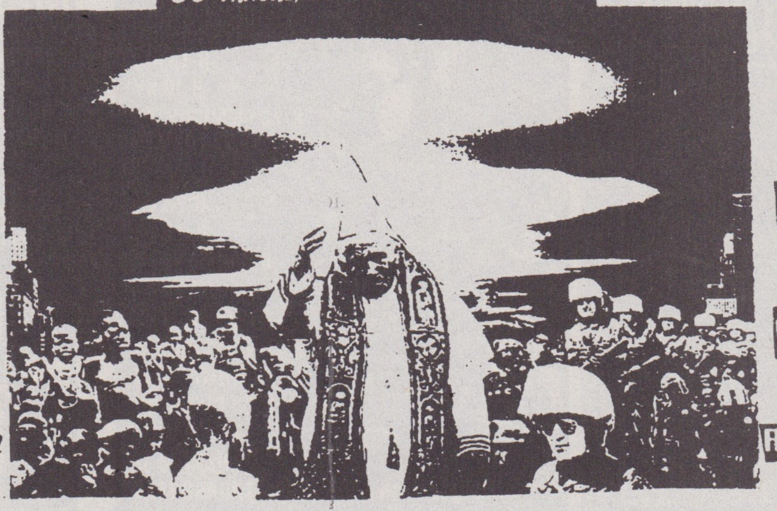

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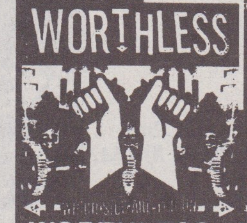

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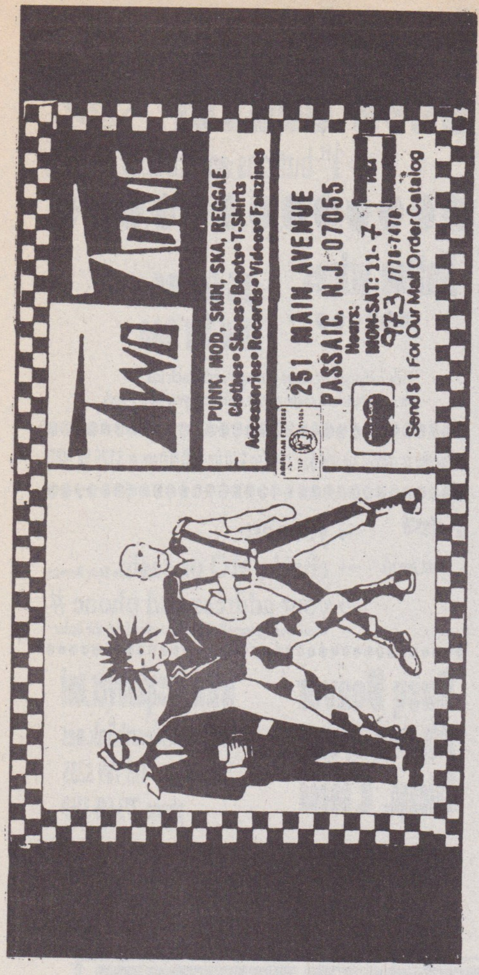

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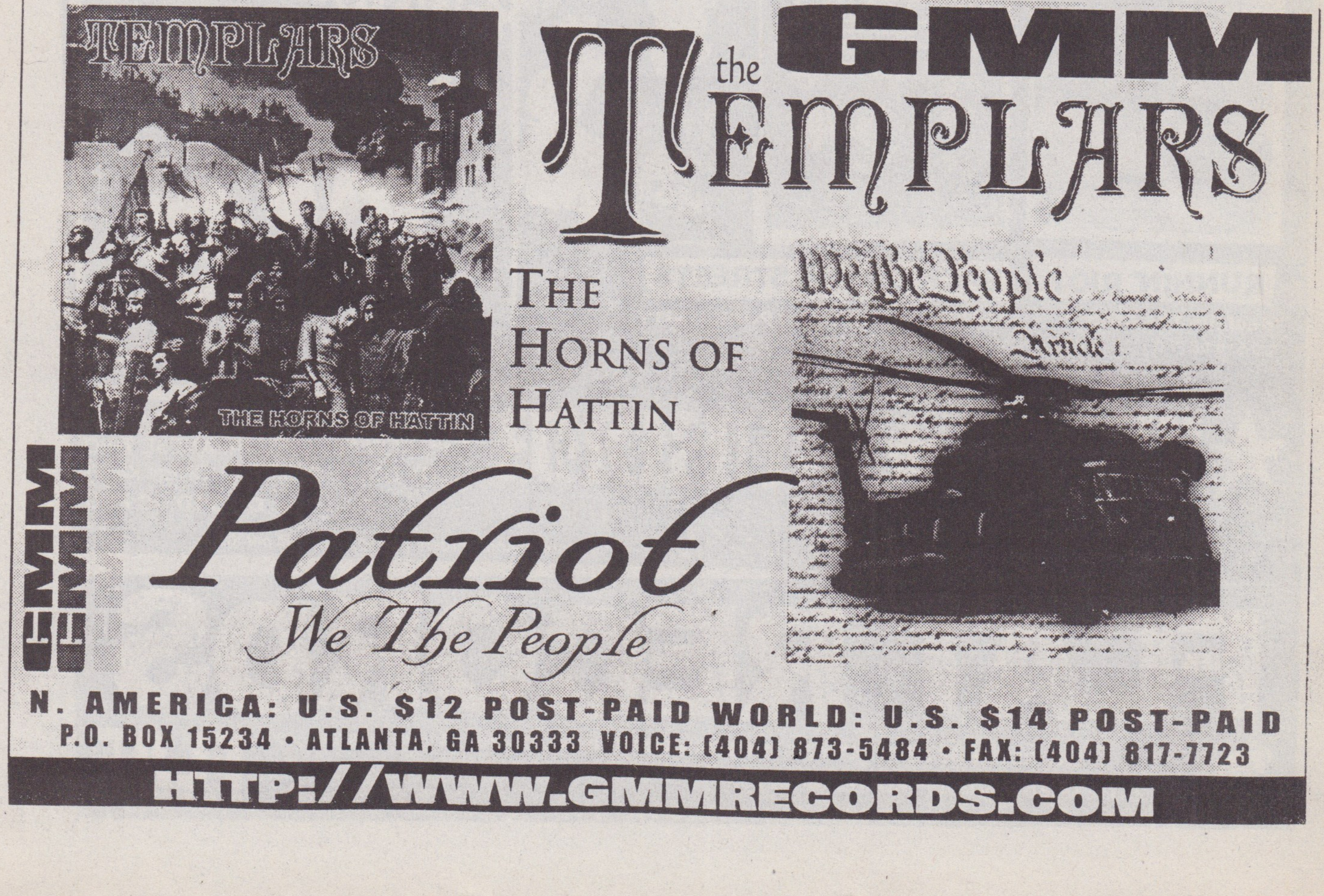

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (MT) Mike Thorn, (AW) Amy Watson.

Please send your zine for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ADITA #11 - $1
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 96 pgs

Quite a change from the last issue of *Adita* I got. This time around Bradley has both a tour story, which is interesting though a bit more detailed then I could enjoy, and about twenty very brief vignettes, facts, and observations. The writing, personal and honest, does well in avoiding the whiny, self indulgent emo style, while letting the reader become very well acquainted with the author. Like any good personal zine there is also a current of punk politics laying beneath the surface. Still a good read after eleven issues and the perfect reading for long afternoons waiting for jury selection. (CR)

528 South Lucas / Iowa City, IA 52240
adita.org

ALCO-BEAT #6 / 50¢ or 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs

Small zine that reminded me of high school - rants about reality TV, bad ideas for term papers, a critique of VH1's special on punk (but c'mon, Green Day & Offspring better than Nirvana? I must disagree...), tiki drinks, candy and a bunch of reviews, (MD)

415 North Main St Apt B / Bowling Green, OH / 43402

ALL THIS IS MINE #6 / $4
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied and mixed media - 44 pgs

Oooh I loved this. A better term than "mixed media" would be "many presents"—the treats tucked in every few pages are fucking *rad*. A woodcut of Joey Ramone and a handmade envelope are examples of what I got. The writing is great too: introspective, definitely a per-zine, but not self-indulgent or petty. The author seems to think that she's often rehashing stuff that's been said elsewhere—but I say no way. Her personal accounts of subjects like racism make for original and edifying reading. Part of the reason that this zine makes me pee my pants with happiness is how well she articulates things I've spent a lot of time pondering. But even if you don't see your exact self reflected in these pages, it is so worth your while to read. Just opening the many presents will make your day. (NN)

1709 University Ave #5 / Berkeley, CA 94703
ATIMzine@aol.com

AVOW 11
strike match,
run, run, run:
the stories.

ANARCHY: A JOURNAL OF DESIRE ARMED #51 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 84 pgs

Hmmm an anarchist publication with a barcode? Weird. Despite my reservations about reviewing this, I found this to be a lot more interesting than I expected. I especially liked the debate styled pieces on anarcho-primitivism, and the large amounts of book reviews are nice—especially after having to sift through page after page of record reviews. Hell I'd even go so far as to say that this particular issue is worth the $5, especially for the primitivist debate. Though someone needs to teach them how to use photoshop and how not to use web based graphics in the print medium—no more pixilated images please! Overall a good resource. (MT)

PO Box 1446 / Columbia, MO 65205-1446

AVOW #11 / $2 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 28 pgs

This thing is great. Short stories about life, hanging out with friends and the frustration of trying to make sense of it all. I've been really into zines and books like this lately, especially as I try to make sense of everything around me right now. Excellent layout to boot. Good stuff. (MT)

20 NW 16th Ave #306 / Portland, OR 97209

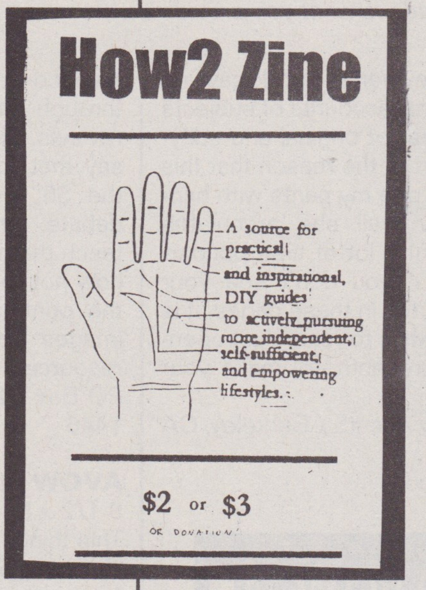
BLAST #21 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs

Finally, a zine with numbered pages! How this has been around for four years and fallen through the cracks all this time I do not know. It's a quality publication, and they strive for a more professional approach, and it shows—the layout is squeaky clean and they actually, what's it called?... *edit* the writing. While covering primarily the skinhead scene, they make it clear that they aren't Nazi sympathizers, which was of great relief for me. They deal with serious issues such as the doping up of ADD kids, and... well, that's pretty much it. Some of the writing in here is funny as hell, and it includes interviews with the Jokers, Dead End Kids, and Nicky Garrett. (RD)

PO Box 57314 / Atlanta, GA 30343

THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE #1 / $1+ 1 stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Can someone give me the 30 minutes of my life back that I lost reading this zine? Please? The content of this zine could of been trimmed down to about two pages, and it might have been mildly entertaining, but 20 pages of tedious detail is, ugh, tedious. Includes a temp work journal, a story about a road trip (which was probably better to be on then hear about) and other dull stories. Maybe Franco is very entertaining in person and can make a story about trapping a spider in a Dixie cup really fly, but in a zine, snooze-ville. (DS)
400 Park Rd / Parsippany, NJ 07054-1737

CLENCH #3 / stamp
OK, so this is a broadsheet devoted to the complete and total worship of Agnostic Front. I like the first two AF records but they're kinda overrated—I mean especially given the umpteen other bad records they put out. Still it's a good history lesson.
12780 E 2200th St / Atkinson, IL 61235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DIG IT! #22 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 44 pgs - French
This is one of my favorite Euro-zines. It fuckin rocks! And this issue includes interviews with Mick Taylor, The Catheters, Trend, McRackins, and Manny & The 1's. There is also a cool article entitled NY vs. LA. And of course there are the usual record reviews and lots of cool photos and graphics. Hey, *Dig It!* makes my month more pleasurable, it will probably do the same for you. (HH)
32 rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / France
digitfanzine@chez.com

EARQUAKE #76 / $2
5 3/4 x 8 1/4 - copied - 28 pgs - French
Earquake covers a wide variety of sounds for a petite zine, but very little of said coverage tends to be bullshit. In this issue, we find interviews with Brother Inferior and Italian redskin band Banda Bassotti, among others. And I always appreciate zines that make an effort to inform about and support local happenings by listing resources, etc. The record and zine reviews are attentive as well. (AC)
Fréderic Leca / Le Ménil / 88160 Le Thillot / France
Xearquake@aol.com

EXOTICA SUBTERRANEA #? / free or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This is an interesting zine from France that is all about South America. It includes interviews with a Mexican and Colombian about their immigration to the United States. The editor also writes about his visit to Colombia. The zine is rounded off with reviews of Latin American records and zines. (DS)
Darbouka c/o Fred Brahim / 17 Rue de la Foret / 67340 Menchhoffen / France

FAILURE TO APPEAR #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
This is great. Cut and paste with a passion for living, exploring, and learning. Tales of Galesburg, North Carolina (with a smidge of San Francisco, for good measure) include the reader in a haunted, falling-down house owned by someone from Crash Worship, getting out of a permanent fog, knowing when it's appropriate to use the back door escape plan, dandelion wine, pirate radio shows, dancing, gettin' all coffeed up, cooking, procrastinating, keeping things secret. Life. I felt super charged when I put this down...energized about all the adventures that I was going to have this summer. Who knows, maybe I'll even get to meet this awesome writer (Dave) on my travels. Send for this, you won't be sorry! Can't wait to read the next issue. (KC)
PO Box 64 / Asheville, NC / 28802

FBIZINE #4 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
The CrimethInc aesthetic is alive and well here. Television, Prisons, Plan Columbia, Technology, and record reviews fill out this zine and while I really relate to the content, I hate feeling like an ideology has arisen out of this scene. With that concern stated, this is a strong recommendation. (AR)
15 W Dayton Hill Rd / Wallingford, CT 06492

FUZZY HEADS ARE BETTER #9 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 76 pgs
In between the cool, black construction paper covers of this impressive zine lie reflections and anecdotes from various contributors, in addition to photographs, comics, and ads that blend unobtrusively into the rest of the zine. Some of the writing reads like journal entries that were sort of interesting, but I did not really follow. Other writing deals with aging and punk rock, as well as the editor's experiences at a women's health fair. The poetry and abstract, poetry-style writing was annoying, but that's okay. I'm sure someone else could appreciate it and I would still recommend this zine. (JL)
Patti Kim / PO Box 68568 / 360A Bloor St W / Toronto, ON M5S IXI Canada

GREEN HELL #1 / 2 stamps
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This zine is entirely dedicated to GMOs. If you have never before heard of the genetic alterations being made to many food crops by large scale growers, and by companies like Monsanto, this is a good place to start. Otherwise, there's not much new here. I was hoping to learn more detailed information on GMOs, and some illumination on tricky topics such as: finding ways to afford organic foods; or, how many folks in poorer countries actually prefer GMO crops there (less pesticide exposure). Instead, the rants are geared to incite on an emotional level, painting with broad strokes an invasion of mother earth by mutant monster veggies. It got kind of annoying, since there are plenty of good practical reasons to question and avoid GMO foods. (NN)
PO Box 180983 / Utica, MI 48318-0983

HOW 2 ZINE / $3

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 80 pgs

I've had the idea for a while now to collect all the great and amazing things that punks have figured out how to do on our own and put them together in one great zine. *How 2 Zine* beat me to it! If there is any project that you've ever wanted to undertake; guitar playing, hole patching, beer making, stove making, silk screening, vegan photo developing, car repair or fist fucking, you will find out one way of doing it here. No one has any excuse not to get this. I guarantee you will learn at least one thing from this, and probably even more. My only complaint is that the clarity in the copying is somewhat lacking,but that minor flaw should in no way discourage you. (CR)

PO Box 14523 / Richmond, VA 23221
how2distro@hotmail.com

Contenidos: Diario de gira de Sin Dios en América Entrevistas con Pequeña Oruga Mecánica, Cruz Negra Anarquista, Zanussi Skuld Releases, Nodo 50 -servidor telemático-, Olav -Seein' red-, Posession,Comic, Columnas; Reseñas de discos,fanzines etc.
Primavera 2.001 - 50 ptas.

I HATE THIS PART OF TEXAS #2 / $1 + 2 stamps

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs

The theme of this issue is "home", which is interesting, since so many zines of this genre focus on traveling around, and tend to feel unrooted. As a homebody myself, I appreciated the idea of focusing on the community around you and making things happen where you live. That said, there wasn't much writing like that in here. But there's lots of personal writing on civilization, the punk/DIY scene, zine reviews, a fascination with maps, and info on composting and homebrewing. And a few pages on "home."(MD)

PO Box 251766 / Little Rock, AR 72225

ILEGAL #1 / 50 ptas. (Spain), ? world

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs - Spanish

I'm really impressed with how together zine is, considering it's a first issue. There are lengthy, interesting interviews with the Cruz Negra Anarquista collective, the Spanish band Zanussi, and Skuld Releases of Germany; also shorter discussions with Pequeña Oruga Mecánica, Posession, Olav of Lärm and Seein' Red, and Nodo 50, an online political action resource. There's a tour diary of Sin Dios, cute comics, many many columns, and reviews. The overtone has a general goal of perpetuating DIY and anarchist ethics. A good read, lots of material here. (NN)

Apdo. 18521 / 28080 - Madrid / Spain
sindios@nodo50.org

IMAGINE #3 / $3.50

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs

Imagine is subtitled "a journal of anarchism" and is a good effort. Reminiscent of *The Match* in that the author writes densely packed (and naturally one-sided) prose on such topics as the police, religion, and whether anarchism is the solution to all of society's problems, it is much less grumpy. There is a fantastic article on Mormonism and many of the details (from someone raised in its tradition) as to its crimes. If your taste tends towards heavy breads, Chomsky and *The Match*, this is a sure win. (AR)

PO Box 8145 / Reno, NV 89507

IMPACT PRESS #33 / $2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs

Columns and articles this time around about male prison rape, the irony of the U.S. government's "war on drugs," energy efficiency, President Bush's connection to the Christian Right, fish farming, a liberal analysis of what the World Bank's role should be in promoting free media, and a cover story about the cancer-causing chemical industry. Also comics and music reviews. Not a bad intro. into a lot of important topics. (AW)

PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817
www.impactpress.com

INQUISITION #3 / ?

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs

Somehow I always feel just a little bit cheated when a zine consists mostly of reprints. Not only is that the case with *Inquisition*, but many of the reprints in here don't seem to connect to the larger focus of this mostly political oriented zine, such as the articles on lucid dreaming and teen suicide. The other articles or reprints about sweatshops, Napster, and censorship, are interesting if a bit rudimentary, but the final stab into my churning stomach is the poetry section. If my entire life passes never having to read another terrible poem in a zine, it will be too soon. (CR)

5 Woodhouse Way / Washington, NJ 07882-4200

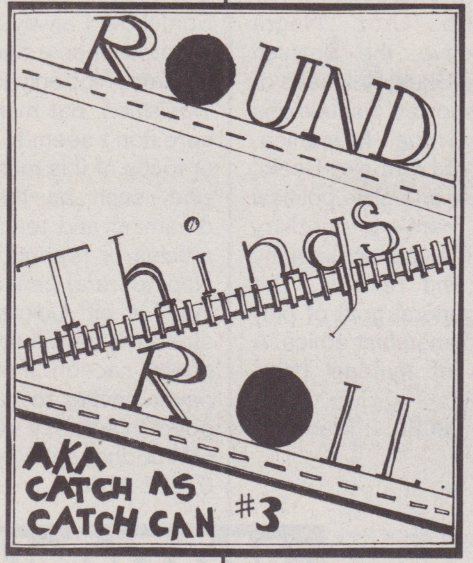
MOTION SICKNESS
#11
A DRINK
©2000 CARRIE
Assassin & The Whiner zine • 7 Seconds • Dillinger Four • eMpTy Records
Las Vegas Shakedown • Restaurant Etiquette • Steve Soto (Adolescents)

INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY #1 / $1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 18 pgs

Quite a few snacks for thought in this short debut. The Tiltwheel interview isn't one of them. "Editor" Bob Thompson tells his own "snip & tie" vasectomy tale, and spends several pages discussing the woeful misconceptions of lefty liberals: this he does patchily, but without dogmatism, in fact his criticisms tend to target financially privileged liberals who share his politics but arrived there very differently. Although I believe it's written without malice, his welfare reform proposal, the main tenet being a $5000 fine for the mother of an unwanted child, is flawed in almost innumerable ways. The least emotionally charged criticism is: if the cost of raising a child won't deter a woman from unprotected intercourse, why should a superimposed fine? The article I'd been looking forward to reading all week, "Earth Crisis & Max RnR: Twin Targets of Hatred" was a little disappointing. The piece asks, why do people hate us so much? And Thompson answers, because our youngest readers assume we are all intelligent, and then are deflated and confused when they have to face the real world. Fair enough—if I was expecting a deeper conclusion, I came to the wrong place. But at least it's a good question. (AC)

3696 Broadway PMB #103 / North Bend, OR 97459


ROUND
Things
ROLL
AKA CATCH AS CATCH CAN #3

A MILLION FILAMENTS #3 / $4

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pages

I thoroughly enjoyed this fanzine. While intelligent and well-heeled (as much as punk rock can be), Emily has a wonderful... well, naiveté isn't the right word, but it's what comes to mind. The way she describes what she likes about circle pits and the absence of stages at hardcore shows really gets at the root of what attracted you to the scene to begin with, and not in a dumb way. She's really unpretentious. The show reviews of At The Drive-In and Dayglo Abortions were nice, if a bit long (ATD-I sounds sort of annoying live). This issue has a heavy anti-violence slant, with information on what to do and how to make the world a more peaceful place. Nice work, hippie. (RD)

PO Box 75 / Trades Hall / 54 Victoria St / Carlton South VIC 3053 / Australia

MOBILE LISTENING POST #2 / $2

5 1/2 x 81/2 - copied - 48 pgs

In the intra-scene conflicts of my youth, the skaters were targets. They did not represent "hardcore" and seemed more interested in athletics and fashion than in music and misplaced anger. Later I befriended a few skaters and learned that generally, my younger concerns were well placed. This zine is enthusiastic about skating. It also has a few pages on garlic, alternative chemicals, and anarchism (???). (AR)

PO Box 54-072 / Bucklands Beach, AK / New Zealand

MOTION SICKNESS # 11 / $2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs

Big good lookin music mag. Pretty interesting interviews with Kevin Seconds and Steve Soto (Adolescents). An awful column by some guy doing the "what's wrong with chicks" routine. Hey, editor! Edit! That literally made me want to throw this out. Imagine my surprise later to read a great long piece on patriarchy and boys and gender dynamics in general. More of that! Less misogynistic doorstops! (Dude, I showed your column to all my friends and we laughed at you) All in all this is really good. (GF)

PO Box 24277 / St Louis, MO 63130
philsick@swbell.net

NOSEBLEED #21 / $5

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs

Punk zine from Ireland. Nothing really striking about it to be honest. Interviews with Nerdlinger, Runnin Riot and a tattoo fella. Also there's a nice tribute to Mr. Joey Ramone and an annoying sarcastic fascism rant. Nothing really grabbed me, but it might grab you. (MT)

PO Box 7674 / Dublin 1 / Ireland

PASAZER #15 / $5

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 160 pgs Polish

Polish HC/punk zine with interviews and features with/about a slew bands ranging from Apatia, Shelter, Stracony, Angelic Upstarts, Prawda, Turbonegro, Wasted, Schizma and The Dead Kennedys. Of course I can't read any of it cause it's all in Polish– but I really really wish I could cause it all looks quite interesting and well put together. Hell, there's even super great photos of all my favorite Polish punk bands, and those who know me know how much I love Polish punk!! Comes with a great CD comp filled to the brim with amazing punk rock from all over the world. (MT)

PO Box 42, 39-201 Debica 3, Poland

PLASTIC BOMB #35 / $6

11 x 8 - offset - 140 pgs - German

This huge zine is jam packed with loads of cool stuff, including interviews with Dritte Wahl, UK Subs, Spider Cunts, East Bay Ray of the DKs, Jesus Skins, the Devotchkas, and Ignite. There is also a report on the Plastic Bomb annual party which sounds like a bash not to be missed, plus there is a scene report from South Korea, including an interview with the Geeks. And as usual, there are loads of cool ads and record reviews. Finally the damn thing comes with a free CD that features the bands interviewed in the zine. Nothing but a great read here! (HH)

PO Box 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
plastic-bomb.de

PRACTICAL ANARCHY #13 / $3

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs

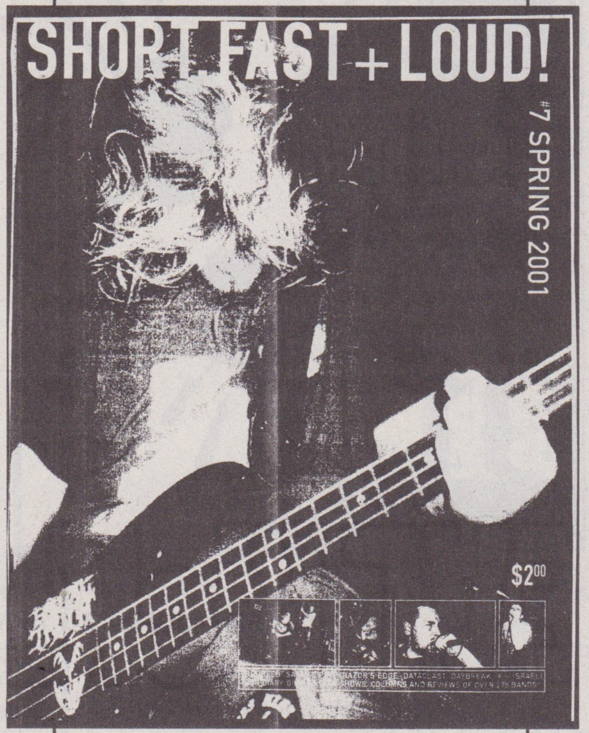
This issue is about food. It covers the bases as to what an "anarchist" thinks about food and its place in an anarchist strategy. It interviews a guerrilla baking collective (that functions as a business and sounds rather successful), it explains what genetically modified foods are, and it advocates getting "closer" to the source of your food. It does so clearly and articulately. (AR)

PO Box 76930 / Washington, DC 20013

PRESSURE BOX #3 / donation, they ask $7 US
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 72 pgs?
Pressure Box is made up of reprints, photocopy collages, arty pointless filler, etc. Some of the reprints were great reading, like the interview with the HIV+ skinhead from an old *Outpunk*, or the clever/ funny pages from *the Onion*. I do not care for copywritten poetry (like there's so much money in stealing your work) or, uh, most of the other stuff in here. If your rich parents are paying for your art school, and you bought drugs but have plenty of money left over, maybe you would find this worth $7. There's no address inside, maybe try... (JM)
PO Box 4923 / Downey, CA 90241

PUNKANUT #2 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 38 pgs
I love this! Hands down my favorite new zine of the decade! Completely engrossing, and nearly impossible to put down. Self described as "a short story made long" and that really hits the proverbial nail on the head. Follow Wylie on a journey from Texas to Canada and back again...in a truck, on the rails, by thumb, on foot, and finally nabbing the coveted three seat of a Greyhound bus. Learn about the joys of wahoo! On a side note (that may or may not be of any interest to anyone but myself) the new Tom Robbins novel also mentions wahoo, but in a different context...weird coincidence or what?! Okay, back to the review...other mentionable bits include realizing and dealing with your own personal issues when traveling with semi-strangers, soggy bread covered in gravy, border crossings, less impressive rain gear, not dumpstering donuts, Active Resistance 1998, and discovering (under somewhat shitty circumstances) that you are really happy. Did I mention that I love this?! Oh yeah, I did. You need this and you need the first issue, as well. Send money now!!! If you live in Canada/Mexico send $3; $3.50 World. (KC)
PO Box 540304 / Houston, TX 77254-0304

QECE #13 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
This is the 5th anniversary issue and as such, it begins with several pages of the editor examining his goals and motivations for creating the zine, analyzing how he measures success (it comes down to pride for Larry.) I almost discounted the whole thing as annoying and egotistical rhetoric but then realized that I'm just tired. This section, as well as, the rest of the zine does in fact contain intelligent and interesting commentary. I especially appreciated the article about the Center for Bio-Ethical Reform's recent anti-choice antics which compare abortion to genocide, since I've seen their grotesque and offensive displays firsthand too. If only the computer-generated lay-out was more inspired and less boring. (AW)
406 Main St #3C / Collegeville, PA 19426 / qece@yahoo.com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RED ALERT COLLECTIVE #3 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 81/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Bringing anarcho-punk to Des Moines, this zine has gotten much bigger and a bit better. The rants are still a bit rudimentary, sometimes right on and sometimes ridiculous. I think the reason anarchopunks aren't given revolutionary credibility is their dedication to record, etc. distros over political work in their communities, and the *RAC* follows this example. As a punk zine I liked it ok, and they are supporting d.i.y. hardcore in their town. Articles include the influence of a French novel on the May '68 movement, a fuck off to English only, and some "bigger picture" type pieces; Catheter is interviewed. (JM)
1315 Jefferson / Des Moines, IA 50314

ROUND THINGS ROLL #3 / $2.50 ppd
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
I enjoyed this zine a lot - it's got a lot of travel stories in it, but it's not one of those generic, read it a million times kind of zines. Maybe it's not super punk the way you would think, since it's mostly about acoustic punks, but it's fun. There are tour stories, a story about every state, and a roundtable discussion about how acoustic music relates to punk rock. For those of you that need it loud and fast, Shut the Fuck Up has a tour diary in here too. (MD)
PO Box 11384 / Portland, OR / 97211
romegrecords@hotmail.com

SCAM: 1991-2001 #1-4 / $12
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 308 pgs
Whew! Ten years of *Scam*, in one big package. This special anniversary collection contains all four issues of *Scam*, plus 7"s by The Hidden Resentments and Chaos L.R. For those of you haven't read this before, I'll do you the trouble of describing the contents. Within these issues you will find articles on guerrilla burrito projects, pirate radio, bike culture, needle exchange, wheat pasting, free shows on Mission Street in San Francisco, cement etchings, dumpster diving, maps, traveling, treasure hunts, graffiti, welfare, beer, train hopping, underemployment, the ups and downs of Florida, squatting, and all matters of scams, shams, and sneaky means of living free and freely. This collection is an incredible chronicle of not only the last ten years of one of the most important and relevant zines still around, but also of the last ten years of punk. An incredible collection for those of you who wish to walk down memory lane, fondly recollecting past stories, or for the uninitiated who discovers for the first time the joy of *Scam*. (CR)
PO Box 40272 / San Francisco, CA 94140

SHORT FAST AND LOUD #7 / $2

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 96 pgs

Hmmm..... this has been out for fucking ever but I guess it must have gotten lost in the shuffle here at the *MRR* compound. So, anyway, what we have here is *the* zine for you folx into… well anything that sort of fits in the description molded by the title. Top notch layouts, interesting interviews, good columns, and reviews by people who know their fucking shit. My favorite thing in this particular issue would be Jeff from Capitalist Casualties' column about being ostracized and about his long hair. Almost made me cry—cause I've been there! (well not the long hair part, but…) Interviews with Voorhees, Daybreak, Satan's Pimp and a Y Israeli tour diary wrap the whole thing up into an amazing package. One of the essentials in the zine as far as I'm concerned. (MT)

PO Box 7337 / Alhambra, CA
91802-7337
shortfastandloud@slapaham.com

SHOVE IT! #1 / $1

5 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs

The adorable adventures of an auto attendant are beautifully chronicled in this short, but sweet zine. Included with the insights into the seedy underworld of valet parking and heterosexism, are cute little illustrations detailing the rules and regulations of putting other people's cars away for them. A neat journal about having a crappy job. (CR)

273- B Lexington St / San Francisco,
CA 94110

SICKNOISE #5 / trade or donation

8 1/2 x 5 - copied - 20 pgs

This guy covers just what the title implies—the absolutely sickest, heaviest, and most insane hardcore out there. While John's affinity for the finer relics of '80s hardcore and its subsequent '01 revival would normally have me rejoicing, the zine just feels like a collapsed soufflé; uninspired. He has great taste, but it's basically 20 pages of reviews and name-checking. The Singapore scene report was interesting, albeit in completely broken English. Still, you can't argue with the punk rock price. Worst, the column, "Bitch," by the guy's female roommate, tries too hard to give the reader the impression that the writer is an exceptionally strong woman who feels misjudged for being a bitch because she denies men's inappropriate sexual advances. No, Ms. Nia; you're missing the point entirely. People must say that because you do, in fact, present yourself as one. (RD)

2314 Wickersham Ln #1100 / Austin,
TX / 78741

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TRUST
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DEAD KENNEDYS VS BIAFRA
PYLON
INS
HOSPITAL

SOUP FOR THE REVOLUTION #1 / $3

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs

In a nutshell, this zine is, like it claims to be on the cover "a collection of vegan and vegetarian recipes with a dash of politics." Actually, the whole zine is fueled by promoting the virtues of a vegan diet, the ideologies of Food Not Bombs (it's dedicated to Miami Food Not Bombs), and the plight and insights of radical activists. So like most pro-vegan writing, the zine comes off as preachy, self-referential, and self-righteous. Aside from this, some of the recipes are definitely keepers. They are mostly carbohydrate-heavy, comforting, nourishing meals organized into main dishes, side dishes, desserts, snacks, and breakfast. In terms of recipes, I was disappointed to find the recipes call for garlic powder instead of fresh garlic, something that can make a huge difference in the taste of a dish. It seems like many of these recipes emerged from Food Not Bombs-style cooking, in other words, barely flavored vegan dishes requiring minimal labor, that can be made in large batches. This means that some of the dishes could stand extra doctoring in terms of herbs and spices. Considering the politics of this zine as directly and implicitly critical of the role of transnational corporations' role in food production, I would have liked to see the editor discuss the step of where you buy your food and the political implications of this aspect of food production and distribution. (JL)

1703 Seminole Lane / Godfrey, IL
62035

SPIDDER #5 / $1 or stamps

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs

Mostly comics in here. In the first one metal kids get eaten by a werewolf in a graveyard! There's an article on old-time hoboes, beverage reviews, a comic about an old lady who tries to kill a baby, and other stuff in this vein. Quality material, I liked it quite a bit. (JM)

125 Cedar Crest Circle / Auburn,
AL 36830

STARFROSTING #3 / $1

4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs

This readable little zine contains several interesting tidbits like poetry, two macaroni and cheese recipes (vegan and non-vegan), zine recommendations, info about witchcraft, reflections on winter, and an unusually thoughtful commentary on notions of "privilege." Personally, poetry very rarely inspires me, but I enjoyed almost everything in this publication, especially its unpretentious, personal style of writing and relating to the reader. While it lacks some of the usual subject matter of punk zines, like music and political causes, it covers varied array of topics and positions on the world. (JL)

PO Box 55 / Erwinna, PA 18920

STRAINT #3 / $1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs

In this issue of *Straint* the theme is hair and I am not just talking about on your

head. Included is a round table discussion of hairy men and their thoughts on hair. I've know some hairy men in my life and found the round table strangely fascinating. In keeping with the hair theme is a an interview with Wynee of Tracy and the Plastics about her mustache and beard. The hairy stomach photo on the back is disturbing, but it was more so when I though it was a hairy butt crack. (DS)
220 E 15th St / Tucson, AZ 85701

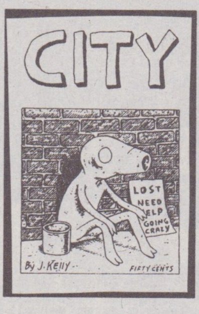
SUPERFLUX #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 4 pgs
A bunch of rants on topics ranging from cellphones to JFK, Jr. to quitting a shitty job. For some reason you get two copies for your buck, and supposedly stickers, too. The writing is pretty enjoyable—I found myself grinning, and even laughing out loud at one point while reading this in a public place. The author is cranky but witty, and left me wondering why indeed Elton John would eulogize Marilyn Monroe and Lady Di, but not Versace. If you're at all farsighted, get out the magnifying glass for this one. (NN)
14 Cedar St / Somerville, MA 02143
revplo@yahoo.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #52 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
This zine has been around for a long time (as evidenced by the issue # they are on) and I truly applaud them for their work and their consistency...but it's just not that visually appealing. That quibble aside, you can always expect to find a few good (short) interviews in here...this time features The Donnas, and The Sissies. Missouri show reviews accompanied by photos, music and a few zine reviews, a short bit on how Dubya's fared in his first six months in office and a nice testimony on how The Ramones affected the life of one of the editors. (KC)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

TRUST #88 / $5
11 x 8 - offset - 68 pgs - German
As always, another sound issue of this long running German zine. This issue has interviews with Saccharine Trust, Pylon, and the Melvins, and with Winni, the original singer of Tu-Do Hospital. Plus, there is an article entitled "Biafra vs the Dead Kennedys" which explores who is at fault, or who is more greedy. And as usual, there are interesting columns, lots and lots of cool record reviews, and of course a great gig calender for all of Germany. Put your trust in this zine money well spent. (HH)
PO Box 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany / trust-zine.de

TWAT #4 / $1 or 2 stamps or trade
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 10 pgs
Cute little zine with comics and bits about stereotypes and gay boys. A little light but fun and good natured. (GF)
2360 W Broad St #Y-1 / Athens, GA 30606

WRONGS OF PASSAGE #1 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs



This is a very open and straight-forward personal zine which reads like a secret peek into Danielle's diary since age 12. Maybe hearing about a cool punk girl's formative years as an insecure and screwed up (like the rest of us) adolescent isn't your thing, but I actually enjoy relating to stuff like this. Be prepared for some seriously honest writing though that's not exactly uplifting- like the tales about her losing her virginity to an asshole teenage boy or her scary phase of self-mutilation. The heavy stuff is well-written and complete with healthy self-analyzations. There's so much good stuff in this short zine! Even cute one-page comics that tell simple stories that made me smile, balancing out the heart-wrenching writing that nearly brought me to tears. I wish I'd moved past the acquaintance stage into true friendship with this awesome girl when I lived in Ohio; obviously, it's time for me to start writing her letters. (AW)
4952 Inspiration Dr. / Hilliard, Ohio 43026
wrongsofpassage@hotmail.com

YESTERDAY'S FISHWRAP / $2 ppd
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
I love this, I hate it. I love it because it's a compilation of memories. This is a gathering of articles and pieces from many many zines that I loved over the past 10 years. It was nice to revisit some old trusties - Outpunk, Hessian Obsession, Dishwasher, Gunk, Sparkly Kitty Stickers, Mudflap, Boredom, Pocho, Tales of...blarg! Especially nice because many of them were local productions. If you loved those zines, or missed out on them the first time around, you should get this. I hate it because it makes me nostalgic and bummed that so few zines excite me nowadays like these ones did. (MD)
PO Box 251766 / Little Rock, AR 72225

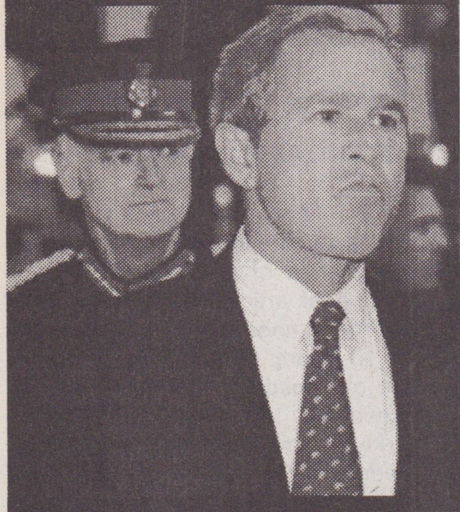
more listings

CITY / 50¢
Mini-comic, an urban parable? Short but good enough.
PO Box 771402 / Lakewood, OH 44107

DWELLING PORTABLY #?
Readers write in to discuss techniques for living outside.
PO Box 190 / Philomath, OR 97370

S.C.A.B. #3 / $1 or 2 IRCs
Nice and spirited punk rock fanzine from Yugoslavia that covers all the bases. They interview J-Church, the Working Stiffs, and those boneheads Combat 84. Well translated, too.
Mileticeva 49 / 2100 Novi Sad / Yugoslavia

When the President was here on July 4, I had the opportunity to shake his hand. I wasn't sure if that was a good idea or not but I did it anyway, and said to him, "Mr. President, I hope you only serve four years. I'm very disappointed in your work so far."



He kept smiling and shaking my hand but answered, "Who cares what you think?"
–Robyn Jean Wolf

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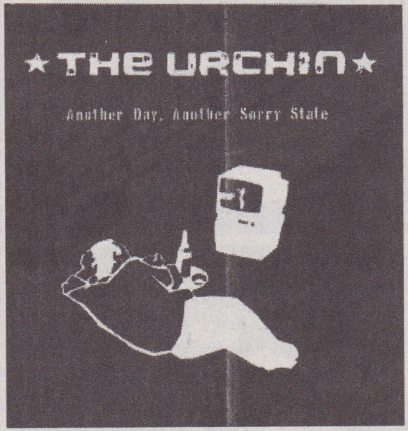
8/13 San Francisco, CA - Voodoo Lounge (w/ J CHURCH)
8/14 Sacramento, CA - Daddy o's
8/15 Santa Cruz ???
8/16 Los Angeles ???
8/17 Lake Elsinore, CA - Filthy's Records (w/ Watch It Burn)
8/18 San Diego, CA - Buster Dallys (w/ Watch It Burn)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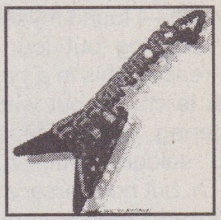

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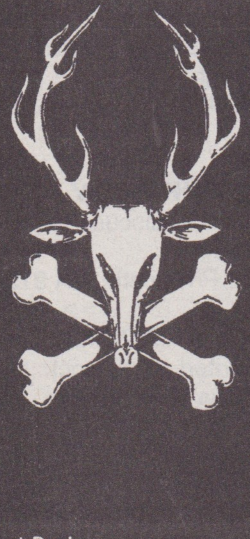

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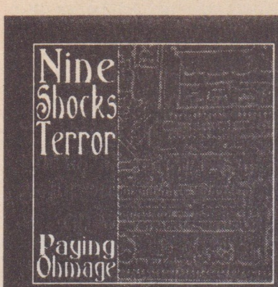

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STILETTO BOYS
THE DIMESTORE HALOES
LONG RIDE TO NOWHERE

A Company of Wolves

The STILETTO BOYS "A Company Of Wolves" Brand new full length CD available now, also vinyl version on High Society Records available via Pelado Records. The Stiletto Boys are the bastard child of the Dickies, Dead Boys, Descendents, Cheap Trick, Foo Fighters, 77 Punk & 79 Power Pop all mixed into one great band! The CD and LP have completely different names and art work but are the same songs.

The DIMESTORE HALOES "Long Ride To Nowhere" CD This great Boston band just recently broke up after a six year fun. Once again the Haloes deliver their brand of real authentic punk rock. Influenced by the greats of 57, 73 and 77 Haloes always stayed true to the ideals of true punk rock!! Leapord print creepers, leather jackets and eyeliner!! Look for The DISARRAY GUNS coming from the ashes of the Haloes very soon!

DON'T MISS OUT ON THE GREAT NEW 7' BY: The STUPOR STARS 4 songs of 2 minute greatness from ex members of the Stallions (NYC). Fans of bands like Loli and The Chones, Bobbyteens etc. will want to pick this up!

TEEN COOL "Adolessons" CD/EP is another one you don't want to miss out on. Snotty Texas Punk Rock full of attitude that you come to expect from Texas, they are the kids of the 77 American and UK Punk!

CDS still in stock from THE CHEMO KIDS, RIFFS, COMMIES, BLADDER BLADDER BLADDER, PROSTITUTES and more! ROAD TO RUIN MAIL ORDER has tons of new items TRASH BRATS "American Disaster", DUANE PETERS & The HUNNS, PAGANS, GENERATORS, BOMBSHELL ROCKS, REGISTRATORS, DRAGONS, BLACK HALOS, JAKE & THE STIFFS lables such as HOSTAGE, JUNK, TKO, SYPMATHY, RAPID PLUSE, RADIO and many many more!! See web page for details. PRICES for Pelado items only. USA 7" $4, CD/LP $8, CD/EP $6. Can/Mex add $1 on all items except the 7" are same as U.S. all others add $2 on all items but 7" are $5 if you buy more then one item otherwise they are $5.50. U.S funds only, cash or money order

to P. Grindstaff.

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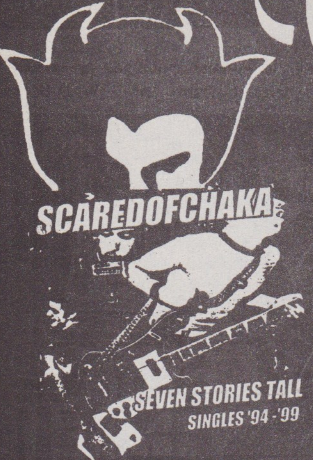
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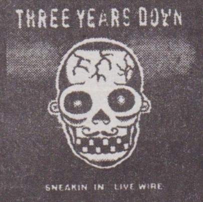
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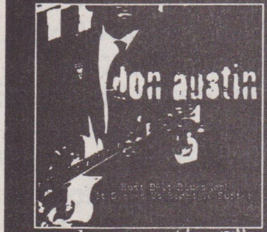

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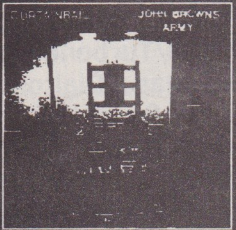
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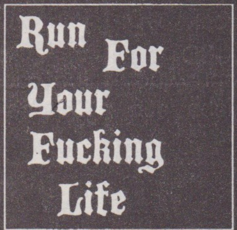
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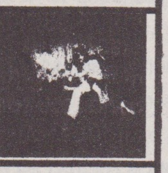

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NEW!

LIE - LP / CD
LIE continue with their fierce thrash and throw in some snotty Japcore to boot
SCHOLASTIC DETH - Debut EP
Fast-ass skate thrash that looks to Hensley for inspiration. 6 songs in 6 minutes.
POINT OF FEW - EP
Political, powerful Dutch hardcore that mixes thrash and modern HC styles.
DUMBSTRUCK - LP
Ex-RIPCORD fellas playing some Scandanavian inspired hardcore. Reminds me of the first RIPCORD Flexi.
HIGHSCORE - Discography CD
Super fast youth crew from Germany. Contains the LP, EP, comp tracks and the demo. Crucial Response fans will dig....
LIFES HALT/WxHxN - Split LP/CD
Been in the works for years, finally happening in support of the US Summer Tour!

OUT END OF SUMMER!

V/A - Murderous Grind Attack CD
An American/Japanese 17 band CD comp of brutal, DIY grindcore. Not for math-metal wimps, this is as raw as it gets.
EDORA - EP
Ripping fast thrash/grind from Singapore. Two singers, blast beats - sounds like mid-era SxOxB.
IRON LUNG - EP
Two man grindcore attack. Crazy time changes & off chords at 1000mph.
RAMBO - LP
Their live shows are already infamous. Mix FINAL EXIT (Swe) or early MADBALL, throw in some fatigues and a huge mosh pit and you have fucking RAMBO.

THRASH FOR LIFE! THRASH TILL DEATH

SIX TWO FIVE THRASHCORE

STILL AVAILABLE
SPAZZ - Sweatin II CD (almost gone)
CRUCIAL SECTION - LP (repressed!)
PLUTOCRACY - Dankstahz CD
HHH - 2xCD Discography
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS - EP (repress soon)
CURTAINRAIL/KUNGFU RICK-Split EP
YOUTH ENRAGE - LP (almost gone)
MAJESTIC FOUR - Demo EP
DISCARGA - EP
KUNGFU RICK - CD
Gorymelanoma/Emetic - Split EP
LIE - Debut Ep (found a few left)

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IMMORTAL FATE - Beautiful LP
7 Years in the making. Brutal, guttural grindcore not unlike the first INCANTATION LP. Pre-NO LESS members.
REAL REGGAE - MAZE + THC CD
Guitar heavy thrashcore from Osaka Japan. 41 tokes from the Japcore pipe. Compiles Eps, comps and the Maze CD on MCR! Killer!
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - LP
Insane hardcore that is like a mix between BLACK FLAG and MAN IS THE BASTARD (I swear). Speed picking hardcore brutality.
FACE OF CHANGE-1990 Demo 2xEP
Combo of raw HC and melody not unlike early 7 SECONDS and UNIFORM CHOICE. Raw 4-track style recording keeps it punk.
V/A - Barbaric Thrash Vol II EP
Manic thrash from DISCARGA (Brazil), LIMPWRIST (US), ESPERANZA (US), JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS (Japan) and LIFES HALT (US).
THE REAL ENEMY - EP
Positive, political and fast youth crew from Minneapolis. Their last record.
DEAD END - Debut EP
Ex-OUTLAST kick down some superb fast youth crew with enough melody to keep it catchy. Reminds me of the GORILLA BISCUITS Ep
BREAKFAST - Debut EP
Debut of Tokyo skate thrash. Quirky, off beat manic and fierce! Watch out for em.
WxHxN - The Second Year CD
The 6", Japan Tour Ep, and the 'Ahora Mas Que Nunca' EP, plus some other goodies and surprises!

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v/a - Hardcore Unlawful Assembly LP [$10]
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Alternative Actions Records (Finland – current titles!)
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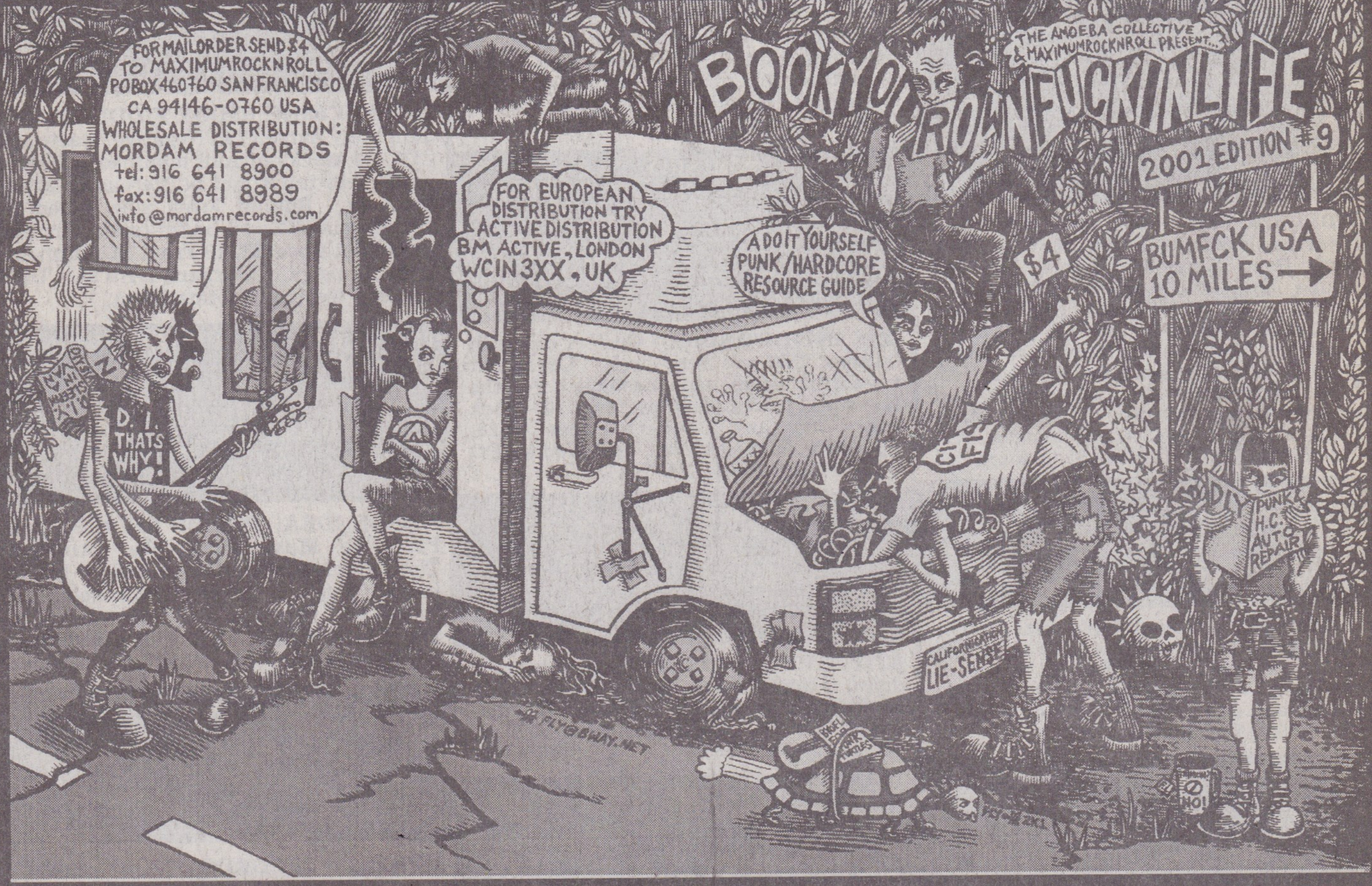
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FUERZA X

MRR: Name the people in the band:
Diego: I play drums, Julio is on guitars,

Julio: So far we have a demo, an appearance on *More Than The X On Our Hands* Commitment, *South*

that we need help. We don´t have record label

ed.